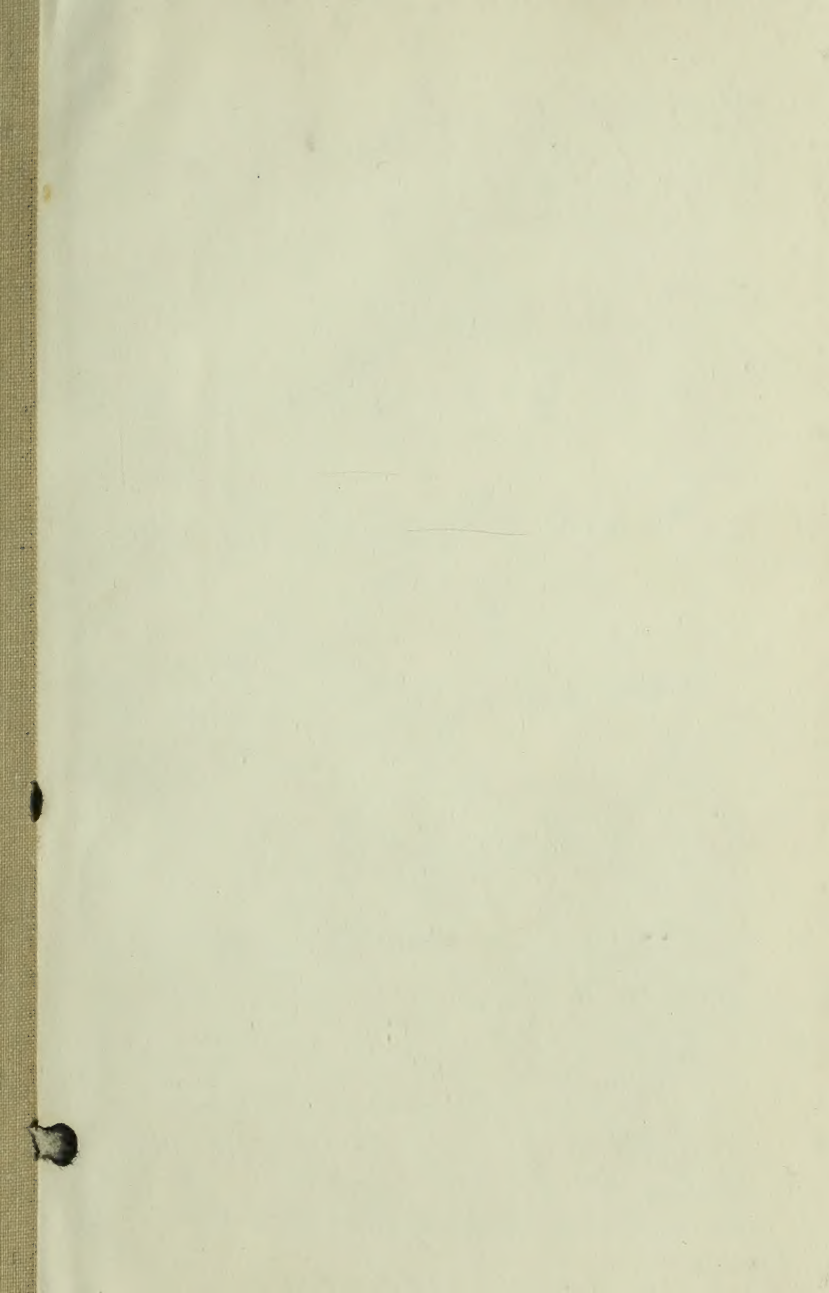



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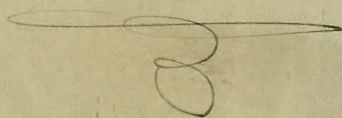
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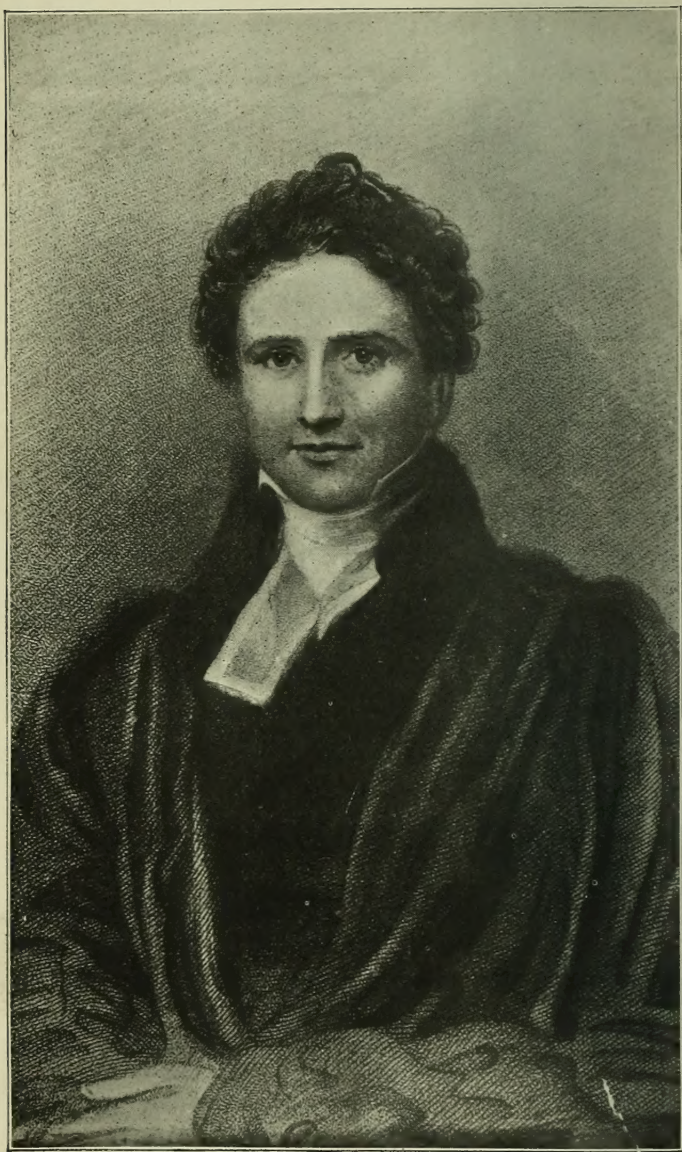




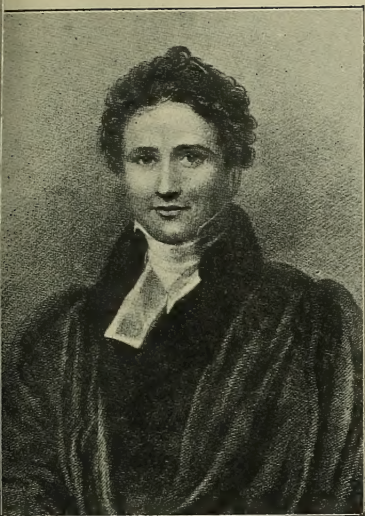
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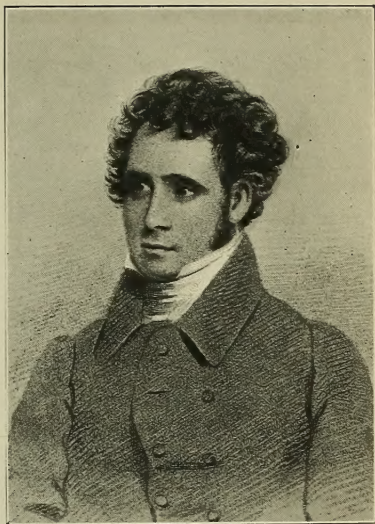




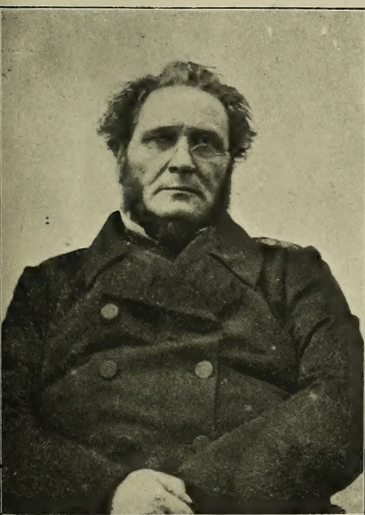
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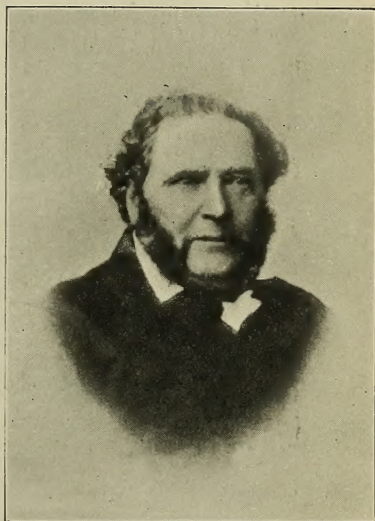
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CALEB MORRIS, 1855.

The Life and Ministry
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OF THE
REV. CALEB MORRIS,

WHO WAS MINISTER OF THE TABERNACLE, NARBERTH;
AND OF FETTER LANE CHAPEL, LONDON.

BY THE

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Monmouthshire;
and Minister of New Trinity Church, Canton, Cardiff.*

*my cousin
S. P. H.*

TO PERPETUATE THE MEMORY OF THE GOOD IS AN ACT OF PIETY."

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PREFACE.

I DO not suppose that any one who knew Caleb Morris will require a word of apology for the appearance of his biography. The natural question is rather, "Why has it been delayed so long?" Many things account for the delay. His public work practically finished fifteen years before the close of his life, so that even when he died his service seemed to be in the distant past. Moreover, he spent the eventide of his life in a quiet, secluded district in Wales, far away from the scenes of his ministry and the men who had come under the spell of his influence. It was also known that he was very much opposed to the publication of his sermons, and this may have led some to suppose that he would also disapprove of a biography. I do not think there was any real justification for such a supposition, for though he burned all the notes of his sermons, he left behind him a number of diaries which are of very great value to his biographer. His nephew, the Rev. Caleb Gwion, of Milford, was in

possession of them, and there was a general expectation that he would publish a biography to his uncle; but the years passed and the book did not appear. On being asked why he did not fulfil the general expectation, he said that "he felt quite unable to do him justice, and thought it better to have no biography than a book that was unworthy of his uncle's name and fame."

I had been pressed for many years to undertake the work on the ground that I was from the same parish, and had been brought up in the same atmosphere, but I had not the time required at my disposal; moreover, I did not feel equal to the serious task. However, about three years ago, I paid a visit to the old neighbourhood, and as I attended the services at the quiet chapel on Sunday, looked on Caleb Morris's name on the tablet on the wall, and stood to gaze on his monument in the burial ground, and listened to the laments of the older people because no biography had been written, I heard what seemed to me the call of duty, and decided to do what I could to preserve his memory in his fatherland. At first I thought of a small book dealing with three worthies of the district—Caleb Morris, John Evans and Simon Evans—but as the material grew, I decided to devote the volume to Caleb Morris alone. The book became much larger than I had anticipated, for the biography ran to over 200 pages.

The reception which it had in Wales was remarkable for its cordiality, and very soon I was urged to issue an English edition. I hesitated long, for, among other reasons, I wanted to complete some work which I began years ago; but at last I decided to yield to the request of many brethren, and the result is the book now presented to the reader. The general lines on which it is constructed are the same as in the Welsh volume, but it contains much new material, and has been written from a somewhat different point of view. Things which would be of interest to Welsh readers only have been omitted; the chief difference, however, lies in the additions which have been made. The volume has become much larger than I expected. Possibly some of the things inserted might have been omitted; but I thought it better to err on the side of excess than of deficiency, for those who think there is too much can pass over what does not interest them.

I have sought to place Caleb Morris before the reader as he was, and have been specially anxious to present a picture of his inner life which is so vividly portrayed in his diaries. Brought up as I was in a district where he was almost worshipped, I could not be anything but an admirer; I can, however, truly say that my admiration has increased the more I have looked into his wonderful character; and my simple aim has been to set forth his great personality in all its lights and shadows.

My indebtedness to those who have helped me is very great. To the Rev. Caleb Gwion, who lived to see the Welsh edition, and expressed himself satisfied with it, but who was called to his reward last Spring, I owe more than I can tell. He gladly gave me information concerning his uncle, and lent me all the diaries that had been preserved, and other books and manuscripts. Mrs. Gwion has also kindly allowed me to make use of the letters from Caleb Morris to Mr. Gwion, which are in her possession.

My next debt is due to the Rev. H. Gwion Jones, Llandderfel, the son of Caleb Gwion's youngest sister, Joyce. Her husband, the Rev. David Jones, was the minister of Penygroes during the last years of Caleb Morris's life; he copied many of his MSS., and also preserved some of his papers. These have been willingly placed at my disposal by the Rev. H. Gwion Jones.

To describe all the help I have received would be a long process; I believe that the names of most of my chief helpers are attached to their contributions as they occur in the volume.

My special thanks are due to the Rev. Robert Davey, of Streatham, and the Rev. T. W. Chignell, of Exeter, for valuable notes and reminiscences; also to the Rev. D. Anthony, B.A., Brighton; the Rev. John

Lewis, Tenby; the Rev. F. Fox Thomas, Reigate, who died while the book was passing through the press; the Rev. J. Lloyd James, March; Dr. Pan Jones, Mostyn; the Rev. P. W. Darnton, B.A.; and the Rev. J. Morlais Jones, for much help rendered. The assistance given by Mrs. Adeney, of Clapham, and Miss Diplock, of Hastings, I highly appreciate. Mr. Stephen Rees, Felinuchaf; Mr. Simon Picton, Hirwain; Mr. David James, Porth; Mr. W. L. Lovegrove, Hounslow; and Mr. Dyer, Liverpool, have sent me contributions of great interest, and it would not be right for me to omit mentioning my aged father as one of my most efficient helpers. Books have been lent to me by a large number of sympathisers whom I cannot name one by one. Mr. Arthur Pye-Smith has kindly placed at my disposal the records of the old Fetter Lane Chapel that are extant, and has lent the blocks of the entrance to the Chapel and of its interior, also of the photograph of Caleb Morris which forms the frontispiece. The Rev. T. G. Crippen, of the Memorial Hall, has taken much trouble in aiding me. I am indebted for views and photographs to Mr. E. Ceredig Evans, Cardigan; Mr. A. G. Ames, secretary of Fetter Lane Church, Leyton; Miss Anne Rees, Felinuchaf; and Mrs. Eunice Williams, Port Talbot, Caleb Morris's niece. And, finally, I wish to acknowledge the great care with which my brother-in-law, Mr. R. S. Forrester, M.A., Swansea, has corrected the proof-sheets.

The above list shows that a great quantity of material has been placed at my disposal, and I have not omitted anything that seemed to throw light on the history and character of Caleb Morris. I have also consulted, as far as I could, all the notices of him that have appeared. In English, the chief are those in the "Homilist," the "Preacher's Lantern," the "Pulpit Memorials," and Dr. Waddington's "Congregational History." I have also made use of items of intelligence from the *Patriot* and the *Evangelical Magazine*. My chief source in Welsh was the excellent sketch in "Hanes Eglwysi Annibynol Cymru" by the late Dr. John Thomas, of Liverpool.

I have mentioned my authority for all the chief statements, and when I have inserted a mere rumour I have distinctly said so. It would be too much to claim perfect accuracy for the narrative, but I venture to hope that the errors as to matters of fact are few and insignificant. In matters of opinion and judgment I can truly say that I have endeavoured to be fair and impartial.

It may be advisable to indicate briefly the plan of the book. In the first three chapters an attempt is made to describe the environment in which Caleb Morris was reared. I hesitated to insert these chapters in the Welsh edition, but the universal verdict on them was so favourable that I could not

omit them from the English edition. I found great difficulty, however, with the third chapter, as I could not assume that the readers had any special knowledge of the History of Religion in Wales, and I decided to insert a short sketch of religion in the Principality, from the Reformation to the beginning of the Nineteenth Century. I am quite conscious of its imperfections, but it may claim to be a fair synopsis of the chief influences which had co-operated to form the religious condition of Wales in the Nineteenth Century. After the introductory chapters, the chronological order is followed, and the diary is used largely for all the periods where its aid was available. In the closing chapters the main characteristics of Caleb Morris as a thinker and preacher are sketched.

The careful reader will probably notice a difference between the later and the earlier style of Caleb Morris. Let it be remembered that English was a foreign language to him, as it was to the writer of this biography, and that many years had to elapse ere he acquired a complete mastery over it. Up to the end of his life he felt diffident about his power of expressing himself in English, and this was one of the reasons why he shrank from publishing his thoughts. Whether there was any real ground for that shrinking I leave to the judgment of the reader.

In concluding this labour of love, I can only express the hope that the reader of the book may enjoy some degree of the pleasure and inspiration which I had in preparing it.

D. TYSSIL EVANS.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, CARDIFF,
December, 1901.

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The Life and Ministry

OF

CALEB MORRIS.

I.

Among the Prescelly Hills.

CALEB MORRIS was born at Park-yd, in the parish of Whitechurch, which lies at the foot of Voeldrigarn, one of the heights of the Prescelly mountains stretching across North Pembrokeshire from east to west. As the region lies outside the well-trodden path of the tourist, it is necessary to indicate its main features, if the reader is to have any distinct idea of the kind of place in which the subject of this biography spent his early days.

Pembroke, together with the adjoining counties of Cardigan and Carmarthen, formed in olden times the division of Wales known by the name Dyved, the Roman Demetia, and there are many reasons for preserving this ancient grouping. With the exception of South Pembrokeshire, these portions of the Principality are very closely related in the structure of the ground, the nature of the scenery, and the characteristics of the inhabitants.

The soil consists of Cambrian and Silurian rocks variegated with intrusions of igneous masses. The elevations are of moderate height, seldom rising above 1,500 feet, and are for the most part bleak and bare ; but between them many charming glens and picturesque valleys bend and fold themselves.

The Towy and the Tivy flow through scenes of unique loveliness. Who can describe the sweet restfulness of these delightful retreats which lie far away from the rush of modern life ! They are seldom disturbed by any intruder ; and if some human form does appear, it is in quaint, old-world aspect, dressed in curious garb, and trilling the plaintive sounds of an ancient speech. Here may be seen the primitive coracle, which carries a man across the stream one moment, and is carried by the man the next. Where else can we find so many traces of the simple life of the days of yore ?

Pembrokeshire cannot show any river as enchanting as the Towy and the Tivy ; but it also has its beautiful streams, such as the romantic Cych, which separates Pembroke from Carmarthen, the scene of a celebrated hunting expedition described in the Mabinogion ; the lovely Nevern and the picturesque Gwaun, flowing from the Prescelly hills to the Irish Sea ; and above all the Cleddaus—the Eastern Cleddau rushing by the episcopal ruins of Llawhaden and along Canaston Wood, with the Western Cleddau hurrying through many delightful spots “to lovingly join” its eastern sister, ere both unitedly enter the magnificent haven of Milford.

But the chief glory of the county is to be found in its cloud-capped mountains and rock-bound coast, a coast unsurpassed for its wild grandeur, according to Mr. Henry Owen, “that unequalled coast of cliff and cavern, beaten

into a thousand fantastic forms by the mighty Atlantic waves which almost encircle the home of Pembrokeshire men."

The highest point on the central mountain ridge is Prescelly, or, as it is called in Welsh, "Moel-cwm-cerwyn,"* which rises to a height of 1,754 feet and looks down upon a deep circular hollow in the form of a brewing vat, whence the name. All who have written on Pembrokeshire speak in glowing terms of the view from the summit of this mountain. Fenton "challenges the whole Principality, nay, the whole kingdom, to furnish a view more intelligibly extensive and more interestingly diversified." Though this may seem somewhat extravagant, yet all who have been privileged to enjoy the outlook from Prescelly on a clear day will agree about the charm and grandeur of the view.

From this central spot portions of ten Welsh and English counties can be seen, together with a part of Ireland. The Wicklow hills on the west, Lundy, Devon and Somerset on the east, with the hills of Montgomery, Merioneth and Carnarvon to the north, stand out on the far-off bounds of the horizon. If we look nearer, the whole of Pembrokeshire, according to Giraldus "the fairest of all the lands of Wales," spreads itself out clearly and distinctly at our feet. Towards the south, the fine haven appears like a series of lakes, and the eye moves with rapture over a panorama of hills and dales. Northwards, the Barony of Kemmaes, with its thick hedgerows and cultivated fields of varied hue, dotted with homesteads, "lies like a map before us, with every gentleman's seat and every farm distinguishable," and

* "Moel" is the Welsh for a bare rounded elevation. On account of the mutation of the initial consonant, "Voel" is in much more frequent use, especially in Dyved.

forms an exquisite picture set in a strong framework of rocky heights. Toward the west, Cernydd Meibion Owen crowns a lowly ridge, at the base of which is found the Cromlech of Pentre Evan, one of the largest in the United Kingdom. Beyond these, Carn Ingli, a sharp and steep elevation, rises majestically above the beautiful valleys of Gwaun and Nevern, and guards the picturesque bay of Newport. It is



CROMLECH, AT PENTRE EVAN.

associated with the name of St. Brynach. On it this Welsh saint is said to have held frequent intercourse with the angels, and the place is called in the records of the saints "Mons Angelorum." On the western horizon lies the sea with its deep bays and bold headlands. The view on the east is intercepted by the dark rounded mass of the Vrenny, now treeless, but formerly covered with oaks. This combination of insulated mountain masses and cultivated lands standing

forth plainly and vividly, with the sea in the distance, and the hazy outlines of the hills far away, never fails to strike the imagination and delight the heart.

It was while watching the Prescelly range swathed in morning mists, and gradually becoming visible under the influence of the rising sun, that Williams of Pantycelyn composed his missionary hymn—

“ O'er the gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul, be still and gaze ;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace ;
Blessed jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.”

But we must leave this general range, with which Caleb Morris was familiar from his youth, and come to the hill on whose slopes he was reared, and toward which he ever turned with fond delight. It stands out boldly between Prescelly and the Vrenny, and reaches a height of about 1,200 feet. Great controversy has raged around its name, Voeldrigarn. Does it mean the hill with three cairns, or the hill with three ramparts? It is not my province to enter into linguistic and archaeological questions. Recent investigations have confirmed the existence of three cairns on the summit, as well as portions of three ramparts or lines of circumvallation. It has also been shown that the place was used as an encampment during the Iron Age. Its shape and commanding position suggest that it was once a military post and signalling station, and that it formed one of a series of mountain fortresses along the western coast.

The view from the summit is not quite so extensive as that from Prescelly; still, it is one of unique beauty and grandeur. Who that has stood there watching the sun rising behind the hills, or setting in the sea, will ever

forget the experience? It is the custom of the children of the district to climb the hill and explore the wonders at the top; and whatever they may lose in after life, the impressions of those early days never fade from their memories, and we have abundant proofs that the Vóo-el, as the hill is called in the neighbourhood, held an abiding place in the imagination of Caleb Morris.

It is often thought that to be brought up in such a quiet region, remote from the great centres of civilisation, is a serious disadvantage; but there are gains as well as losses. There was no lack of objects of interest on and around Voeldrigarn. What majestic stones, what lovely moss and heather! There the broom and gorse are decked with yellow flowers, and the ferns grow in the rents of the rocks. The wild horned sheep leap over the precipices, while the swift ponies and the black cattle roam over the moorlands. What strange forms the cairns assume! There is Saddle Rock, and there is Manger Rock, beyond is Hollow Rock, and in the distance Echo Rock—the source of never-ending curiosity and wonder. How the clouds creep and glide along the mountain's breast, and form an ever-changing diadem on its head. The Voel is the first herald of winter: on its summit the snow first appears, and there it remains long after it has melted on the plains. From it the storms and tempests come, and down its sides the torrents sweep. With the return of spring it puts on a kinder face, and attracts the flocks and herds that sheltered at its base during the cold and dreary season. The shepherd again climbs its slopes, and dreams among its cairns. The thrifty farmer and the diligent peasant bring their breast-ploughs and turf-cutters to provide peat for fuel, and spend laborious days in its hollows and depressions. The children laugh and play among its echoes, and those who have been

*Young people climb on the hill
The first snow comes from the hill*

fighting life's battle in distant places seek restoration of strength and enthusiasm by renewing their acquaintance with the prickly gorse and purple heather, by wandering among the stones and cairns, drinking in the life-giving breezes, and revelling in the broad view.

The Voel is the farmer's weather glass. When it wears its black cap, he knows rain is not far off; but if in the morning the mists dance and play around its head, and then



VOELDRIGAARN, FROM COEDCENLAS.

give it a light, parting kiss, he goes to his work with the firm assurance of a fair day. The great mass seems to move. At times it looks quite near, its mounds and hollows are so clear and distinct; then it is certain that the storm and tempest are drawing nigh. At other times it recedes into the distance, and appears to bid adieu to those that dwell around its base; but the inhabitants know that this is only its artful way of saying, "Fine weather is

coming." Dear old mountain, is it strange that people love thee?

There is no lack of historic and legendary associations. Here is Arthur's Cairn, and not far off lies Arthur's Quoit, with other objects that call to mind the exploits of the Welsh hero. In the district are found traces of an old road, perhaps of Roman, perhaps of Flemish origin, around which gather many stories of the past. On yonder hill is the windy pass through which the victorious Normans descended to the basin of the Nevers, and frightened the inhabitants into submission. Few counties have been the scene of so many conflicts, and it is dotted over with castles in various stages of decay. It claims to be the birth-place of St. David, the patron saint of Wales. Its cathedral and shrine were famous in the Middle Ages, two pilgrimages to St. David's being considered equivalent to a pilgrimage to Rome, and the ways of the pilgrims, marked with crosses, are still pointed out. Its cromlechs and ogham stones lead the mind back to the fading, distant past, and its misty mountains have become the home of elves and fairies. Every spot is associated with some weird story; legends have twined themselves around the rocks and cairns, and the cloudland becomes a magic circle, into which we look with fear and trembling for the appearance of the fairy hosts.

Mountains exert a wonderful influence over some natures. A London minister was once conducting a service in a little chapel among the hills, and preached with marvellous power. At the close of the service one of his deacons asked him, "Why don't you preach like that at home?" "Ah, these old mountains inspire me," was the reply. Dr. David Thomas, of Stockwell, after tracing the characteristics of Caleb Morris, says: "I refer his remarkable powers to the sceneries of his first years. In sooth, nothing else could have built

Effect on C.M. *

such a frame and moulded such a mind. Your tame countries can seldom rear such a man as this. Philosophically, impressions are the materials out of which we build our mental world ; but how different the impressions made by Snowdon and a hillock, by Niagara and a brook. God made His own great book, the Bible, out of minds that tilled the mountain soil and breathed the mountain air."

But even apart from the unique influence of mountain scenery, the country is full of charm and inspiration to the opening mind. How wonderful is the succession of the seasons ! The spring is ever welcome, but nowhere so welcome as on the mountain side, where the frost and snow, the tempest and storm, and all the rigours of winter have wrought havoc and ruin. What a delight to see the snowdrop and crocus, the primrose and violet, the buttercup and daisy ; what a joy to hear the birds singing among the branches, and to watch them building their nests under the eaves and in the hedgerows. How sweet to behold the budding trees and opening flowers, to see the hawthorn under its crown of bloom, and the apple-trees and pear-trees covered with beautiful blossoms. Even on the mountain-side the lilac is laden with purple clusters, and the laburnum is decked with golden chains. Through the rugged soil the corn springs, and the grass adorns the slopes of the hill. With the summer appear the strawberry and bilberry amid the profusion of wild flowers which make the thick, high hedges of Pembrokeshire a mass of beauty. Then comes autumn, with its golden grain and trees laden with fruit, with its harvest moon, which throws a beautiful spell over the whole landscape. The inhabitant of the town is not altogether a stranger to these charms, but only he who lives in the country can enjoy them in all their fulness and perfection.

Beautiful !

If George Owen, of Henllys, be correct, Caleb Morris was freed from a terror which sometimes haunts us in our rambles through the country, for he says that no snake was ever seen alive in the parish of Whitechurch. I am afraid that statement is not correct to-day, whatever may have been the case three centuries ago.

One sweet experience Caleb Morris, like all Pembrokeshire youths, missed—he never heard the nightingale on his native hills. For some reason this sweet singer seems to avoid the west and north of Britain. A Welsh legend gives a curious and clumsy explanation of its absence from Pembrokeshire. It is said that St. David was once disturbed in his evening prayers by the song of the nightingale, and so fascinated was he by the sweet melody that he could not attend to his devotions. He therefore prayed God to remove the bird, and besought Him never to allow its strains to be heard again in his diocese. That story is too much tinged with mediæval asceticism to obtain our credence, but it seeks to explain the fact that the nightingale is seldom heard in Dyved.

However, though some good things were missing at the foot of the Prescelly Hills and some unpleasant things were known, on the whole it was a very suitable training place for a religious thinker and a moral teacher. Who could gaze on that wondrous view from the mountain summit without realising something of the greatness and grandeur of the Universe! Who could watch the frequent and sudden changes in the face of nature without being impressed with the mystery of things! Who could witness the constant succession of the varied forms of life without being led to think of the living God! On a nature rich and sensitive like that of Caleb Morris the impressions made by the wonders of the outer world amid which he grew

must have been deep and abiding, and these doubtless helped to develop his profound and lofty thoughts concerning God and the Universe.

We shall see in one of his meditations how the scenery of the home of his childhood touched the very springs of his being. Here we may quote a passage from one of his sermons, which seems to be a reflection of his own experience. In referring to the character of David, he alludes to the external influences by which it was nurtured and developed, and says : "The morning of his day this extraordinary man spent not in college, nor camps, nor courts, but in following the sheep among the pastures of Bethlehem. There, under the breathings of spring and the blasts of winter ; there, in fellowship with fields and flocks and silent stars ; there, with the spirit of nature and of God fresh upon him ; there, in the land of vision, miracle, and angels ; there it was that his character was formed, a character which afterwards exhibited so rare a combination of simplicity and grandeur, sensibility and power."

That description might be applied almost without any change to Caleb Morris himself, and justifies us in attributing to this mountain home a large share in the moulding of his mind and the shaping of his character. It is beyond dispute that he had great affection for the hill on whose bosom he was reared. When a lad he often climbed its slopes ; when he visited his home time after time during the period of his success and fame, he delighted to ascend to the summit, and there found recreation for the body and inspiration for the mind ; and when his health failed and his strength abated, he returned to his native place and spent the evening of his life under the shadow of the old mountain that had charmed him in the days of his youth.

II

Whitechurch and its People.

AMONGST the powers that co-operate to shape and mould character, the social environment plays an important part. The youth imitates the speech and accent of his native neighbourhood, and his moral nature receives permanent impressions from those with whom he associates in his early days. Hence we proceed to ask what kind of people inhabited the parish of Whitechurch a century ago, and what influence they exerted on the plastic mind and heart of Caleb Morris?

It is not easy to think ourselves back a century, and to realise the state of society at a period so remote from our own. This is all the more difficult when far-reaching changes have occurred in the interval, and something like a revolution has taken place in the conditions of life. A century ago there were no railways, no telegraphs, no regular postal delivery, and, in the region of the Prescelly Hills, almost no periodicals or books. The district was therefore much more isolated than the remotest corner of the country can be to-day. It seemed to be completely cut off from the great world currents.

The population also had its marked peculiarities. There are very few parts of the Principality where the inhabitants are more distinctly Welsh in speech and dress, customs and

manners. In saying this, it is not meant that all the people are of purely Welsh origin. Like the other dwellers in our island home, they are a mixed race.

Indeed, the Welsh themselves are not the descendants of one simple stock. It is now generally acknowledged that the Welshman of to-day combines in himself elements from Iberians, Goidels, and Brythons, the latter two belonging to the Keltic race, the Iberians not being of Keltic origin. Then came in succession the Saxons and Angles, the Danes, Normans, and Flemings, who took possession of the coasts and plains, and drove the more primitive inhabitants to the hills. But even along the Prescelly range the names and physiognomy bear witness to the influences of these later invasions, and what a variety of forms the commingling of races has produced. There we meet the Iberian, passionate and melancholy, with dark eyes and jet black hair; the Goidel, kind and humorous, characterised by his round head and fair complexion; and the Brython, thoughtful and idealistic, marked by his long head, delicate features, and eyes blue as the firmament on a clear summer day. Along with these Welsh characteristics are found the vigour and energy of the Saxon, the enterprise of the Dane, the doggedness of the Fleming, together with the dignity and majesty of the Norman. But notwithstanding all this diversity, the ground-work is Brythonic, and all the other elements have been affected by its predominant influence.

Of the new blood introduced into the district in historic times, the largest proportion by far is Norman. According to the traditional account, when Martin de Tours invaded the district the inhabitants saw that resistance was hopeless, and made their submission at once to the Norman lord, and so won his goodwill. He is said to have granted in conse-

quence of this special privileges to the parishes of Whitechurch, Melinau, and Llanfair, and, among others, the right of selecting the clergyman of the parish alternately with the patron of the living. It is quite possible that the leniency of the Norman was due to the prowess and stubborn resistance of the men of the district, that their bravery won liberal terms. According to Fenton, "Martin took possession more by compromise than by subjugation." In any case, many of the Norman nobles entered into alliances by marriage with the best families of Dyved, and the Norman and Kelt seemed to dwell together in unity.

Evidence of the Norman influence is found by some in the games which were popular in the neighbourhood in the sixteenth century. George Owen, in his description of Pembrokeshire, says that the parish of Whitechurch was famous for its skill in chess-playing, and asserts that even the servants were well versed in the game. Certainly it is "worthy of note that such a simple people should be skilled in this so rare a play," and the fact bears distinct testimony concerning the mental calibre of the parishioners. It may also be a proof of the close relationship which once existed between the Normans and the Welsh.

But though Norman and other influences can be clearly traced, the people were essentially Welsh in their temperament and ways; and one of the peculiarities of the Welsh is a comparative carelessness about material comforts. The Welshman can never find his heaven in the world of sense; he always transports himself to some fairyland of visions and ideas. Hence he is often apparently negligent about things which occupy a large proportion of the attention of other nations. Doubtless, under the influence of his English brother, he is becoming more concerned about temporal prosperity; but still his chief delight is in other regions,

in music and song, in poetry and religion, and he has a feeling of contempt for those whose main interest lies in the questions, "What shall we eat, what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?"

This characteristic has placed him at a disadvantage in the race for wealth. He has allowed foreigners to work his mines and possess the treasures of his native hills. He has been a servant in his own land and has permitted others to have dominion over him. This state of things is passing away; and, with the aid of improved education, the Welshman has shown himself quite competent to hold his own in all departments of human enterprise; but it still remains true that his chief strength lies in the province of the ideal and the spiritual, and that his noblest service to the race is rendered in the sphere of religion.

From all the traditions that have come down to us, it is clear that life was a hard and stern experience to the people of Whitechurch a hundred years ago. How far the cause lay within themselves it is not easy to decide; but it is certain that other influences also were at work.

The soil is poor and barren. Much of it is by nature moorland or marshy bog, and great labour has to be expended ere it yields a bare harvest. And even when it has been cultivated, there is no rest for the farmer, for unless he continues to dress and till the land, it quickly falls back to its pristine sterility.

The system of land tenure was about as bad as it could be. Speaking generally, the landlords were absentees, and took little interest in their land beyond receiving the rent. The tenants had to do all the improvements, and they seldom possessed the necessary means. There was no encouragement for the farmer to improve the soil, for he would almost certainly be rewarded for his industry by

an increase in the rent. The leases granted were not for definite periods, but for one, two, or three lives. Thus there was no security of tenure, and many were the tragedies caused by the sudden deaths of leaseholders, combined with the hardness of heart of the landlords.

The evil consequences of these unfavourable conditions were manifold. The farm buildings were rickety and inconvenient, the implements were primitive and inefficient, while the whole method of cultivation was lacking in variety and progressiveness. This made it hard for everybody—hard for the horses and oxen, hard for the labourer, hard for the artisan, and hard for the farmer and his family.

The plough in use was not unlike that of which we read in descriptions of Eastern lands. It was chiefly made of wood, it had to be drawn by two oxen and two horses, two or three men were required to work it, and in the end the result was not satisfactory. Of it a Government Commissioner writes : “A more awkward, unmeaning tool is not to be found in any civilised country. It is not calculated to cut a furrow, but to tear it open by main force. A field ploughed with it looks as if a drove of swine had been moiling it.” It is only fair to add that the stony and hilly character of the ground in many places makes ploughing a very difficult task, and that there are men who still maintain that better crops were obtained after the old-fashioned Welsh plough than after the preparation of the ground by more modern instruments.

The age of machinery in agriculture had not dawned around the Prescelly hills, and everything had to be done in the most laborious way. The mower toiled from sunrise to sunset with his scythe ; and the reaper reaped the wheat slowly with the hand hook. The barley and oats were

indeed dealt with more expeditiously, for they were cut with the sickle, or with the scythe and cradle ; but these processes were very slow compared with modern methods. When the harvest had been safely gathered in, the remaining operations were also very tedious. The threshing was done with the handflail, the thudding strokes of which were heard during the winter season ere the cock crew in the morning, and were repeated in the evening after all the birds had gone to rest.

The haulage of the farm was done in wains, or long carts drawn by a combination of oxen and horses, and the patience of men and animals was often sorely tried by the steep hills and the bad state of the roads. Long journeys had to be undertaken, for the nearest market town was ten miles distant, the best markets were twenty or twenty-five miles away. Lime was in general use as a manure, but none was to be found nearer than South Pembrokeshire, a distance of at least twenty miles. The same was true of culm and coal, and consequently wood and peat formed the staple fuel of the district. A great amount of time and energy was expended on weary, tedious journeys over rough and difficult roads ; and the experience was made all the more galling by the large number of turnpike gates at which tolls had to be paid.

When the general conditions of life were such, the labourer's lot was inevitably very hard. He had no market for his labour outside the parish except in the slate quarries and lead mines of the district, and these did not require many hands ; hence the wages were low, and he found it very difficult to obtain the necessaries of life for himself and family. We wonder how he could live on eightpence a day, with a little extra allowance in harvest time ! True, he had his cottage garden, and might arrange to keep a cow

on a neighbouring farm on easy terms ; but the struggle for existence must have been terrible, and his energies were taxed to the utmost. The craftsman fared somewhat better, for he generally had also his little farm ; but, even for him, the conditions of life were stern and severe.

Though sentenced to such hard labours and strenuous toil, the men did their work neatly and cleverly. The Government Commissioner, who condemned the general aspect of agriculture in the district, gave very high praise to the labourers, and recognised the skill which they displayed in many directions. He writes : "The spades, shovels, and mattocks used in ditch and hedge work are very convenient, and workmen use them adroitly, forming the sod face of their hedges in a very neat manner."

Much of the soil was over-run with heather, gorse, and brushwood ; but, by means of the breast plough, the surface was pared off and subsequently burnt. And thus many barren tracts were converted into corn-producing fields. Of these operations the Commissioner says : "Very dexterously done." In the same report several of the harvesting operations are highly praised ; among other things the neatness and quickness with which the sheaves were made into mows in the field, and into stacks in the farmyard. Doubtless the moist nature of the climate, the suddenness of the showers, and the violence of the storms had made this agility and skill almost a necessity ; but the fact that the work was so well done shows that the backward state of agriculture in other directions was due not to lack of industry and intelligence, but to want of capital and a bad system of land tenure.

The women were not less skilful and industrious than the men ; and their manner of life was equally hard and exacting. They took an active part in the harvest opera-

tions and the rearing of cattle. Of them the Government Commissioner says : " They manage the dairy very cleverly." And when momentarily released from their occupations they did not rest. They betook themselves to wool-carding and spinning and knitting. The hand spinning-wheel was an indispensable article in every house, and the matrons and maidens of the district answered to the wise man's description of the ideal woman in the Book of Proverbs : " She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff." The typical mother of the neighbourhood is accurately described in the words of the same writer : " She looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up and call her blessed."

Such conditions of life, so hard and so severe, were not without their advantages. They tended to train a people capable of great endurance. The exposure to summer heat and winter cold, with the constant arduous toil, produced a hardy race ; no other type could stand the strain, and industry became a necessity. Of Pembrokeshire George Owen says : " The county does not nourish idle men." Certainly that was true of the parish of Whitechurch. The place was a beehive of industry ; the idler could not live in such a district.

The simplicity of the life was as marked as its diligence. This was evident in all directions. The dress of the people was simple. Homespun was generally worn, and the great quest was not for grand and showy clothes, but for those which would wear well and last long ; but even in rural Whitechurch fashion had its devotees.

Everybody is familiar with the quaint apparel of the Welshwomen of former days—the peculiar bodice, not

unlike the modern gentleman's dress-coat ; the short, striped gown ; the broad flannel apron, the neat shawl over the shoulder and chest, the tall conical hat worn on great occasions, under which the matrons set a white puckered cap, the place of which in the case of maidens was taken by smart ribbons. There seems to have been a keen rivalry about the cut of the bodice, the colour and the folding of the shawls and mantles, and especially concerning the texture and arrangement of the caps and ribbons. The general garb of the men consisted of knee-breeches and blue stockings, with short coat and soft, broad-brimmed hat ; but those who aimed at being fashionable put on a beaver hat, a swallow-tailed coat, and a coloured vest, and decked their shoes with clasps and chains. On account of the bad state of the roads shoes with wooden soles and pattens were in general use, and the sound of the pedestrian could be heard a long way off.

Most of the articles of clothing were made in the neighbourhood. Dressmaking and tailoring were travelling occupations, and every family had periodical visits from those servants of the community. These periods were great occasions, especially to the younger members of the family, and furnished topics of conversation for many a day. Craftsmen of all kinds lived in the neighbourhood ; thus the community was almost self-supporting, and the presence of these various artisans gave vigour and versatility to the simple social organism.

The food was as simple as the dress. Few were the luxuries to be found in the parish. The soil did not readily produce wheat, hence barley-bread and oaten bread formed the general diet. This was made with much skill, and the housewives took great pride in the excellence of their bread-making. Many of them were famous for the thinness of

their barley loaves and the brittleness of their oatmeal rolls. Oats were used in many other ways as an article of diet. Oaten meal and butter-milk formed a favourite dish, and flummery with sweet milk was the common mid-day meal in the summer season.

The butter was of rare quality ; but, alas ! most of it had to be sold in order to pay the rent, and the people had to be content with the cheese which was prepared from the milk after all the cream had been scrupulously removed. On standing, its rind grew thick and hard, and jocularly it was compared to grindstones on which knives could be sharpened ; still the toiler found it palatable, and it certainly ministered to strength and vigour.

But the prince of the foods of the period has not, as far as I know, an English name. It is sometimes called broth, but that designation is utterly inadequate. The Scriptural "pottage" comes nearest to what is wanted, and may serve, failing a better name. It was a combination in the making of which the Pembrokeshire housewife was particularly clever ; and its praises have often been sung by the poetasters of the county. So great did its excellence seem to the inhabitants that they maintained that it was unrivalled. A Pembrokeshire farmer and his daughter went once upon a time to the Metropolis and spent days in admiring its wonders, and gazing upon its glories ; but after returning home, the farmer exclaimed at supper-time : " Ah, there are many grand and fine things in London, but the Londoners have no food equal to Pembrokeshire 'cawl.'" Even this famous food, however, may grow stale, especially in summer time, when it is apt to become sour if kept long ; and many are the tales told concerning this article of diet. Let one suffice. One morning a farm servant did not find the breakfast very appetising, and when he was asked to say

grace he broke forth into doggerel rhyme, which may be rendered somewhat as follows :

“ Good heavens, what a spread,
Sour pottage, mouldy bread.”

But though the pottage was liable to deterioration like other foods, still, when newly made with home-cured bacon or beef and fresh vegetables from the garden, it could hardly be surpassed as a diet for strong men who worked hard.

Tea was scarcely known in this quiet region in those days of yore, and it came into use very gradually. At first tea drinking was a secret practice. The matron who had become enamoured of it kept the tea-things in a drawer under lock and key, and used the drawer as a table. Should anyone come in while she was partaking of the beverage, the drawer was immediately locked, and the secret was rigorously kept. Ere long, however, the husband was allowed to share in the luxury, and then the daughters and the sons ; afterwards, even the servants were permitted to have a cup of tea on Sunday mornings and in the time of harvest. Alas ! nowadays, tea has won a complete victory, and has displaced almost entirely many wholesome foods and beverages, with sad consequences to the health and energy of the inhabitants.

The social organism of the district was also very simple. There were different classes, but the distance between them was not great, and frequently all sections joined heartily together. Even the largest farmers, with their wives and children, worked on the farm, and so mingled with the servants and labourers. In most cases all partook of the same kind of food, on the same table, and in a real sense formed one family. The artisans of the neighbourhood generally had little farms, and thus all were united by the bond of a common occupation.

The harvest field was a meeting-ground for all. The smith and the shoemaker, the mason and the carpenter, the tailor and the weaver, were there taking part in the work. The women and the children also shared in the labour and the rejoicing. The whole community joined in gathering the gifts that God had given.

Something like a co-operative system prevailed. Each one thought of others as well as of himself. The wet climate and the changeable weather made it necessary to conduct harvest operations with all possible speed, hence it became the practice for farmers to help one another, and the times of mowing the hay were arranged so as to ensure mutual aid. There was an unwritten code in this matter which no one could disregard without exposing himself to social disgrace.

The conduct was not altogether unselfish, for its benefits were evident to all ; at the same time, it led people outside the narrow groove of mere self-interest, and compelled them to think of the claims and interests of their fellow-men. Such a mode of life is primitive in its simplicity, but it has not a few advantages over a more complex system of civilisation. It makes it impossible for a man to be utterly selfish and self-centred ; it shows clearly the interdependence of the various parts of the social organism, and illustrates how the good of each is intertwined with the good of all.

Closely connected with this practice of co-operation was the generous hospitality of the district. The Welsh have always been hospitable, and certainly Pembrokeshire and the Prescelly district take no secondary place in this commendable feature of the national character. Were it not for the fear of being too partial to one's own native region, I should say that it stands pre-eminent in this virtue. The hospitality was no mere give and take arrangement, but a thing of

X heart and soul ; it was no formal ceremony, but a real pleasure and delight. Every door was open, every hearth was free ; there was welcome everywhere and for all.

This fellow-feeling manifested itself in a marked manner on special occasions—such as births, marriages, and deaths. The newly-born child was welcomed by gifts from many hands ; this was true of the poor as well as of the rich. Naturally, the wedding of the wealthy on horseback, with all its excitement, was popular ; but the wedding procession of the poor peasant on foot was also the theme of general interest. The whole neighbourhood united in good wishes to the humblest, and these were accompanied by substantial gifts. Everybody contributed something to give the happy couple a good start. When death came the house of mourning was filled with comforters. And at funerals, the whole community stood by the graveside in sorrowful sympathy. There was no such thing as a private funeral ; that was an impossibility in the warm, free, social atmosphere.

As the virtues of the people were simple, so were their vices and faults. Their hard lot left them little time for reading and meditation. Indeed, the majority of the people could neither read nor write. Those who could read found that books were few and periodicals scarce. The ballad bought in the fair was the newspaper, and the almanac formed the book of reference. In the best farms a copy of the Bible would be found, and possibly the Prayer-Book and some catechisms or small books of devotion ; and in a few places Vicar Pritchard's "Welshman's Candle" and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." A library larger than this was a rarity ; and many houses were without a book of any kind. Consequently ignorance abounded, accompanied by superstitions. There were many ways of forecasting the

future, such as throwing nuts into the fire on All Hallow's Eve, and visiting the church at fixed periods ; but most of the superstitions were connected with death. Seeing a "corpse candle" was quite a common occurrence, and the funeral procession was often witnessed at midnight. The cries of birds, the howlings of dogs, and many other occurrences were interpreted as symbols of death, so that the people were kept in constant terror. The inhabitants did not lack ability—

“ But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.”

The frequent intercourse of the people mitigated somewhat the lack of literature, but their conversation moved in a narrow groove. The absence of general intelligence fostered local gossip and unhealthy curiosity. When the daily pressure was removed on feast-days and market-days many abandoned themselves to temporary excess, and the bodily passions enslaved the soul.

But the little community was strikingly free from crime. A native of Whitechurch who had not travelled beyond the boundaries of his parish could not see any justification whatever for the libellous couplet—

“ Taffy was a Welshman,
Taffy was a thief,”

for he had been trained to respect the rights of others and to observe the fundamental laws of social well-being. The prevalent faults of the district were those to which kind and generous natures succumb most readily, and such as are due to weakness of will and lack of culture rather than to a vicious and depraved disposition.

Such in outline was the social environment in which Caleb Morris spent his early days. In many respects it was not a soil favourable to greatness ; but God can rear His elect everywhere, and perhaps it was not so unfavourable as it may appear at first sight. There human nature was found in its simplicity, and endowed with the great fundamental virtues. If the youth had much to learn when he came in contact with the fuller and richer life of the towns, he had very few things to unlearn ; and in the primitive social conditions of his native district he saw the essentials of good and evil more clearly than they can be discerned in the complex relations of a larger community. Moreover, the stern conflict with nature and circumstances which he witnessed as he grew up gave him an insight into the grim realities of life, made him sensitive to the various needs of humanity, and helped him to sympathise with men in all their struggles and difficulties.

Nothing has been said of the religious influences that surrounded him, because these are so important as to demand a chapter to themselves ; but before proceeding to that it ought to be said that the picture presented in this chapter is not in many particulars true of the district to-day. The conditions of life are easier, comforts are more numerous, and education has wrought a wonderful change in the tastes of the people. The railway and postal systems have brought the quiet neighbourhood into communication with the larger world, and the new route to Ireland through Fishguard promises to make the Prescelly region still better known. But there have been losses as well as gains. The population of the parish is much smaller than it was ; the craftsman has almost disappeared, and it is sad to see the ruins of houses which were once

Butter
Butter

happy homes and centres of vigorous life. The enterprising youths migrate to the larger centres, and in consequence the rural community tends to dwindle and decay. Still, on the whole, the neighbourhood remains the home of a simple, industrious, intelligent, hospitable, warm-hearted people who, amid all the toil and pressure of their earthly calling, give heed to the sublime call of duty and practise the great virtues upon which the welfare of human society depends.

III.

The Religious Environment.

IT is now generally taken for granted that the Welsh are an essentially religious people, and that the deep hold which religion has on the Principality is due to the natural characteristics of the inhabitants. It is not easy to harmonise this view with some of the salient facts of history, such as the slow progress which the Protestant faith made among the people of Wales for a whole century. This may have been due to the absence of a great Welshman among the reformers ; but whatever the reason, Wales remained for generations under a dark cloud of irreligion and immorality.

In the preamble to an Act passed in 1563, authorising the translation of the Bible into the Welsh language, it is asserted that Her Majesty's subjects in Wales "do remain in the like, or rather more ignorance, than they were in the time of Papistry."

In 1587 John Penry published a pamphlet on the spiritual destitution of Wales, and described its desolate, forlorn condition in heartrending expressions. He accuses the clergy of non-residence, inability to preach, lack of acquaintance with the truths of the Gospel, immorality, and ignorance of the Welsh language. Though he qualifies this condemnation by solemnly declaring that God hath His chosen in

No Bible 1602
 1644
 Now Most Religious

Wales, and expresses the hope that the number of them will be daily increased, still, it is evident that the Protestant faith had very little hold on the Principality in his day.

Vicar Pritchard, of Llandovery, whose ministry extended from 1602 to 1644, says that not one in a hundred of his countrymen could read the Bible ; that not a copy of the Word of God was to be found even in the mansions of many of the gentry ; that the clergy were asleep and negligent of the solemn duties of their sacred office ; that the upper classes had no regard for religion, while the common people were totally ignorant and unwilling to receive instruction.

In 1641 Walter Craddock and others signed a petition in which it was asserted that, upon strict inquiry, it was found that there were scarcely as many conscientious and constant preachers in Wales as there were of counties ; and that even these were silenced or persecuted.

It is clear, therefore, that for nearly a century the Protestant religion made very little headway in the Principality ; and yet to-day Wales can truly be called the most religious and the most Protestant portion of the United Kingdom. What has brought about the wonderful transformation ? Many volumes would be needed to tell the marvellous story of suffering and trial, of heroic struggle and noble endeavour. A great army of preachers and evangelists went through the length and breadth of the land ; the hills and dales witnessed their earnest prayers and heard their triumphant songs ; the country is dotted over with places which have been made sacred by the labours of the saints ; they toiled hard amid many discouragements, but the seed-sowing was not in vain ; the glorious harvest has come, and praise to God ascends from a redeemed people.

The Puritan spirit which regenerated England gradually found its way into Wales. This first showed itself in

the counties of Monmouth and Glamorgan. In 1633 Walter Craddock was deprived of his preaching licence by the Bishop of Llandaff for refusing to read the Book of Sports, and soon after began his career of evangelisation and suffering. William Wroth, the rector of Llanvaches, an eloquent preacher and an earnest Christian, was deprived of his living in 1638 on account of his fidelity and zeal, and in 1639 he founded at Llanvaches the first Independent church in the Principality. Other men of similar spirit appeared, among them Stephen Hughes, of Mydrim, the Apostle of Carmarthenshire; John Myles, the pioneer of the Baptists in Wales; and Vavasor Powell, who suffered manifold persecutions, and was cast into no less than thirteen different prisons.

In consequence of the Restoration of 1660, and the Uniformity Act of 1662, the Protestants became divided into Conformists and Nonconformists, and were often found in antagonism rather than struggling together against the common foe. Still spiritual religion continued to advance. The Nonconformists also were divided into distinct camps—at times contending camps—chief among which were the Presbyterians, the Independents, the Baptists, and the Quakers; but the lines between these were not always distinctly drawn, and there was a considerable amount of co-operation between the several divisions of the Nonconformist host.

From the period of the Restoration up to the great revival of the 18th century, Nonconformity continued to make steady progress, which became more marked after the Toleration Act of 1688. The number of Nonconformist churches in Wales at the time of the Restoration was about twenty; in the year 1735, when Howell Harris began his fiery ministry, they had reached a figure between seventy

opposite to
Llwynyrbol

and eighty. It must be borne in mind that in this period church does not mean the same as congregation, or place of worship, since several churches had more than one place of meeting; for instance, the Baptist church at Rhydwyilm had members in the three counties of Pembroke, Carmarthen, and Cardigan, scattered over thirty-eight parishes, and the Lord's Supper was administered at different places in rotation. The mere number of churches does not therefore fully indicate the power of Nonconformity in the land.

The most reliable information available concerning the Dissenting churches at this period is to be found in Dr. John Evans' statistics for the several counties of England and Wales in the years 1715 and 1716. The statistics were compiled with the view of showing the political strength of Nonconformity, and hence the hearers are classified as esquires, gentlemen, yeomen, tradesmen, farmers, labourers; and care is taken to insert the number of voters in each church. Dr. John Evans reckons seventy churches or pastoral charges in Wales, divided among the Independents, Presbyterians, and Baptists, and estimates the number of hearers at a little over 20,000.

In the case of a few churches no numbers are given, and some churches have been omitted from the list. Moreover, he takes no account of the Quakers, who had several societies in Wales. It seems fair, therefore, to estimate the strength of Nonconformity in the Principality at about 25,000.

Attempts have been made to discredit these figures, but the statistics appear to have been compiled with great care, and there can be no reasonable doubt about their general accuracy. They bear striking testimony to the vigour of Nonconformity in Wales in the early decades of the eighteenth century. That it was not a spent force is

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shown by the formation of new churches and the building of new places of worship. Among the Independents alone, during the period between 1689 and 1735, twenty-seven new churches were formed, and forty-four new chapels were built. These were chiefly in the counties of Glamorgan, Carmarthen, and Pembroke.

It has been maintained that these churches did not reach the masses. Alas ! that is too true of the Church in every age, but it is clear, according to Dr. John Evans' statistics, that the labourers formed a considerable proportion of these churches ; and there was no reason why he should have magnified their numbers, for they had no votes, and did not count in the realm of politics.

Another charge brought against these churches is that they were cold and formal, utterly destitute of the missionary spirit ; nay, that they were in a dwindling and decaying condition, and that they would soon have become extinct had it not been for the fresh impulse which they received from the Methodist revival.

It is not easy to estimate correctly the amount of truth which these assertions contain. Unfortunately, the History of Religion in Wales has been written hitherto in a sectarian rather than in a scientific spirit, and we have no really trustworthy guide in the matter.

Doubtless the old Nonconformist churches profited greatly by the enthusiasm of the revival ; but the debt was not all on one side. The Nonconformists, by their teaching and preaching, had prepared the field for the Divine influences, and the revival preachers often found their best helpers in Nonconformist ministers who invited the evangelists to hold services in the districts in which they laboured, and co-operated with them in their noble efforts to evangelise the Welsh people.

The enthusiastic missionary is always apt to despise and under-estimate the quiet work of the plodding minister, while the latter tends to say of the work of the former "*mere excitement*." An impartial historian must do justice to each class of workers, and when such an historian comes to write the history of religion in Wales, he will acknowledge the transcendent service rendered by the great preachers and missionaries without taking from the quieter ministers the meed of praise that is due to them for their patient, faithful service.

The religious revival of the eighteenth century in Wales may be said to have spread from three centres, all of them situated in South Wales—viz., Llanddowror, in Carmarthenshire, where Griffith Jones was vicar; Llangeitho, in Cardiganshire, where Daniel Rowlands was a curate; and Talgarth, in Breconshire, where Howell Harris began his epoch-making mission. It is impossible, in a short sketch like this, even to indicate the debt which Wales owes to these renowned preachers and saints; and nothing is attempted here beyond showing their place in the succession of spiritual influences.

Griffith Jones was one of Cambria's noblest sons, and rendered untold services to the land of his birth. Born in the parish of Kilrbedyn, which is situated partly in Carmarthenshire and partly in Pembrokeshire, and brought up under Nonconformist influences, he was educated at Carmarthen, and became vicar of Llanddowror in the year 1716, and he laboured there incessantly to the end of his life in 1761.

As a preacher he was vivid and eloquent, and withal solemn and serious. He did not remain content with ministering at home, but went on preaching tours throughout the country, selecting for this purpose the seasons of Easter and

Whitsuntide, when the crowds met for plays, interludes, and sports ; and thus he had an opportunity of proclaiming the Gospel to many who never attended the church services.

He became impressed with the profound ignorance of the people, and set about establishing schools for teaching them to read the Welsh Bible. In the year 1760 these schools numbered 215, with 8,687 scholars ; and, in the course of thirty years, it is estimated that 150,000 persons were taught to read the Word of God. The teachers were itinerant, and generally stopped in one place for three months, but, after an interval, they went again over the same ground. The expenses of the schools were defrayed by the offertories at the Communion, and by the generosity of Madame Bevan and other sympathisers.

Having taught the people to read, he induced the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge to issue two editions of the Welsh Bible. He also translated several religious books, and composed a catechism, or instructor, which had a wide circulation.

It might have been thought that such a devoted servant of Christ would have won the warm approval of the Church authorities, but they did not appreciate his holy zeal ; on the contrary, they brought many accusations against him—the chief charges being the use of Matthew Henry's Catechism ; the acknowledgment of Nonconformists as Christians ; and sympathy with the Methodist movement. They also taunted him with his Nonconformist origin, and maintained that nine out of every ten of his communicants were Dissenters. But notwithstanding all this, he remained to the end a loyal servant of the Church which so blindly refused to recognise his great and noble qualities.

In his earnest preaching and zeal for the distribution of the Word of God he was a successor of Stephen Hughes, of

Mydrim, who had laboured so earnestly in the same districts. In his labours for the teaching of the people, he was a predecessor of Thomas Charles, of Bala, who rendered such signal service to the cause of religion in Wales; but the method of his free and circulating schools was unique, and designed to meet the special needs of his day. He had great sympathy with evangelical Nonconformity, and looked with a friendly eye on Methodism; but was displeased with what he considered its excesses and irregularities.

His disciple, Howell Davies, moved the county of Pembroke with his eloquent preaching and profound piety. His tenderness was irresistible, and his pathetic ministry won thousands for Christ. It is said that in the parish church at Llysyvran, at which he was a curate, as many as 2,000 communicants would partake of the Lord's Supper on Sacrament Sundays. He was more closely associated with Methodism than his spiritual father, Griffith Jones, but he also lived and died an adherent of the Established Church.

About the year 1735, the divine fire broke out in the quiet vale of Aeron, in the county of Cardigan. Daniel Rowlands was his brother's curate at the church of Llan-geitho, and was well known for his jollity and good humour; but suddenly he became another man, and began to utter fierce denunciations against sin and wickedness. There is no certainty about the human instrument used to bring about this great change. One tradition ascribes his conversion to the influence of a sermon preached at Llanddewi-brevi by Griffith Jones; another tradition traces the transformation to questionings that arose in his mind as he contrasted his own barren ministry with the fruitful ministry of Phylip Pugh, a Nonconformist minister who was doing a great spiritual work in the district, being the pastor of five churches, with 1,000 adherents. The two

traditions may rest on a basis of fact. Griffith Jones was a mighty preacher in those days, and it is probable that Daniel Rowlands heard him, and that he was seriously impressed. It is also certain that Phylip Pugh was on more than one occasion a genuine friend, and a true spiritual guide to the young curate. In the first period of the revival, Daniel Rowlands used to thunder against sin and proclaim the judgment until the people were terror stricken, and the old Independent minister said to him one day : " If you go on preaching like that, Mr. Rowlands, you will kill all the people. Preach the Gospel to the people, and apply the balm of Gilead, the blood of Christ, to their spiritual wounds, and show the necessity of faith in the crucified Saviour." When some busybodies suggested to Phylip Pugh that Daniel Rowlands was not quite orthodox, he replied, " Let the young man alone, his heavenly Father will teach him." On the human side, the Church and Dissent may claim a share in the religious revival at Llangeitho ; but the soul-transforming power was due to the divine Spirit that refuses to recognise these ecclesiastical distinctions.

Almost simultaneously, and apparently quite independently, the divine fire broke out at Talgarth, where Howell Harris began to denounce sin, and to urge the people to flee from the wrath to come. Of all the Welsh revivalists, Howell Harris is the most difficult to describe or to estimate. He seems to stand alone, and baffles all attempts to bring him under recognised spiritual laws. But there can be no doubt about his tremendous earnestness, and the passionate ardour which he threw into the work of saving souls. His whole being was aflame, and the world has seldom seen such burning enthusiasm for the conversion of sinners. His solemn, awe-inspiring presence produced a profound impression wherever he went, and

under the influence of his terrible preaching thousands cried out, "What must I do to be saved?" Williams, of Pantycelyn, was one of his early converts, and soon began to thrill Wales with his heart-stirring hymns.

In 1737, Howell Harris and Daniel Rowlands met at Devynog, in Brecknockshire, and agreed to work together for the evangelisation of Wales; and so the two flames, kindled apart, became one great blaze.

Very soon the Welsh Revivalists came in touch with George Whitefield and John Wesley, and the Welsh and English evangelists worked side by side. These great preachers held no narrow parochial views, but were eager to proclaim everywhere the Gospel of the Grace of God. Howell Harris was in constant communication with Whitefield and Wesley, and Whitefield presided over the first association held at Watford, a few miles from Cardiff, in January, 1743, and at several associations held later. Whitefield went on a preaching tour through South Wales in the year 1743, and in many ways helped on the glorious work.

At the first association, the chief Welshmen were Daniel Rowlands, Howell Harris, and Williams of Pantycelyn, and they continued to be the leaders of the movement for a whole generation. Each of these three great men had his peculiar gifts. Howell Harris excelled as an evangelist; he also had considerable administrative powers. Daniel Rowlands was supreme as a preacher, but not strong as an organiser. Williams combined the poetic gift with business tact, and was a very valuable helper to Rowlands. Griffiths of Nevern used to say, "Daniel Rowlands can rule the whole world, if he has Williams of Pantycelyn at his elbow." Daniel Rowlands was an ordained clergyman; Williams of Pantycelyn had been recognised as deacon, but he never received full ordination; Howell Harris had ob-

* 1737
Whitefield 1743
Wales

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tained no episcopal sanction, yet he was a more ardent son of the Church than Rowlands or Williams. None of the leaders had any desire for separation from the Church ; they rather sought to revive its zeal, and make it a mighty regenerating power in the land. They were very cordially welcomed by the Baptists and Independents, and invited to preach in their chapels. Among prominent ministers of these churches who received them with open arms, may be mentioned Edmund Jones, Miles Harry, Lewis Rees, Enoch Francis, Henry Palmer and Phylip Pugh. But their eagerness not to offend the Church authorities alienated many of the Nonconformists, and was the cause of constant controversy among the adherents of the movement.

The problem to be solved was very difficult, and taxed all the skill of Howell Harris and his coadjutors. They were not content with converting people, but wished also to gather them into societies for Christian instruction, fellowship, and discipline. This was attempted from the very beginning ; but to bring these little Christian companies into orderly methods was a work of time that required great patience and tact. Howell Harris sought guidance from many sources, and modified the rules suggested by existing societies and Evangelical ministers in order to meet the peculiar conditions that prevailed in Wales.

The assemblies were called societies and not churches, and those who superintended their working were designated exhorters and not ministers. In order to keep these exhorters under vigilance, monthly meetings and quarterly associations were held, at which they were examined, and to which they brought reports concerning the societies under their charge. Discipline was also enforced at these periodical meetings. There was no arrangement for administering the sacraments ; for these it was still necessary to go to the parish churches.

In some churches, as at Talgarth, the clergyman arranged to administer the communion to the Methodists apart.

The disadvantages of the plan were many. The societies and associations had no convenient place where they could meet; for they could not assemble in the parish churches. Nonconformists lent them their chapels, and the early associations were held at the Independent Chapel at Watford; but these chapels were not always available, and some of the zealous Churchmen objected to meet in them, as it seemed to associate the movement with Dissent. Consequently the societies often met in private houses, or barns, or any building available. In some places special buildings were erected, but Howell Harris was averse to this. The few structures that were reared were very plain, with bare walls, rough benches without backs, and two pulpits, generally at the ends of the building—one pulpit for the ordained clergyman, and the other for the unordained exhorters.

In connection with the quarterly associations many sermons were preached, and so these meetings became means of evangelising the masses, as well as opportunities for Christian fellowship. The preaching services were generally held in the open air. Howell Harris had begun his public work at Talgarth by preaching in the churchyard. After the regular church service, the revival preacher would often hold a service among the tombs, and make his earnest appeals to the multitudes over the graves of the dead. At other times a suitable field was selected, and the enthusiastic Evangelist addressed the crowd amid the beauty and grandeur of nature. This field preaching took hold of the Welsh imagination; the practice spread to all branches of the Church, and it has continued until this day.

The enthusiasm of the workers overcame all difficulties

for a time ; but, alas ! differences began to arise among the leaders, and eventually the evangelists were divided into two contending camps, one acknowledging Howell Harris, the other Daniel Rowlands as its head. Williams of Pantycelyn clung to Daniel Rowlands, and felt bound to forsake his spiritual father. The exact nature of the quarrel is not clear. Some doctrinal differences are mentioned ; but it seems certain that the chief causes of disagreement were personal. Howell Harris, with all his evangelical fervour, had a passionate nature and a domineering disposition. He was also lacking in the prudence and quick sympathy which are essential for governing men. After an estrangement of thirteen years the breach was partially healed, but Howell Harris never regained his ascendancy. The endless labours had also told on his strong constitution, and long ere he died, in 1773, the leadership of the movement had passed to Daniel Rowlands.

The church at Llangeitho had for years been a great religious centre. Thither men went from all parts to come under the spell of the passionate eloquence of Daniel Rowlands, and to receive the sacraments from his hand. Every month thousands assembled in the quiet vale of Aeron. Some would arrive on Saturday evening, singing the hymns of Pantycelyn, and would rest at the springs to quench their thirst, as they ate their simple bread and cheese. Others would start before sunrise on Sunday morning, in order to reach the sacred place at the appointed time. What a thrilling chapter the experiences of these earnest souls would make ! Alas ! it can no longer be written on the earth. May we not hope to learn these holy records in the light of heaven ?

In the year 1763, Daniel Rowlands, who had never risen above a curacy, was deprived of his preaching licence, and

was compelled to leave the church that he loved. A chapel was built for him on the other side of the river, in sight of the church ; and while he lived the multitudes came to the chapel, as they had come before to the church. He never became a Nonconformist, but retained to the end his affection for the church of his youth, and his body was buried at the eastern end of the sacred edifice ; now, after the recent renovation of the church, it rests within the walls. His death took place in the year 1790, and very soon after him, his devoted co-worker, Williams of Pantycelyn, was called to his reward.

During the fifty-five years from 1735 to 1790, a mighty work had been done in Wales ; but the new community had not yet been firmly established. The disputes between the leaders had caused many of the societies to collapse, and it became more and more difficult to keep the movement in subordination to the church. Hitherto the leaders of the revival had been afraid to range themselves alongside of the older Nonconformist Churches ; their sympathies were rather with the Established Church. However, they received no encouragement from the Church authorities, quite the reverse ; only a few Evangelical clergymen sympathised with them, and attended the monthly meetings and quarterly associations. A great crisis was imminent ; the new movement would have to ally itself with Dissent, or become a part of the Established Church.

At this juncture, God raised up for the service of Wales one of the noblest men of whom any country can boast, Thomas Charles, known throughout Wales as "Charles o'r Bala." He was the real founder of Welsh Calvinistic Methodism, for under him the societies produced by the Revival were welded together into a distinct community, with a definite constitution, and became a compact organisation,

fitted for rendering unique service to education and religion in the Principality.

Thomas Charles was a native of the district in which Griffith Jones had wielded supreme influence, and was born in 1755, ten years before the death of that great clergyman. In 1773 he was deeply impressed on hearing a sermon by Daniel Rowlands at Capelnewydd, in Pembrokeshire. Having spent six years in the academy at Carmarthen, he went to Oxford in 1775. After ordination he became curate in several churches, but his leanings towards Methodism caused him to be dismissed more than once. In the year 1785 he joined the Methodists, and immediately became a leader. He towered above the Methodists of his day in learning, and possessed great powers of organisation.

He was also very earnest, and his winning ways made him a universal favourite. He could not be compared with Howell Harris and Daniel Rowlands in preaching power, but he possessed other gifts which they lacked, gifts which were of great importance at this crisis.

He followed Griffith Jones in laying great stress upon the *instruction* of the people. He made the Sunday-school a power in Wales, and gave it a unique character. In England the Sunday-school is chiefly an agency for training the children and the young people, but Thomas Charles made it also an instrument for instructing adults in religious truth; and even to the present day a large proportion of the adults of Wales attend the Sunday-school. He laid stress on catechising, and instituted the associations of Sunday-schools for catechising and exposition, a feature of Welsh religious life which still survives in the country districts.

He found the scarcity of Bibles a great hindrance, and was

instrumental in getting the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge to issue an edition of the Welsh Bible in 1799. This edition was soon exhausted, and still the people hungered for the Word of God. Who has not heard of Mary Jones, the little Welsh maid, who for six years travelled daily a distance of four miles in order to read the Bible, and at last, having saved enough to buy a Bible for herself, walked to Bala, a distance of twenty-five miles, in order to procure a copy, but when she got there found that the edition had been sold out? This moved Thomas Charles deeply, and he determined to make an effort towards establishing a society for providing cheap Welsh Bibles—a resolve which eventually led to the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

His labours as a preacher and evangelist were unremitting, and he planted numerous churches in North Wales; he was, in short, the leader of the movement which has made Calvinistic Methodism the predominant religious power in North Wales.

When his health failed, and he became unable to travel as in his earlier days, he devoted himself to the composition of religious books. The "Instructor" has had a marvellous circulation; so has his "Bible Dictionary." After the lapse of nearly a century, these books are still in general use. He did not under-estimate the power of the pulpit, but he saw that it must work in alliance with the school and with the press; this broad philosophic view made him the greatest religious force in Wales during the last century.

In his lifetime a matter of supreme moment to Calvinistic Methodism was decided. For a long period the question of ordination had given much trouble to the Methodists. Many of the evangelists were men who had received episcopal ordination—such was Daniel Rowlands—and the sacraments

continued to be administered by ordained ministers only. Some of these had broken the canonical law by administering the sacraments in unconsecrated places, such as Capel-newydd and Woodstock Chapel, in Pembrokeshire, and in the Chapel at Llangeitho after Daniel Rowlands was deprived of his preaching licence ; but no unordained preacher had ventured to administer the Christian rites. This restriction of the sacraments to ordained ministers involved the necessity of long journeys for many of the Methodist societies in order to obtain communion ; and in districts where the clergymen were out of sympathy with Methodism several months had to elapse without a communion service.

Thomas Charles was at first opposed to separate ordination for the Methodists, but at last he was convinced of its necessity. In the whole of North Wales only three ministers who had received episcopal ordination were in sympathy with Methodism, and even in South Wales such ministers were not numerous. At a meeting where the matter was discussed, Ebenezer Morris asked Thomas Charles, "Which is the more important, preaching the Gospel or administering the sacraments?" After some deliberation, Thomas Charles replied, "Preaching the Gospel." A thrill went through the meeting, and everybody felt that the matter had been settled. The first Methodist ordinations were held in the year 1811, the one in North Wales at Bala, during the June association, and the one in South Wales at Llandilo, in the association held there in the month of August. Among those ordained were John Elias, Thomas Jones of Denbigh, Ebenezer Morris, and Ebenezer Richards. These ordinations, independent of the bishop, meant complete separation from the Established Church, and the formation of Calvinistic Methodists into a distinct religious body.

The step was inevitable, and it has been abundantly justified by the result. Since that period Calvinistic Methodism has taken its place side by side with the other Nonconformist bodies of Wales, and its progress has been remarkable. At the time, however, the decision wrought considerable injury to Methodism, for the clergymen who were in sympathy with the Methodist revival withdrew their support, and in some districts, especially in parts of Pembrokeshire, the loss in buildings and membership was serious.

To those who are not acquainted with the religious history of Wales, the combination Calvinistic Methodism appears very incongruous, for to them Methodism and Calvinism seem quite incompatible. The preceding sketch of the revival movement of the 18th century in Wales is sufficient to suggest the reason for the name. George Whitefield had much more influence on the Welsh revival than John Wesley, hence it tended towards Calvinism, and in so far as the Welsh revival was indigenous, it had its origin in Calvinistic sources. Griffith Jones, Daniel Rowlands, and Howell Harris were Calvinists; indeed, the whole evangelistic body of Christians in Wales during the 18th century favoured Calvinism. Arminianism in the Principality had become associated with Pelagianism, and gradually drifted into Arianism and Unitarianism; hence there was a strong prejudice among the most earnest souls against all forms of Arminianism.

It is true that the term Calvinistic Methodist is cumbrous, but there seems no help for it. English churches belonging to this body sometimes call themselves Presbyterians. That may be legitimate as far as church government is concerned, but historically it is utterly misleading, for the Calvinistic Methodists had no connection whatever with the Presby-

terian churches that existed in Wales in the 17th and 18th centuries. All such churches drifted either to Independency or to Unitarianism. We have a standing proof of this in the name "Presbyterian College, Carmarthen."

In order to give a general view of all the religious bodies in Wales at the beginning of the 19th century, it is necessary to make a short reference to Wesleyan Methodism. John Wesley paid many visits to Wales, and established several societies. But as he was ignorant of the Welsh language, and all the Welsh revivalists were Calvinists, his influence was largely confined to the English districts. No attempt was made to spread Wesleyan Methodism among the Welsh until the year 1800. The missionaries of Welsh Wesleyan Methodism, who began their mission with the 19th century, were men of burning enthusiasm and undaunted courage, and in a few years they wrought a great work. This was, however, confined to North Wales—even to a portion of North Wales; and Welsh Wesleyan Methodism has never made a home for itself in South Wales. On the other hand, English Wesleyan Methodism has been a growing force along the southern coast, and Carmarthen can claim that it has given to English Methodism one of its most prominent men, the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes.

We have before us now all the great religious forces that were influencing the Principality when Caleb Morris was a youth. Which of them had the greatest share in moulding his spiritual experience? We may almost leave out of account Wesleyan Methodism, for although there were many churches of that order in the English portion of Pembroke-shire, none existed in the Welsh districts. It is true that John Wesley had visited Newport and Cardigan, places not more than ten miles from Voeldrigarn, and had preached in them more than once; still it was in English, and however

he may have stirred the people with his spiritual power, no result of this remained in the form of a society, and we can hardly count Wesleyan Methodism among the abiding religious forces of the district.

What about Calvinistic Methodism? If we argued from the condition of affairs to-day, we should not be able to set down much to its credit. In the whole of the Nevern valley the Methodist societies are few and small. In Whitechurch and the five or six adjoining parishes there is not a single Methodist society, and I am not aware that there is one Methodist living in the parish where Caleb Morris was born. But it would be very unfair to argue from the position of Methodism in the district to-day that it exerted no power there a century ago. Indirect influence it must have exerted, for it had become an essential factor in the religious life of Wales.

But that was not all, Llysyvran, the church of Howell Davies, the great Pembrokeshire revivalist, was not more than fifteen miles distant. Capelnewydd, one of the Methodist centres where Daniel Rowlands and the other leaders often preached and administered communion, was only six or seven miles away. At Eglwysrwrw, about three miles off, a Methodist society existed in 1743 with thirty-five adherents, and there were several other Methodist societies within a radius of eight or ten miles.

How, then, has the present condition of Methodism in the district come about? It is the result of the ordination policy of the Methodists in 1811. When Griffiths of Nevern, and the other clergymen who were in sympathy with Methodism, heard of the decision of the Methodists to ordain ministers of their own, they withdrew their support; and as many of the chapels where the Methodist societies met were in close association with parish churches, these also were lost. The majority of the societies gradually

collapsed, and the members went back to the parish churches or allied themselves with the Independents and Baptists. Yet, though Methodism is very weak in the district to-day, and there is no record of any Methodist Society having ever existed in the parish of Whitechurch, it seems fair to infer that it exerted a considerable influence on the neighbourhood of Voeldrigarn a century ago.

What about the influence of the parish church? George Owen traces the name Whitechurch to the care bestowed by the parishioners on the sacred edifice; but how far this is true of the beginning of the nineteenth century is not known, and devotion to the externals of religion is not always a true index of its power over the heart and life. Doubtless the influence of Griffith Jones—his preaching, his schools, and his books—had been felt in the parish, but nearly half a century had elapsed since his death.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, several of the clergy of the district were in sympathy with the Methodist movement, and laboured hard to evangelise the people. Griffiths of Nevern and Jones of Llangan rendered incalculable service. Jones of St. Dogmells and Davies of Llanfyrnach also belonged to the same group, and it is reasonable to suppose that some of their influence found its way into the parish of Whitechurch; but, as no mention is made of the clergyman of the parish and of several adjoining parishes in connection with the Methodist movement, the natural inference is that they were not in sympathy with it, and that they belonged rather to those who had not come under the reviving power of evangelical religion.

There remain to be considered the Baptists and the Independents, the two denominations which have taken possession of Welsh Pembrokeshire, and studded it with chapels and vigorous churches. The withdrawal of the

support of the Evangelical Churchmen has been mentioned as one of the causes of the decline of Methodism in the district, but that was not the only cause, for then we should have expected to see the Established Church strong in the district, or to find the region sunk in religious indifference. Neither expectation is in accordance with facts, for, with one or two exceptions, the Established Church is very weak, yet there is no region in the whole of Wales more thoroughly religious. The only satisfactory explanation is to be found in the deep hold which the Baptists and Independents had on the district before the Methodist revival. They had struck their roots deep in the soil, and, reinvigorated by the spirit of the revival of the eighteenth century, they spread forth branches in all directions, and covered the land with their healing influence.

The Baptist churches of Pembrokeshire are all branches from one mother church, which was founded in the year 1668, probably by William Jones, one of the ejected ministers of 1662. It was the third or fourth Baptist church established in Wales. It met, during its early history, in diverse places; among others, at Rushacre, Narberth—a place which will again claim our attention—but eventually it made its home at Rhydwylym, where a chapel was built in the year 1701. The church members in 1689 numbered 113. They were scattered over forty parishes in the three counties of Pembroke, Cardigan, and Carmarthen. Among them were fifteen preachers. The church had two classes of elders—ruling elders and teaching elders. The communion was held in different districts in rotation, and members were admitted after baptism by the laying on of hands. In 1715 this church, with two of its branches—Llangloffan and Kilvowyr—is credited with 900 hearers.

In the year 1692, before Kilvowyr was formed, a branch

existed at Kilcam, in the parish of Whitechurch, in the house of one John Phillips. He emigrated to America, and the branch was transferred to Kilvowyr. It is said that the Baptists gave up Kilcam to the Independents, on the understanding that the Independents gave up a preaching-station in the neighbourhood of Kilvowyr to the Baptists. Are we as advanced in this matter to-day as our forefathers were two centuries ago?

The church at Kilvowyr grew in strength, but disputes came, the most serious of which was concerning the laying on of hands. Eventually, in the year 1766, those who did not wish to insist on this withdrew, and formed a new church at Ebenezer, which had a wonderful era of prosperity under its minister, Mr. Williams; 171 members were baptized in one year, and in the year 1794 the church had a membership of 340. Mr. Williams was a remarkable man. He was a good scholar, an earnest preacher, and a skilful pastor. He was also a Justice of the Peace for the counties of Cardigan and Pembroke and for the borough of Cardigan, and a Chairman of the Quarter Sessions, though he had never taken communion in the Established Church. Not only did he build up a vigorous church at Ebenezer, but he also founded the Baptist church at Cardigan, which grew to be a very strong church, and the mother of other churches.

Kilvowyr was about eight miles from Whitechurch, and Ebenezer about four miles. Baptist causes were started also in three other places nearer still to Caleb Morris's home—one at Blaenyffos, about two miles away, where a chapel was built in 1785. The church there remained small for a period, and it is said that at the week-night services sometimes the only persons present were John Morgan the minister, and an aged Christian woman named Betsy Morris. After waiting for some time, she would say, "Well, Mr

Morgan, begin the meeting by reading a chapter and praying ; perhaps someone else will have come by that time." When this was done, and no one came, she would say, "Read another chapter and pray, to close the meeting." But with the nineteenth century a vigorous church grew there. It was a branch of Kilvowyr, and continued to practise the laying on of hands. One of the vivid recollections of my boyhood is a communion service at Blaenyffos, when about twenty new members were received, and the minister laid his hand on the head of each, accompanying the movement with a word of prayer or a verse of Scripture. In another direction, at a distance of about two miles, a chapel called Bethel was built in the year 1794 for the use of a branch of the church at Rhydwlilm, and the cause has flourished greatly.

After the incorporation of the branch at Kilcam with Kilvowyr, in 1704, there was no meeting-place for the Baptists in the parish of Whitechurch itself till the year 1804. A zealous Baptist then came to reside at Coedcenlas—a name that will often meet us—and he, with two others, arranged to hold services on week-nights and Sundays at one of the farmhouses. It is recorded that Christmas Evans preached at the Independent Chapel at Penygroes in the year 1806. In 1823 a Sunday-school was formed, and in 1826 a Baptist chapel was opened at Bethabara, the north-western corner of the parish. These facts indicate clearly the activity and energy of the Baptists in the district.

Just as Rhydwlilm was the centre from which the Baptist churches sprang, so Henllan became the chief mother-church of the Independents in those parts. Several congregations were gathered in Carmarthenshire in the period between the Restoration and the Toleration Act, and were ministered to by the ejected ministers, David Jones, William

Jones, and Stephen Hughes. The last-named minister was a great spiritual force, and founded many churches. He was a powerful preacher, and was also very active in the distribution of Bibles and religious books. He is truly called the Apostle of Carmarthenshire, and the predominance of Congregationalism in Carmarthenshire, and the adjoining portions of Pembroke and Cardigan, is largely due to his earnest and self-denying labours.

The chapel at Henllan was opened in the year 1697. The church was Presbyterian in government, and had three grades of officers—ministers, elders, and deacons ; but many of the members leaned towards Independency. In the year 1707 a dispute arose between the Moderate Calvinists and Presbyterians on the one hand, and the High Calvinists and Independents on the other, and the latter withdrew and formed an Independent church at Rhydyceisiaid, Matthias Maurice, the author of "Social Religion," being among the number. The following year a branch of the church at Rhydyceisiaid was formed at Glandwr, and a chapel was built there in 1712. The church at Henllan had 700 adherents, and that at Rhydyceisiaid 800. These, with other similar facts, show that Nonconformity was vigorous in the period before the appearance of Howell Harris, and that the old churches were not without evangelical fervour and enterprise.

The third minister of Rhydyceisiaid and Glandwr was John Griffiths, who became famous as a thoughtful preacher, a wise pastor, and an able teacher of young men preparing for the Christian ministry. He held a school for preachers in his farmhouse at Glandwr, and many ministers and clergymen received their training at this rural academy, so that his name became known throughout the Principality. He was very careful about instructing the people in the

truths of the Gospel, and through his skill and diligence his church became very proficient in theology—perhaps more so than any other church in Wales. This great Christian teacher founded the church at Penygroes, in the parish of Whitechurch, the spiritual home of Caleb Morris in the days of his youth.

The work began at Kilcam, a farmhouse in which the Baptists had started a cause half a century earlier, and the church was incorporated in the year 1765. The members were few, and had the Communion administered once in three months. In the intervening months they were expected to go to the mother-church at Glandwr, a distance of five or six miles. John Griffiths held the pastorate until the year 1798. In the interval the first place of worship was built at Penygroes. This was the house in which Caleb Morris learned to worship in public. It was a plain, barn-like structure, with two doors and a double roof.

In 1798 William Evan was ordained as co-pastor with John Griffiths at Rhydyceisiaid, Glandwr, and Penygroes. About this time a bitter controversy arose in the church at Glandwr between the High Calvinists, Moderate Calvinists, and Arminians. The last section retired and formed a church at Rhydypark, which eventually became Arian, and then Unitarian. X

The feud between the two groups of Calvinists waxed so bitter that they could not worship together, and finally the High Calvinists were locked out from the chapel. They formed a separate church, and erected a chapel about a mile from Glandwr, and called it Hebron. William Evan became the pastor of this High Calvinist church.

The people at Penygroes sided with the High Calvinists, and so William Evan became their sole pastor. He had also the charge of the church at Rhydyceisiaid. There was a X

Father, father was pastor at Glandwr
near S. Wales

distance of about six miles between Penygroes and Hebron, and about seven miles between Hebron and Rhydyceisiaid. It was a very laborious pastorate, and it was impossible to hold frequent meetings at each place ; still, William Evan worked hard, and discharged his ministry with great conscientiousness. He had not been well trained, but he was a diligent reader and a vigorous thinker. He was a man of deep conviction, and clung to his views with great tenacity. He seemed quite at home in the mysteries of theology, and could settle without any hesitation such abstract questions as the eternal generation of the Son, the counsel and foreknowledge of God, the nature of the Atonement, and the personal presence of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of believers.

At first sight it would seem that such a ministry could not benefit a lad, and we almost pity Caleb Morris because he was compelled to listen to such teaching in his early days ; but possibly our pity is misplaced. With all the debating and hair-splitting there was a solemn proclamation of the great truths of revealed religion, such as the eternal and sovereign love of God ; the wickedness of sin and its awful doom ; the importance of the death of Christ, and the infinite value of the Atonement ; the need of the Holy Spirit for converting the human spirit and developing it into the Divine image ; the incalculable worth of the soul ; the terrible danger of losing it ; and the glorious possibility of saving unto everlasting life. Hence, though we may think that High Calvinistic teaching is not the best adapted for the needs of men, we must also be prepared to admit that it has often been accompanied with great earnestness and passionate enthusiasm for the salvation of souls, and has been very successful in building up strong characters.

It is recorded that William Evan baptized 556 infants

between his ordination in 1798 and his death in 1818. He received also a large number of new members ; among others Caleb Morris and John Evans, two of the noblest souls that ever belonged to a Christian Church. Under him, these two also began to preach. Few ministers have been privileged to welcome two such men into the fellowship and work of the Christian Church ; and the highest tribute to William Evan is to be found in the reverence and esteem of these servants of God, who were introduced into the Church and its service during his ministry.

There was another spiritual spring in the neighbourhood from which Caleb Morris drank. Three or four miles from his home, across a wild moorland, in a sheltered spot under the shadow of Prescelly, stood an Independent Chapel, called Brynberian. It was erected in the year 1690. The church that flourished there established branches at Newport, Velindre, Maenclochog, and Bethesda. All these were under one pastor, or bishop, though the distance from one extreme to the other was over twenty miles, and the district was mountainous and difficult to traverse. For fifty years—from 1790 to 1840—Henry George was the zealous and faithful bishop of this group of churches. He was a man of noble build, over 6 feet 4 inches in height, and correspondingly broad and strong. This giant frame, combined with an earnest soul, enabled him to accomplish wonders. He never allowed wind or rain, heat or cold, snow or tempest to interfere with his engagements. His princely aspect and spotless character won for him universal reverence and esteem. His sermons were not brilliant, but they were full of ripe wisdom and rich in Gospel teaching. Behind them was the power of a Christlike character, and his name is still fragrant in the neighbourhood. To men of his type, rather than to the revival preacher, must be traced the

deep hold which religion has on North Pembrokeshire ; and the history of religion in this county disproves altogether the assertions sometimes made about the absence of the missionary spirit among the Puritan Churches.

In his diary, in connection with the ordination of Evan Lewis—Henry George's successor at Brynberian—Caleb Morris has the following entry :—" I offered the ordination prayer in the Welsh language. May God hear it, and bless this good young man who is settled over this large church, where, in my early days, I used frequently to hear the Word from those who are now silent." This is doubtless a reference to Henry George, and we may look upon this earnest evangelist and William Evan, the High Calvinist, as the chief religious instructors of Caleb Morris in his boyhood and youth.

There were in the district a few representatives of the Presbyterians who had drifted into Arianism and Unitarianism. Their nearest chapel was at Rhydypark, a distance of seven or eight miles. In later times such persons usually attended the services at Penygroes, but went periodically to the Unitarian Church at Rhydypark. It is not probable that they were a strong force in the neighbourhood ; still, they were a standing protest against the extreme Calvinistic views of William Evan, and threw their influence on the side of those who advocated moderate Calvinism and Arminianism.

What waves of spiritual influence had found their way to that quiet district ! The majesty and grandeur of Calvinism, the solemnity and seriousness of Puritanism, the passion and fervour of Methodism, and the critical questionings of Arianism. The only important current which could not be found there was Arminian Methodism ; yet even this was represented by some of the Independents. Scarcely any

fresh religious stream has appeared since ; rather, those that existed then have become broader and deeper, and have often united together. Caleb Morris was, to some extent, under the influence of them all ; but the Calvinism and Puritanism of the Baptists and Independents became the predominant power in the fashioning of his religious character.

IV.

Home and Early Experiences.

THE home elements are of supreme importance in the making of a man, and mould, to a very great extent, his being and destiny. There does not exist, as far as I know, a portrait either of the father or mother of Caleb Morris. In the quiet region of Voeldrigarn, in the early part of the last century, most of the inhabitants were content to live and die without leaving behind them any representation of their bodily form and features. Indeed, there was in many cases a decided aversion to anything of the kind.

I can just remember his aged father, bent in form, with snow-white hair and beard, leaning upon his staff when he was close upon one hundred years of age. But that boyish impression of the patriarch is of no value for the purposes of this biography, and I must be content with giving briefly the current tradition of the neighbourhood concerning him.

All are agreed that Stephen Morris was no ordinary man. He would easily take the lead in any community of people. He was strongly and symmetrically built, and the outward form was a true index to the inward character. His intellect was keen and penetrating; no one was ever known to triumph over him in argument, and he was considered an

authority on all matters of importance. Men sought his opinion constantly, and he was in many respects the oracle of the neighbourhood. He could say smart things, and many of his quick repartees have been handed down. He was as kind as he was keen. His broad, open countenance proclaimed a generous heart, and he was ever ready to lend a helping hand ; and his uprightness and straightforwardness were proverbial. In religious matters he was reserved and cautious. He was sixty-eight years of age when he became a member of the church ; this, however, was not due to any lack of sympathy with religion, but to a certain diffidence and hesitancy in spiritual things. Long before he made a public profession of Christianity he was noted for the interest which he took in theological questions ; and at stated periods he would retire into a quiet spot for prayer and meditation.

His wife, Mary, was in several respects a contrast to her husband. Though equally kind and generous, she was very sensitive, almost morbidly so ; and as the years passed she became more and more the prey of gloomy, melancholy thoughts. Her chief delight was in religion. She was much more at home in the realities of eternity than with the fleeting things of time ; and after a week spent in helpless misery she would eagerly resort to the services on Sunday, and be lost in ecstasy and delight. How unlike the majority of the present day !

Caleb inherited the combined characteristics of his parents. He possessed the quick intellect of his father, with his open, generous disposition ; he also shared the deep religious sentiments of his mother, and not a little of her tendency to look on the dark side of things and to harbour desponding thoughts.

This combination of parental qualities goes a considerable

way towards accounting for his rich and unique nature, but it does not explain everything. There is something distinct and underived in every man, and especially in every great man, and it is impossible to deny to a personality like Caleb Morris a large measure of originality. Our fathers paid too little heed to heredity and environment ; we are prone to over-estimate their influence and to overlook the profound mystery of individuality.

The other members of the home circle were two sisters and a brother. Martha was the eldest of the children. She grew up to be an intelligent and affectionate, generous and religious woman. Caleb was particularly fond of her, and she is frequently mentioned in his diaries. The attachment may have been due to similarity of disposition ; but this was not the only cause, for Martha was somewhat lame, and this misfortune naturally called forth her brother's sympathy.

Caleb was the second of the children, and after him came Jacob. He, too, possessed exceptional abilities ; but he did not long for education as Caleb did, and so he remained rooted in his native soil. Nor did he share his distinguished brother's lofty idealism and religious earnestness.. Later on we shall come to a pathetic chapter in his history.

Hannah, the youngest daughter, was a model of womanly kindness and devoutness. She had a large family, and one of her sons, Stephen, was a special favourite with Caleb Morris.

It is no longer possible to give a detailed description of the family life ; but its leading features are easily traced. It exhibited the simplicity and industry, kindness and hospitality which prevailed in the district.

The home—Park-ŷd (corn-field)—stood high up on the mountain slope ; only one other little farm stood higher—

Green Hill, the spot where the writer first saw the light. There was no architectural beauty about Caleb Morris's birthplace. It was a plain house, built from the rough stones found on the hill-sides, and roofed with grey slates. There were two rooms on the ground floor, with a little dairy at the back. The windows were small, but, with the huge chimneys, there was no lack of ventilation ; and, as the door was generally open, there was no scarcity of light and fresh air. The floor was covered with blue flags, which were kept beautifully clean and sprinkled with sand, or adorned with figures by means of white chalk.

When we have entered the house through the narrow passage between the parlour on the right and the high wainscot on the left, the polished dresser stands before us, the pride of the housewife, hung with decanters of varied hues and shapes, and decked with burnished pewter plates, many of them precious heir-looms. As our eyes move towards the dairy door they rest for a moment on the quaintly-carved grandfather's clock, and then catch a glimpse of the cool pans which hold the milk, with the cheese-press and other dairy utensils, all neat and bright. We turn round and, looking towards the window, notice the high settle along the wainscot forming a cosy corner for the table, so white a table that to put a cloth upon it would be as if one were to paint a lily.

Under the wide-open chimney rose the hearth, on it the peat and wood were burning, "and the pewter plates on the dresser caught and reflected the flames as shields of armies the sunshine." In one corner of the hearth was fixed a high grate, filled with layers of balls made of culm mixed with clay. Once this culm fire was lighted, it was not allowed to go out by night or by day, but kept ever burning. Along the rough beams overhead, which supported the boards above, were

suspended the home-cured bacon, the onions, thyme, chamomile, and other medicinal herbs ; in a little nook, over the hearth, the book-case was placed—to Caleb the most important spot in all the house. In this upper room, as it was called, the family spent most of their time during the day ; and when the long winter nights came round, they and some friendly visitor sat around the blazing fire and discussed the affairs of the district, told tales and stories, sometimes ghost stories that made the blood creep and filled the heart with terror.

Partitioned off from this living room was the little parlour, with its hanging press and chest—

“ The chest contrived a double debt to pay ;
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day.”

One corner was occupied by a neat cupboard in which the china and other treasures were kept, and chairs filled up the vacant spaces. The walls were decorated with pictures and sampler work, while plants and flowers adorned the windowsill. Such were the chief contents of the ground floor, plain enough ; bald, some would say ; but not without the sense of comfort and homeliness. In such humble places many—may I not say most ?—of Cambria's greatest men have been reared.

What are the occupations of the day ? The father is an early riser, and is up with the lark. In summer, he looks around his little farm before breakfast and does odds and ends ; in winter, he threshes the corn in the tiny barn and tends the cattle while the morning meal is being prepared. Breakfast over, he goes to his workshop, for, like many of the people around, he combines farming with a craft, until he can take a farm large enough to employ all his energies and keep him in comfort. He is a shoemaker, and noted for his skilful workmanship. He works for the gentry of

the district, and comes into contact with the best people in the Vale of Nevern. His shop is a centre for the discussion of all the topics of the day, and as he plies his tools he also leads the conversation. The children sometimes creep in quietly to see and hear what is going on, and thus step outside their own narrow little world ; but generally they are in the house with their mother, or playing in the fields.

Caleb is no great hand at games ; he loves his books, and it is not easy to tear him away from them. Where did he learn to read ? Probably at home, for schools were very scarce in those days. It is possible, however, that he spent some time under the tuition of a farmer's son in the neighbourhood who kept a little school. Not much is known of this teacher apart from his beautiful handwriting. There is a tradition that a somewhat bumptious fellow came to the neighbourhood, and laughed at the farmer's simple school. The rural schoolmaster flew into a passion, and challenged his critic to a competition in handwriting. He could not decline the challenge, but he was no match for the farmer's son in calligraphy. Caleb Morris wrote a beautiful hand, and the probability is that he was taught writing, reading, and arithmetic at this rural school.

Having learned to read, he devoured eagerly all the literature within his reach. But circumstances would not allow him to be always at his books ; as he grew up he was expected to take his share in the occupations of the farm, and particularly to help his mother to look after the sheep and cattle. He had no love for work of this kind, any more than another great Welshman of the period, Williams o'r Wern. Of Williams it is related that one of his sisters used to do the work for him quietly, and when, after a struggle, he tore himself away from his books to do what was expected of him, he found that it had been done already

by his kind and thoughtful sister. We wonder if Caleb Morris's extra fondness for his elder sister was strengthened by a similar experience?

One task above all others was repulsive to him, and helped to make the winter gloomy. In that somewhat barren district food for the cattle was often scarce, and the furze or gorse growing on hedge and moorland was used to eke it out. For the cattle these had to be pounded smooth on a huge stone, by means of an iron tool with a wooden handle. It was a long, dreary, monotonous task, and to spend precious hours over the furze-trough rather than over his favourite books was a sore trial of patience to Caleb.

When summer came, he was released from this vexatious toil. For this and many other reasons he welcomed the spring with special delight. As the earth was clothed with new beauty, his work became easier and pleasanter. The wild sheep which gave him such trouble in winter, made their way to the mountain, and he was glad to climb the hill to look after their welfare, for he enjoyed the glorious view, and after he had seen and numbered his little flock, he could sit for hours in the shelter of some rock, reading and thinking and dreaming.

The summer brought many other delights. The season of sheep-shearing was full of excitement. All the sheep from the hill-side were brought to the large pond on the moor to be washed. What an assemblage of men and boys, of dogs and huge walking-sticks! What fun to see the sheep leaping into the water and swimming out! The shearing lasted for days, and all the men of the district were gathered in one central place. Then came the hay harvest, with its social interchange of labour and simple rustic play.

In the interval between the hay and corn harvest, two stirring events generally occurred: one a trip to the seaside

in carts and wagons, the other a visit to St. Lawrence Fair. The sea resort was Newport, a charming little watering-place at the foot of Carn Ingli, with picturesque sands and bays, and bold rocks, with caves and fissures. The grandeur of the sea, the excitement of bathing, the good humour of the crowd, and the varied entertainment of the journey to and fro, made this annual trip a red-letter day.

No less exciting was the visit to St. Lawrence Fair at Kilgerran. Oh the crowds of people, the droves of horses and cattle, sheep and pigs; the fat dealers from England, with their whips and spurs and strange speech; the shooting galleries and merry-go-rounds; the wares exposed for sale; the stands, with buns and gingerbread, and all kinds of fruits and drinks. What a paradise for a boy if he had enough money in his pocket; but when that was limited, what an anxious problem how to spend the few coppers to the best advantage, as Herber Evans found it in his early days! These early experiences make an indelible impression on the country lad, and nothing in after life quite comes up to the boyish delight in a rural fair. As these childish joys began to fade with repetition, and maturer tastes were formed, Kilgerran still had charms—its quaint churchyard, its ancient castle, abounding in strange corners, and looking down upon the peaceful Tivy, flowing through a scene of unsurpassed beauty.

After these relaxations, the corn harvest came, and the whole population of the parish—men, women, and children—were found in the fields. It was a season of hard work, and yet of real joy. But, alas! it heralded the approach of winter, and as the days became shorter, and the clouds and mists gathered around the hills, Caleb was apt to become depressed.

In the autumn of 1812, these gloomy thoughts took strong

hold of him, and one day as he was with his father digging potatoes in the field and feeling very weary, he threw his mattock to the ground and said : " Father, I will not work another stroke, unless you promise to send me to the town school." The father promised to do his best in the matter, and so induced the boy to continue his toil. From that moment Caleb's education became the great problem at Park-ŷd ; it was seriously discussed also in several other homes in the neighbourhood.

It would be a serious mistake, however, to think that all his education was yet to come. Though his technical training had been very meagre, he had learned to love books, which is more than can be said of many highly educated people. His stock of literature was small ; with our modern views, we should say pitifully small. His chief books were three : the Bible, " Burkitt's Commentary," and Bunyan's " Pilgrim's Progress." What a poor library ! Yea, and what a rich library ! Again and again he read the Bible and Bunyan's immortal dream. His mind became imbued with their great ideas, his imagination was filled with their grand pictures, and his heart was moved with their sublime passion. Ah ! perhaps, he was better educated after all than those who read so much, and think so little ; who lightly touch so many things, but make none of them their own ; who allow such a multitude of cross-currents to move them that they have no strong bent in the direction of goodness. Caleb Morris never became weary of the books that charmed him at the quiet home on the hill-side. Bunyan's dream remained a favourite with him, and he edited a Welsh edition of the " Pilgrim's Progress," which was published by James Virtue, in the year 1843. The Bible continued to be the chief theme of his study to the end of his days, and the great aim of his life was to understand and proclaim its

wonderful teaching. A youth who had contracted such a love for these two kings among books, had made great progress in the most important education.

At home he had been trained in the virtues which form the foundation of a noble character—truthfulness and honesty, reverence and self-control, kindness and humility. We cannot be sure that family worship was conducted at Park-ŷd night and morning; the probabilities are that it was not, for the father was not a professing Christian, and the mother would be too nervous and sensitive to conduct it. Still, we cannot be certain, for John Evans, a contemporary and friend of Caleb Morris, says that his father held family worship regularly, though he was not a church member; in any case, the atmosphere of the home was religious, and the boy was taught, from his earliest days, to honour the Lord Jesus Christ.

He went with his father and mother to the service on the Sabbath Day, and learned to worship God publicly. Outwardly there was nothing attractive about the service, but all the more, perhaps, on that account it appealed to the earnest soul. How strange that simple service would seem to us—the square, plain building, with high-backed pews in the centre, and stone benches along the walls, a box pulpit perched aloft, between two plain windows, and the ground floor made of lime and sand—the singing, a slow plaintive unison—the reading monotonous, and the prayer long and doctrinal—the sermon deep and argumentative, and yet, over all, a strange solemnity and impressiveness, rudely disturbed at times by some of the dogs that lie scattered over the floor.

Who would have thought of High Churchism amid such surroundings; but there existed at least two customs that savoured somewhat of modern Ritualism. The men and

women entered by distinct doors and sat apart ; and when the minister said, " Let us pray," all the people stood up and turned round, so as to have their faces in the same direction as the man who led their devotions. They cared nothing for the eastern position, but they all looked towards the same source of grace. It may be questioned whether this attitude is preferable to kneeling ; it is certainly much more devotional than the lounging in which so many of our modern congregations indulge during public prayer.

When the service is over the men gather in little groups to discuss the doctrine ; the women go round the graves in the adjoining burial ground, and shed many a silent tear over the dear ones that are gone ; the children who have learnt their letters read the inscriptions on the tomb-stones, while those who cannot read admire the pebbles and gravel that are strewn over the dead.

There is no Sunday-school as yet, and the remainder of the day is spent quietly at home, unless a strange preacher is holding a service at one of the farm-houses, or a prayer-meeting is held in some house where there is sickness or sorrow.

There is an occasional week-night service. It may be due to the christening of a baby. The pastor is present, the neighbours assemble, and, as the young life is dedicated to God in Christian baptism, the older people are reminded of the terrors of sin and the riches of God's grace. Or the people may have been drawn together by the hand of death. A prayer-meeting is held in the home of the departed, to sympathise with the sorrowing relatives, and to impress upon all who are present the insecurity of life, and the solemn duty of being prepared for death. Who can grow up in such an atmosphere altogether unconcerned about religious things ?

Now and then Stephen Morris would go on Sunday to Brynberian, for his family came from that neighbourhood, and Caleb was permitted to go with him across the wide stretch of moorland, under the shadow of the bare hills. What an opportunity for asking questions and discussing great themes ! The solitude prepared his mind for worship ; the noble mien and earnest words of the Evangelical preacher, Henry George, made a deep impression on the lad, and as son and father returned to their mountain home, who can tell what holy converse they held together ? Such associations make places truly sacred, and wherever Providence may lead Caleb Morris in after days, he will ever remember with much tenderness his early experiences among his native hills.

V.

Schools and College.

ON THE TIVY, THE CLEDDAU, AND THE TOWY.

THE eager debates at Park-ŷd, and the frequent conferences with neighbouring friends, have resulted in the determination to send Caleb Morris to the town school. The lad's countenance is beaming with delight. His jet-black eyes are more brilliant than usual, and his dark flowing locks seem to have formed additional curls. The father is relieved to think that the matter has been decided, though there are clouds still over the way; and even the gloom of the mother disappears as she thinks of the prospects and possibilities of her clever boy.

The first practical step is to be taken on the Saturday, the market day at Cardigan, which lies at a distance of about ten miles. Everything is got ready for the journey, and father, mother, and son are early on their way in a little pony-cart. They pass the neighbouring farms, and everybody seems to be interested in the fact that Caleb Morris is going to the town school. They cross the valley through which the Nevern flows, and gradually climb to the highest point on the journey. From there they have a fine view of Voeldrigarn and the Prescelly range. Perhaps the boy had never looked at his native hills from such a vantage ground

before. How interesting it was to be able to locate every spot! Still the bent of his mind was towards Cardigan that day.

After travelling for miles through a comparatively level country, they find themselves on the high ground above Cardigan Bay. What a fine stretch of sea! There lies Cardigan, some miles up the river. They hurry down the hill, and soon arrive at Cardigan Bridge. That was one of the wonders of the neighbourhood—its arches, its walls, with their curious angles, and the great river beneath, now flowing towards the sea, and now driven by the tide in the opposite direction. It would be easy for the lad to spend hours on the bridge; but the school occupied his thoughts and drew him on.

They go to the Vicarage; the good clergyman welcomes them, and immediately takes a liking to the boy. The terms are soon arranged, and the date of entrance fixed. The next step, to secure lodgings, is not so easy; but, after some trouble, that is settled too. Their work is done, but, before returning home, they go through the market and look around the town. The lad examines everything eagerly, and is sure already that he will like the place.

The following week is a busy time at Park-ŷd. The tailor must come and see that the boy is properly clad. Shoemakers' children are proverbial for being badly shod; but Stephen Morris must postpone everything else that week until Caleb is provided for. The mother is full of care and anxiety that nothing should be forgotten. She looks out for the best ham, and packs it carefully. The round cheese which seems most tasty is chosen and put aside. A pile of curled, brittle oaten bread is prepared, and a large wheaten loaf baked on the hearthstone. Two rolls of golden butter are made, one for Caleb, and the

other for the landlady in the town, to ensure her goodwill toward the new lodger. By Saturday morning everything was ready, and father and son were early on their way to Cardigan. Few were the words spoken between mother and son that morning ; the heart was too full for the tongue to speak ; but the hesitating, downward glances spoke volumes. The lad was now leaving home for the first time. Oh, what a world of meaning is contained in the expression "leaving home"! What a loss! Will there be a corresponding gain? Time must show.

The journey is accomplished. Caleb Morris is in Cardigan, and there to stay. When his father turns homewards, the son goes with him over the bridge and up the hill. Eventually the father says: "Now, go back, my son; be a good boy, and God bless thee!" The separation has taken place. Father and son move in different directions. We are at one of the great turning-points in life.

The lad begins in earnest. On the Sunday he is a devout worshipper. On Monday he is at the town school, for which he had been long yearning. He thirsts for knowledge and seeks after it with passionate zeal. The weeks and months pass, and he makes very rapid progress; nothing can stand before him. His fame spreads throughout the town, and glowing reports concerning him find their way to his native parish. His relaxations are few, for he takes but little interest in the ordinary school games. On Saturdays he leaves his books for a little while, for it is market day, and there is a chance of seeing some one from the region of Whitechurch, and hearing something about the old home; besides, a welcome parcel may come, and cause him to lose himself for a moment in sweet memories. Occasionally his father or his mother comes to see him, and at distant intervals he goes to spend Sunday at Park-ŷd and Penygroes; but when he does, he is up

early on Monday, in order to be back in town in time for lessons. He may also be induced to pay a visit now and then to the sea, at Gwbert, or row up the romantic Tivy past Kilgerran, and then walk toward the Cenarth Falls. He is lost in rapture over the beauty of the scenery, and is much interested in the fishermen with their nets, rods, and coracles, as they seek the trout, salmon, and sewin.

One Saturday he is very gloomy, for his father has told him that he cannot keep him in school any longer. He tells his master, who replies that such a step would be a crime ; and offers to take him without fee, on the understanding that he should give him occasional help with the lower classes. So the difficulty is overcome for the moment. Alas ! very soon a more serious crisis arises. The good clergyman dies, and Caleb Morris has to leave school and return to the home beside the hill.

What is to be done ? All are agreed that he ought to be sent to another school, but how can it be accomplished ? Well, Stephen and Mary Morris found a way, to their honour be it said, and determined that their son should be well educated. This time he was sent to Haverfordwest, a greater distance away than Cardigan, and a more expensive place.

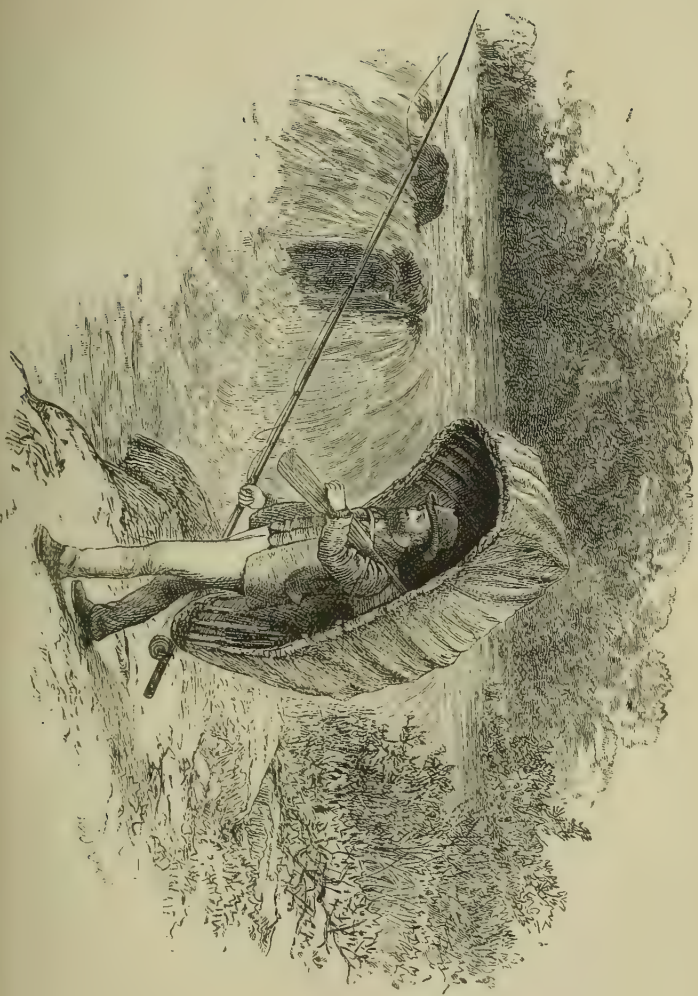
Haverfordwest is the county town of Pembrokeshire, and was at the time the largest town in the district. It is more English than Welsh, being situated in the district where the Flemings settled, which is often called little England beyond Wales. The town is prettily placed on a steep hill, rising from the Western Cleddau, and contains the ruins of a castle and priory. It can boast of fine churches and excellent public buildings. Among other institutions the town possessed a good grammar school, and to this school Caleb Morris found his way.

It was quite a new experience for him, and at first the boys laughed at him. He was from the Welsh district, and the Flemings had not quite forgotten their animosity to the Welsh. Moreover, he was a boy from the country, and so fell far short of the standard of town boys. He had the additional misfortune of not being fond of games. Still, very soon he had triumphed. His black eyes glowed with indignation when the boys treated him unfairly, and they began to be afraid of him. Then he was such a talker: it was a delight to listen to him, though his Welsh accent was still strong. He never would condescend to tricks, and in course of time all the boys came to respect him—even to love him, for when they were in difficulties about construing Greek and Latin, and solving problems in Euclid and algebra, Caleb Morris always came to their rescue. His knowledge was magnified, and among the boys he was considered a greater scholar than the master; and so, when he left, the boys said it was because the master had no more to teach him.

Doubtless his stay at Haverfordwest benefited him in many ways. He acquired greater proficiency in English, and won more confidence in himself and his own abilities. He also came in contact with a warm-hearted Calvinistic Methodist, who took great interest in him and helped to deepen his religious convictions. But he was forced by circumstances to leave Haverfordwest, and returned once more to his mountain home. The outlook now became very dubious, and he was pressed to come to a decision about his course in life.

X | He found the right path slowly. At first he was drawn towards a solicitor's office. The son of Mr. Owen Davies, of Pen'rallt, in the same parish, who had been his friend and companion in the school at Cardigan, had become

ON THE TIVY—CENARTH FALLS.



X

articled to a solicitor, and it appeared at one time as if he would follow a similar course. A solicitor from Carmarthen came down to see him. It is not difficult to picture his jolting ascent in his carriage over the rough and narrow roads to Park-yd. At last he has reached the place, and where is Caleb? In the barn, bruising gorse for the cattle. Though clad in rustic garb and engaged in humble toil, the solicitor saw at a glance that he was one of Nature's noblemen, and offered to take him. For some reason they did not come to terms; possibly the expense was greater than Stephen Morris could bear. It is also probable that the youth was not much drawn in this direction. He felt more interested in a higher law, and was becoming convinced that his vocation was to be the ministry of the Gospel.

After this there was a talk about making him an Excise officer; but that suggestion also came to nought. Soon he opened a school in the schoolroom at Penygroes, and began to teach the youth of the neighbourhood. He was young, but he was far superior to the ordinary schoolmaster of the period, and he rendered good service to many, for he had the rare power of kindling in others an enthusiasm for knowledge.

About this time he passed through deep religious experiences. He retired to lonely places to meditate and pray. In the depth of the night he was often found in the churchyard at Penygroes wrestling with God. Others kept far from the place because they were afraid of ghosts; but he was attracted to the spot as to some sacred place.

When he was about fourteen years of age he became convinced that he ought to join the church at Penygroes, but he hesitated to make his wishes known. Diffidence was one of his abiding characteristics. How could he stand

14 desires membership
 again after some
 father

the catechising of the aged Calvinistic minister and the questionings of elders and deacons? Was it not presumptuous in a youth of fourteen to seek church membership? At last he hit upon an ingenious plan. He wrote down his desire on a sheet of paper, which he put in the pulpit Bible at Penygroes, half fearing and half wishing that the minister might see it. The minister did see it, and gladly welcomed the promising lad into church fellowship. X

A few years before he had received another earnest youth into church membership—John Evans, who was beginning to preach when Caleb Morris became a church member. The names of these two men are inseparably associated in the traditions of the place. They were, beyond all controversy, the two most remarkable men whom that church ever welcomed into the communion of saints; and, after the lapse of a century, their fame survives. *

Having joined the Church, Caleb Morris threw himself heart and soul into Christian service. He started expository meetings at a farm-house called Maesgwyn, which was then inhabited by a good Christian, Thomas Marsden. The meetings commenced with prayer and singing; then a section of the Bible, announced beforehand, was discussed in catechetic fashion. This gave a great impulse to Biblical study in the neighbourhood, and for many years meetings of this type were held on Sunday evenings—indeed, they are not yet quite discontinued. They helped to rear a generation well versed in the Word of God, and strong in their attachment to spiritual things. *

All were impressed with the young man's clearness of thought, his great gifts of speech, his skill in expounding the Bible, and his passionate earnestness. Soon the impression became general that he was called to be a preacher, and ere long he preached his first sermon. This occurred

Maesgwyn Marsden

1st at Carmarthen
2nd at Llanmahan
Penygroes

in a small house on the moorland, about half-a-mile from Park-ŷd. The text was "As new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the Word, that ye may grow thereby." The neighbours had come together to criticise and to sympathise ; but long ere the sermon was finished, all were lost in admiration and astonishment. Those rural folk were quick enough to see that a great man had arisen among them, and they gave him every encouragement. He preached his second sermon at Penygroes, and it gave such satisfaction that the church unanimously requested him to prepare for the Christian ministry.

X

He continued to conduct the day school, but his heart was drawn more and more towards the pulpit. The traditions concerning his piety and earnestness at that period are very striking ; his whole being seemed to be absorbed in divine things. On the road and mountain top, in field and garden, on week days as well as Sundays he was filled with the Spirit. His addresses were suffused with divine tenderness, his appeals were well nigh irresistible, and his prayers made every place where they were uttered a divine sanctuary. If stones and rocks, trees and springs could speak, what wonderful tales of his devotion they would record.

20 miles

As his mind became fixed on the ministry, his thoughts gravitated towards Carmarthen, and on the 1st August, 1816, he wended his way towards that ancient town. It was a long way off—over twenty miles, and that in part over a rough mountainous road. Still it was a road full of interest, and passing through historic scenes. The region had been evangelised by Stephen Hughes, of Mydrim ; Griffith Jones, of Llanddowror ; Morgan Jones, of Trelech, and men of similar spirit. It was then a stronghold of Independency, and continues so unto this day.

When he approached the beautiful vale of Towy, he could not help contrasting the scenery with the bolder and more barren outlook from his native hill. Carmarthen is a place whose name and fame go back to Roman times. Here the sage Merlin did his wonderful deeds, and uttered his strange prophecies; and a neighbouring height is still named after him. The town has been the centre of great events in the national life of Wales; near it stands the palace of the Bishop of St. Davids; and though the coal and iron industries have moved the centre of gravity eastwards, Carmarthen still possesses something of its former glory.

Let Sir Lewis Morris, the illustrious son of the district, describe its quaint, primitive beauty :—

Far, far away, in wild Wales, by the shore of the boundless Atlantic.
Where the cloud-capt peaks of the North are dwarfed to the hills of
the South,

And through the long vale to the sea, the full-fed devious Towy
Turns and returns on itself, like the coils of a silvery snake,
A grey town sits up aloft on the bank of the clear, flowing river,
As it has sat since the days when the Roman was first in the land;
A town, with a high ruined castle, and walls mantled over with
ivy,

With church towers square and strong, and narrow irregular streets;
And, frequent in street and lane, many-windowed high-shouldered
chapels,

Whence, all the still Sabbath, ascend loud preaching and passionate
prayer.

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And here and there a rude square, with statues of popular heroes,
A long quay, with scarcely a ship, and a hoary bridge spanning the
stream,

The stream which struggles in June by the shallows where children
are swimming,

The furious flood which at Yule roars seaward, resistless along.
Though the white steam ribbons float by it, forlorn it seems, almost
forsaken,

All the day long in the week the dumb streets are hushed in repose,
 But on market or fair days comes a throng of Welsh-speaking peasants,
 From many a lonely farm in the folds of the rain-beaten hills,
 And the long streets are filled with the high-pitched speech of the
 chaffering Kymry,
 With a steeple-crowned hat, here and there, and the red cloaks which
 daunted the French.

Above the grey old town, at the mouth of the exquisite valley,
 Rises a quaint village church deep in o'ershadowing yews ;
 On a round-topped hill it stands, looking down on the silvery river,
 And the smooth meadows fenced by tall elms, and the black kine, like
 flies on the green.
 Below, 'midst its smooth-pleached lawns, stands the many-roofed
 Anglican palace,
 And aloft from its straight ridged-pines, the enchanter's summit
 ascends.
 Thence along the upward vale, by fold upon fold of the river,
 By park and tower, at last the far-off mountain chains soar,
 Flecked with shadow and sunshine, which float on the side of the
 desolate moorland,
 And the whole still landscape lies bathed in a haze of ineffable peace.

But we are concerned not so much with its quiet beauty
 and general historic associations as with its educational
 advantages. It has possessed for ages a good Grammar
 School, and for a long period it has been the abode of a
 Nonconformist Academy or College. We have already seen
 that two of the greatest men of Wales—Griffith Jones, of
 Llanddowror, and Thomas Charles, of Bala—were trained
 at these institutions, not to mention lesser names ; and to
 these historic homes of learning Caleb Morris came. He
 was at the Grammar School from 1816 to 1818, and at the
 Presbyterian College from 1818 to 1822.

The college now situated at Carmarthen is, according to
 a recent official report of the University of Wales, "the
 oldest of all the Welsh theological colleges, and notable for

the eminent services it has rendered to the ministry of the various Churches in Wales." "It runs back to the Academy opened at Brynllwarch, near Bridgend, Glamorganshire, by the Rev. Samuel Jones, M.A., Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford, who was ejected from the living at Llangynwydd in 1662. This excellent man presided over it with remarkable efficiency to the close of his valuable life in 1697.

After his death the Academy was moved to Abergavenny, and among its pupils was Samuel Jones, of Tewkesbury, under whom Archbishop Secker and Bishop Butler studied. Then it was brought back to a place near Brynllwarch, and presided over by Rees Price, the father of Richard Price, the moral philosopher. Afterwards it was removed to Carmarthen, and was for years under the charge of Perrot, who had been ordained to the ministry by Matthew Henry. Vavasor Griffiths succeeded him, and the Academy was removed to Maesgwyn, in Radnorshire, where Williams of Pantycelyn was educated. After a short visit to Haverfordwest, the Academy returned to Carmarthen, where it has remained ever since, except for a short period towards the close of the eighteenth century. The London Congregational and Presbyterian Boards had voted sums for the support of the tutors and students since its commencement; but, on account of the objection of the Congregational Board to one of the teachers, who was a Pelagian, or even an Arian, it withdrew its grant in 1755, and established an Independent Academy at Abergavenny, which, after wandering to Wrexham, Llanfyllin, and Newtown, became stationed at Brecon, where the Memorial College was built in 1862.

After the withdrawal of the Congregational Board, the Academy at Carmarthen came under the sole control of the Presbyterian Board. Among its teachers was Dr. Jenkins, who was a professed Arian. In the years 1784-6 the

students were in a state of chronic rebellion, and the Academy was removed to Swansea ; but the change of place did not bring about peace, and the Academy was closed in the year 1795. The dispute was partly doctrinal and partly personal. Many of the Presbyterians had become Arians, and were drifting towards Unitarianism ; these wanted the Principal to be an Arian. The bulk of the students, however, came from the Independents, and they desired a man of Evangelical views to be at the helm. The wishes of the latter prevailed, and David Peter, the minister of Lammas Street Chapel, Carmarthen, was appointed Principal, a post which he occupied over forty years. This appointment brought back the institution to Carmarthen, and at that period its name was changed from an academy to a college, though the number of students was then limited to twelve ; and it has been known since as the Presbyterian College.

David Peter was not a man of extraordinary ability, but he exerted great influence in his day, through a combination of common sense, industry, and earnestness. As a minister he was eminently successful. There were only forty members at Lammas Street when he undertook the pastorate ; there were over 600 when he died. Meanwhile the church had ceased to be Presbyterian, and had become Congregational.

This was the man under whose guiding influence Caleb Morris came for six years, for he was a master of the Grammar School as well as Principal of the College and minister of the church at Lammas Street. From his inaugural address as Principal of the College, delivered in the year 1796, we know that he had broad and lofty ideas about the training of men for the ministry. He was quite free from the modern weakness which seeks to co-ordinate theology with other branches of learning, and would drive men to study the deepest problems before laying a founda-

tion of general culture. He says : "In order to be a good divine, one must be a classic, a mathematician, a philosopher, an astronomer, an historian, and a diligent, pious Christian. He should be able to read the Sacred Volume in the original languages with ease and pleasure, and have such a knowledge of Greek and Latin as will enable him to compare the Scriptures with other ancient writings." He urged his students to study the Bible with unprejudiced minds, avoiding bigotry on the one hand and indifference on the other.

He paid great attention to composition and the art of delivery, and thus made the collegiate training a direct preparation for the work of the preacher. Doubtless he found it almost impossible to reduce his high ideals into practice ; but it was something to have a man of such lofty aims at the head of an institution preparing men for the Christian ministry. Is our ideal so high to-day as David Peter's a century ago ?

His position as Principal was full of difficulties, for Unitarians and Trinitarians watched him with jealous eyes. The Unitarians accused him of favouring orthodoxy, and the Calvinists called him a "trimmer." The charges neutralise each other, and show that, on the whole, he held the balance evenly and fairly.

The other teacher in Caleb Morris's time was David Lewis Jones, who had been trained at the College in the years 1807-11. For three years he was a teacher at Llandyssul, and a co-pastor with the celebrated David Davies, Castellhywel, at Llwynrhydowen. He held the post of classical tutor at the Presbyterian College from 1814 to 1830. In religion he was an Arian, and in his later years a Unitarian ; and held the pastorate of the Unitarian Chapel, Carmarthen, from 1825 to 1830. His tastes were literary rather than

theological, and he was known by the *nom de plume* "Clyn Adda."

Such were the men under whom Caleb Morris received his collegiate training. The course could not have been thorough, but it was broad and comprehensive. There are no detailed statements on record concerning Caleb Morris's progress at college; but there is no reason for doubting the accuracy of the current tradition, which says that he found the work of the college mere child's play, and that he was a voracious reader. Few young men in Wales could have had his preliminary training, and we can easily believe that with his unique abilities very little time was required for his college tasks. That was a misfortune. It was a pity that he was not thrown among young men equally able with himself, and subjected to severe training in definite studies. Fortunately his earnestness kept him from wasting his time and neglecting his privileges; but a certain desultoriness crept into his method of study which was a calamity to one so disposed as he was to brooding melancholy.

He was a respectable classic when he entered college, and at least kept up his pre-collegiate studies. He seems to have devoted great attention to the study of the Greek Testament. As far as I can gather he did not know much Hebrew; he had not learnt any before entering college, and it was impossible for the busy principal to devote much attention to this difficult study. His favourite subject was philosophy, and he gave great heed to theology. We cannot suppose the teaching in these subjects to have been very masterly or profound; but the college possessed a good library, and the young philosopher pondered deeply over the contents of the thick heavy volumes—he revelled in the cloudland of abstractions, and oft lost himself in the mists of metaphysics.

This passionate devotion to philosophy had two unfortunate consequences. It crippled his taste for poetry and general literature. In his boyish days he had, like most youths, dabbled in rhyming, and during his first year at college he wrote an elegy on the death of his old pastor, William Evan. He had a pretty fancy, and a fine imagination ; but he neglected to cultivate them, he even oppressed and crushed them with loads of philosophy. His unique devotion to those studies, vague and vast, also tended to nurture his natural disposition to melancholy. Had he been compelled to mingle lighter and more definite studies with these philosophic abstractions, he would have been saved from many pitfalls in later days. With his imperfect college training, he achieved wonders ; with a course better adapted to his talents, what would he not have accomplished ?

His preaching talents developed rapidly during his college days. He was a born preacher, and the influence of principal and fellow-students kept this ideal before his mind. Then, as now, the students at Carmarthen preached on Sundays in the neighbouring churches, and thus perfected their gifts in sacred oratory. Caleb Morris soon became famous as a preacher, and he was in constant request as a supply. As an illustration of his popularity, one example may be given. Dr. Phillips, of Neuaddiwyd, exercised a ministry of great power in Cardiganshire, and kept an academy. Communion Sunday was considered more sacred than the other Sundays, and Dr. Phillips would allow neither a student nor an ordinary minister to occupy his pulpit on the Communion Sunday ; but Caleb Morris was permitted to do this more than once while a student at Carmarthen.

His views on preaching were sound and lofty ; and he often talked with his fellow-student, William Griffith, afterwards

of Holyhead, about the supreme function of the Christian ministry. As students they were bosom friends, and the wise people at Lammas Street, who then threw their measuring-rod over the students, and prophesied concerning the future, expected the most from Caleb Morris and William Griffith, expectations which were fully justified by events. Both were agreed that the great aim of preaching should be *usefulness*. This view excluded all mere cleverness and showy rhetoric. They sought, first and foremost, to persuade and convince, encourage and inspire.

As to manner, they considered *naturalness* to be the most important feature of effective preaching, and this was the ideal which they set before themselves. This did not mean the absence of discipline, for naturalness is generally the outcome of careful training. Probably Caleb Morris was more particular about preparing for the pulpit than his friend. William Griffith had a readier gift of speech, and his taste was not exacting; hence we have the former saying to the latter, during one of his visits to the Metropolis: "Now, William, do not be spouting about London without due preparation."

It is a misfortune that the letters which passed between Caleb Morris and William Griffith have perished, for they were two rare souls, and their spiritual affinities kept them close friends till parted by death; but nothing now remains beyond the fact of their intimate friendship. In the life of William Griffith we have the following testimony: "I spent there [at Carmarthen] four very happy years, and enjoyed precious privileges, for which I can never be sufficiently thankful. All my fellow-students have passed away, but while we were there together, a warm friendship existed between us, which lasted for a lifetime, and will last between some of us for ever; and between myself and the

famous, able, and affectionate Caleb Morris more than all the rest combined."

After such a record, there is no difficulty in believing the tradition that Caleb Morris was a model student; that by his industry, ability, and enthusiasm he had won the affection, esteem, and admiration of all his fellow-students; and that the Principal of the College cherished the highest expectations concerning his career in the ministry.

As his college course was drawing to a close, he had several invitations to vacant churches; but he was in no hurry to respond. It is true that he had been eight years at school and college, but he was still only twenty-two years of age, and he shrank from the duties and responsibilities of the ministry. At the close of 1822, he received a call from the church at Narberth, in his native county. He felt that this was also a call from heaven, and he accepted it with fear and trembling, in the humble faith and hope that God would make him an efficient minister of the New Covenant.

VI.

Ordination at Narberth.

NARBERTH is a small country town on the edge of the Pembrokeshire coalfield, about two miles from the Eastern Cleddau, and six miles or so from the nearest point of Carmarthen Bay. It was an important place in the olden times, for Pwyll, the Prince of Dyved, had his chief palace there. In the ancient Welsh Mabinogi, which describes the hunting of the boar in Western Wales, it is said : " And they began to take a circuit of Dyved, to hunt and to take their pleasure. And as they went through the country, they had never seen land more pleasant to live in, nor better hunting grounds, nor greater plenty of honey and fish. And they began a feast at Narberth, for it was the chief palace, and there originated all honour." From this centre expeditions were made to the Prescelly hills, and the Valley of Cych. In the immediate neighbourhood was the Forest of Canaston, near which the picturesque Cleddau winds its way past wood and glen, meadow and park, to the magnificent Haven of Milford. In later times the Knights Templars settled in the neighbourhood, and fixed their abode at a place near Narberth, which is now known by the name Templeton. Traces of Narberth Castle still remain, and of an ancient mound, which is said to have been the seat of

judicature of the Princes of Dyved. It came to be associated with the appearance of a lady riding on a white horse, and the Mabinogi says: "It is peculiar to the mound that whosoever sits upon it cannot go hence without either receiving wounds or blows, or else seeing a wonder."

After the mediæval ages, Narberth lost these unique distinctions, and became a simple country town in the centre of a fertile and well cultivated district. As we cross a valley some miles to the north, the character of the soil is seen to change, and instead of the grey colour of the Silurian strata, we come to lands of rich red hue. A place not far from the town is called Redstone. Toward the south lie the limestone quarries and kilns, as well as the pits of culm and anthracite coal. To this district the men of the northern parts of the county come in troops in summer time to fetch lime and culm.

The soil is not the only thing that changes as we approach Narberth, the people also are seen to be very different; for the line which separates the English and Welsh district of the county passes through this neighbourhood, the Welsh dwelling on the North, and the English, having in their veins a large proportion of the blood of the Flemings, inhabiting the South. Narberth was thus a duoglot town, more English indeed than Welsh, but possessing a considerable proportion of Welsh people, and depending largely for its welfare on the Welsh farmers that came down from the hills on the fair days and markets. The extension of railways has interfered with this, and the town is not as important to-day as it was a century ago. The Welsh element also has been a declining quantity, and Narberth may now be called an English town.

When Caleb Morris went there as minister the service was conducted partly in Welsh. A kind of compromise was

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made, whereby the Welsh, who lived chiefly on the farms, should be cared for in the morning, while the English town folk, who did not seem to be enamoured of early rising, should be ministered to in the evening. A pastorate of the kind was beset with peculiar difficulties. It was not easy to obtain the whole attention of a bi-lingual audience, and there were little frictions constantly arising between the claims of the two languages; at the same time, it was an excellent training-place in English for a Welshman, and an admirable sphere for an active earnest minister.

The church was probably a branch of the Welsh church at Henllan. The chapel had been built in the year 1817; it was therefore a comparatively young church, and Caleb Morris had the opportunity of moulding it in its early days. He set a very high standard of pulpit efficiency, and many of his successors have been men of deep piety and brilliant preaching ability; among them we may name the Rev. Joseph Morris, of Bristol and Ilfracombe, and the Rev. J. Morlais Jones, of Lewisham, who, like Caleb Morris, began his ministry at Narberth, and removed thence to London, and exercised there a ministry of great power until he was compelled to resign last year on account of ill-health.

The ordination of Caleb Morris took place on April 2nd, 1823. "On the occasion, the Rev. J. Bulmer, of Haverfordwest, preached on the nature of the Christian Church, and also asked the usual questions; the ordination prayer was offered up by the Rev. W. Warlow, of Milford; the Rev. D. Peter, of Carmarthen, gave the charge to the minister; and the Rev. Morgan Jones, of Trelech, delivered the charge to the church." Such is the brief account given in "Hanes Eglwysi Annibynol Cymru."

Fortunately, among the few papers in Caleb Morris's own handwriting that have been preserved are four sheets of

notepaper, bound with a rough paper cover, dated March 25th, 1823, and signed "Caleb Morris." The heading of the contents is "Questions proposed and answered at the ordination of Caleb Morris, which was holden at Narberth, Pembrokeshire, April 2nd, 1823."

On the margin we find the figures : 1853
1823

30

indicating that his ministry lasted thirty years. With the exception of one of the questions, the whole is in Caleb Morris's own handwriting, which is a model of clearness, neatness, and gracefulness. Evidently he himself valued this historic document in his own experience, and we shall place before the reader the portions which give an insight into the mind and heart of the young preacher at this important period of his life :—

" Question I.—What are your views in taking upon you the work of the Christian ministry ?

" Answer.—Having been enabled, through divine mercy, to give up myself to the Lord, and to His people by the will of God, I deem it my duty, as well as my honour, to do everything in my power to propagate the interest of His cause, and the glory of His name in the world. And being actuated by a deliberate consideration of my inward inclination, of some peculiar dispensations in God's providence towards me, of the warm encouragements which I have received from my friends, and of the valuable privileges which I have enjoyed, I do, in the fear of God, take upon me the solemn and important work of the Christian ministry, with a view to the glory of God, and the spiritual welfare of immortal souls."

The second question is about the Protestant Reformation, to which there is a brief reply.

" Question III.—Will you, with diligence, fidelity, and perseverance, exercise the duties of a Christian minister ?

Answer.—Concerning this I have great reason to be jealous over my own heart; nevertheless, by the grace of God, I purpose and resolve to give myself wholly to prayer, meditation, reading, and preaching; to be faithful in the discharge of my duty to God and His Church; to renounce the hidden things of dishonesty, not to walk in craftiness, nor to handle the Word of God deceitfully; but by manifestation of the truth to commend myself to every man's conscience in the sight of God. I shall endeavour to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God to my hearers; to administer all the ordinances of the Gospel according to the Word of God, and at the seasons appointed by His Church; to be an example to the believers in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity; and to do nothing in partiality. And also I shall consider it my duty to consult the Word of God, and my brethren in the Gospel, how I ought to behave myself in the house of God.

“For strength to accomplish these things, and to keep that which is committed to my trust, I look unto Him who has said ‘My grace is sufficient for thee,’ and pray that ‘His strength should be made perfect in my weakness.’ And when at any time I shall be found remiss therein, I desire my friends and brethren to remind me by reproof and admonition of this solemn engagement now made, in the presence of God, the Holy Angels, and this assembly.”

The fourth question is in the form of a request for an outline of the leading truths which he means to make the subject of his preaching. The reply is in the form of twelve declarations on the great Christian verities. The point of view is that of moderate Calvinism. He carefully avoids the extremes of High Calvinism, and in reference to election and other abstruse questions he keeps as nearly as possible to the words of Scripture. After his confession of faith, he adds :—

“I believe these doctrines to be revealed in the Word of God, and I trust the God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness hath shined in my heart, and hath brought me, in some measure, to see their glory. And it is my sincere desire that the great Head of the Church will enable me to be diligent in reading and studying the sacred Scriptures, and other useful books; to be impartial in my inquiries after truth; to preach the truth as it is in Jesus; to defend

the truth against the prejudices, errors, and persecutions of the enemies of the cross of Christ ; to exemplify the truth in my deportment in the world ; and to die in the possession and consolation of the same.

“Considering myself as one of the chief of sinners, and the most unworthy of all His servants, I do, this day, fain express my public gratitude to God for putting me in the ministry, and sincerely request you, my fathers, brethren, and friends in Christ, to pray for me. Oh ! pray for me that I may be faithful even unto death. So help me God ! Amen.”

Who will say that Caleb Morris did not begin his ministry in the right spirit ? It is easy to believe that all were impressed as the young preacher, with his dark locks and glistening eyes, his delicate features and winning expression, which changed under the stress of thought and feeling like the heavens on an April day, made his clear, strong, and humble confession ; and that they responded with sympathetic tears to his solemn request for the help of their prayers to enable him to discharge worthily the duties of his sacred office.

The impression was deepened by the ministers who conducted the remainder of the service. The Rev. W. Warlow, minister of the Tabernacle, Milford, was a man of deep piety, and one of the most active and successful ministers of that generation. In the year 1843 Caleb Morris writes concerning him, in a short memoir to the Rev. Nun Morgan Harry, Mr. Warlow’s son-in-law :—

“This highly-esteemed minister has, by his pure and consistent character, his amiable conversation, and his enlightened, spiritual, and fervid ministry, served Christianity for more than half a century, and still he is enabled to labour with energy and success. May the evening of his day be crowned with blessings ! The author’s grateful recollection of the good which he derived, during the first years of his ministry from the instructive and affectionate friendship of this venerable minister might be some apology for making this just reference to his *living* worth.”

That is the right man to offer up an ordination prayer.

We have already seen what manner of man the Rev. David Peter, the principal of the Presbyterian College, Carmarthen, was, who gave the charge to the young minister. He had behind him twenty-five years of service as preacher, pastor, and teacher, and he spoke like a wise and loving father to the young man who had been under his care for many years, and who had charmed him by his industry, ability, and eloquence.

The memorable service was closed by the Rev. Morgan Jones, of Trelech, who delivered the charge to the church. Who could have done this more fittingly than the man that planted church after church on the borders of Pembroke, Carmarthen, and Cardigan? He found the church at Trelech small, quarrelsome, and unspiritual, but in a few years it blossomed like the garden of the Lord under his ministry. He had a right to speak words of counsel and warning, and to point out to the church at Narberth the only path to true progress and prosperity.

There is a tendency in some quarters at the present time to disparage the old ordination service, and to substitute for it something more modern and fashionable in the form of a social gathering characterised by light and airy speeches. I cannot help thinking that such a course is nothing less than disastrous to the spiritual interests of the church. Surely our fathers were right in the great stress which they laid on ordination. Not that there is any virtue in the mere ceremony; but anything that tends to take away from the solemnity of the occasion is to be deprecated. What assembly on earth so sacred as a gathering of earnest ministers and prayerful church members met together in order to set apart a man for the work of the Christian ministry? If they assemble in the proper spirit, Christ

Himself is present, and the angels of God hover around the place ; and it cannot be doubted that the special blessing of heaven rested upon the meeting at Narberth, in which Caleb Morris was consecrated to the highest service in the Church of Christ.

VII.

The Dawn of This Ministry.

C ALEB MORRIS threw himself into the work which he had undertaken with all the ardour and enthusiasm of his sensitive nature ; he had a passionate yearning to be an instrument in God's hand for the salvation of souls. His intense, thoughtful and eloquent preaching soon won the ear of the town and neighbourhood. Crowds came to hear him, and were greatly impressed by his brilliant eloquence and deep earnestness. He frequently preached in the surrounding districts, and wherever he went he had large congregations and rapt attention. He was the means of reviving the interest in religion far and wide. His influence over the young was electric, an influence which he retained to the end of his days. Among others, David Thomas, of Hopshill (afterwards Dr. Thomas, of Stockwell), came as a lad to hear him, and writes of him : " He was known to me from my eighth year until the close of his ministry. Strange was the influence he had over me in the days of childhood. His person was to me magnetic ; my young sympathies ran after him. I went hither and thither to hear him preach, for Narberth, the first sphere of his ministry, was within eight miles of Hopshill, the farm on which I was brought up. And when I came to London at

ap 1823 began Ministry

seventeen I attended his chapel in Fetter Lane for about four years."

On the 29th of August, 1823, about four months after he had commenced his ministry, he began to keep a diary. He started with the resolution to write down something for every day, but, like other men, he found this impracticable. Method and regularity were not among his gifts, hence, after a time, the entries became very irregular, whole months being passed over without a line. Perhaps this was not altogether a misfortune; continuous diary-keeping is apt to become mechanical, and if we are tantalised by long gaps in his records, when we come upon an entry we are almost certain to find in it something of value. His diaries are, unfortunately, very imperfect in another respect. Several of them have been lost, and those belonging to the most active and important periods in his history. However, let us make the best of what remains.

Happily the first diary has been preserved; and in it we have a vivid picture of his mind and heart soon after he began his public ministry. It is in the form of a little pocket book, about six inches by four, with leather covers, fastened by a clasp, and having on the outside the title "My Journal, Vol. I." On opening it, we see inside the cover the date of his birth, the names of his parents, the date of his admission to church membership, and of his entrance to the Grammar School, Carmarthen; also the date of his entering and leaving the Presbyterian College, Carmarthen. The character of the handwriting makes it certain that this was written long after the diary, and towards the end of his life.

The first page of the book is written in a beautiful hand. The first line is—

"Quotidiana,"

the second is—

“Nulla dies sine linea.”

Then follows a verse from the Greek New Testament, written in well-formed Greek characters. The verse is 2 Tim. iv. 5 : “But watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry.” The frontispiece closes with “*Narberth, August 29th, 1823.*”

I shall give in full the entries for the first four days, that the reader may have a glimpse at the earnestness and activity of the young minister.

“Friday, August 29th, 1823.

“Got up at 7. Laboured all the morning and afternoon, under mental depression and a degree of bodily pain; great deadness of spirit; no taste for study; preached at the Tabernacle in the evening; read the first chapter of Joel; spoke from 1 Thess. v. 9; felt some pleasure in speaking, but no warmth of soul; feel a conviction of the need of fixedness of soul in divine things. Went to bed at 12.

“Saturday, 30th.

“Got up at 8. The weather was fine after a long continuation of unseasonable rain which once threatened a very bad harvest; but this morning the sky is serene, the clouds are dispersed, the sun is shining, and the fields assume a favourable aspect. For this I experienced inward gratitude to the great Lord of the whole universe. The renewal of His providential smiles ought to humble us for our sins, silence our doubts, and excite our love and thankfulness for His great mercies. May He be pleased to give a continuation of this weather, that the fruits of the earth may be gathered together in safety. Went to my study at half-past nine; continued *there all day*. Fixed upon Gal. iv. 18; the subject, *Zeal*. I feel great need of this myself, and I believe most of my congregation have the same experience. May God bless it for our good to-morrow! I feel great need of a spirit to pray for myself and others. I hope some of my Christian brethren pray for me this evening, and that God will prepare my mind for the work of the ensuing Sabbath.

“Another week is almost gone; much has my sinful heart wandered

from God this week. From a conversation that I had with some friends about the improper conduct of a *minister*, and from the account which I have read of an attack made on the moral character of the Rev. Dr. —, I learn the need of praying and watching. Every bad conduct will *some time* meet its reward. This I infer from the first circumstance mentioned above, for I believe the Doctor to be perfectly innocent. To-day I have enjoyed good bodily health. Bless God, O my soul, for that and every other blessing. Amen.

“*Sunday, 31st.*

“Got up at 6. Went to the prayer meeting at 7. More gathered than this day week; four engaged in prayer, enjoyed some consolation. Went to the meeting at 10; a tolerably good congregation; preached on *Christian Zeal*; felt a great desire that the sermon should be blessed to the hearers and myself, but had no great liberty in speaking. This was a chastisement from God; I deserved it, may it lead me to dependence upon God, and to see my own insufficiency.

“Went to Llandyssilio in the afternoon (a distance of 5 miles); preached to a *very large congregation* in the open air from Ezekiel xxxvii. 10. Had much strength of soul and liberty of speech, but felt very much exhausted. Examined the Sunday-school; may God cause these scholars to have an experimental knowledge of the great things they learn and repeat. This day six weeks I intend going there again, *Deo volente*. Returned to Narberth for 7. Learnt that men are imperfect. Christians are prone to speak of others to their disadvantage and injury. May God forgive them, and cause them to avoid this abominable practice. I see that I must watch and pray; may God uphold me. Let integrity preserve me in the true path!

“Another Sabbath is gone! May God bless the preaching of His Word this day. I feel great depression of spirits, and a desire to commit myself to God. Heard of the death of two young females, the daughters of Jenkin Davies, Pencader. Alas! how uncertain is human life! May God make me useful while I live, and prepare me for death. My soul, trust in God. Free from bodily pain.

“*Monday, 1st September.*

“Got up at 8. Visited some friends in the morning, some of them in affliction, which principally arose from the impropriety of others in the discharge of relative duties. Religion ought to influence men in their *domestic concerns*, as well as ecclesiastical.

"At 7 went to the missionary prayer-meeting; many assembled together. The subject of my address was the nature of Christ's kingdom; just, peaceable, extensive, and everlasting. Enjoyed much pleasure, and had much strength and liberty in speaking. *The consideration of the labours of missionaries convinced me of my duty to be very diligent.* May I feel the power of Jesus' love! May God hear our prayers this evening. Feel my mind in a good frame. Bless the Lord, O my soul! Amen."

That is a type of the contents of the diary. On every page we see the earnest soul longing for a more complete consecration in order to render more effective service. What a lofty sense of the minister's mission and of the duties of Christians; what a broad view of the sphere of religion; what complete reliance on God's grace; what faith in the power of God's word, and in prayer; what searching criticisms and wide sympathies! But with all these excellencies we cannot overlook a tendency to morbid introspection, and to religious depression. This was largely constitutional, a heritage which he had received from his mother. It added to the charm of his personality, and to the impressiveness of his ministry; but behind it lurked a serious danger which might mar his usefulness. For the present, however, let us rejoice in his passionate enthusiasm for the Kingdom of God.

Two expressions in the extracts deserve a word of comment. *Preaching in the open air* has ever been an important factor in Welsh religious life. We can trace it back so far as St. David, the patron saint of Wales. Giraldus Cambrensis practised it in his itinerary through Wales. The early Non-conformists sometimes resorted to it; but it was with the Methodist revival that it came into general use. All the great popular preachers of Wales practised it; and it survives in the annual preaching associations up to the present day. There is nothing exceptional in out-door preaching;

what is remarkable in the history of the religion of Wales is that nearly all its leading men have taken part in it, and thus the good news of the Gospel has been proclaimed by the most powerful preachers in the remotest corners of the land. This is one of the secrets of the complete evangelisation of Wales.

Examining the Sunday-school also deserves notice. This custom can be traced to the influence of Thomas Charles, of Bala. Sunday-schools learn portions of a catechism, or a selection from the Bible, and when fully learnt, the minister listens to the recitation of it in public, asks questions, and makes comments. Sometimes the whole school recites together in unison. At other times, after starting in unison, the several classes recite separate verses, and the whole school again joins in the closing portion. The children generally have a selection of the catechism or of Scripture for themselves. Once in the year, usually at Whitsuntide, several schools meet together in a central place and recite, one after another, thus occupying a large portion of the day. In recent times, the Scripture and catechising have been associated with the singing of special hymns and anthems. It is difficult to over-estimate the influence of this practice on the religious life of rural Wales. It has kept alive the interest of the adults and the children in the Sunday-school, and it has taught the people to commit to memory large portions of the Bible and catechisms, and thus grounded them in religious knowledge and Biblical truth.

To return to the diary, as we read page after page we feel that never was a minister more devoted to his work. Day after day was given to reading and studying, preaching and visiting. Our only fear is that the fire is too ardent and that the frail and delicate frame cannot bear it. On the Friday in the week already mentioned, he spent the morning

and afternoon in his study, and in the evening preached on "Growing in grace." On the Saturday he was in his study all day and prepared two sermons for the following day. On the Sunday he got up at six, was at the seven o'clock prayer-meeting, preached at ten to a large congregation, spent the afternoon in meditation, and preached again in the evening to a very large congregation. At the close of the day he writes : "Enjoyed very great strength and liberty in speaking ; the people seemed very attentive, and some of them deeply impressed. Blessed be God for His kind assistance ! May this teach me to depend on Him and not on myself. Felt very much exhausted ; felt some importunity in secret prayer."

We do not wonder at the expression "Felt very much exhausted." What else could he expect ; but the following evening we find him speaking again at the prayer-meeting on the necessity of *continuing and watching in prayer*. He adds, "Felt much comfort" ; but the following morning we read "Very unwell, greatly depressed in mind." These changes in the mental atmosphere came with startling suddenness, like thunder from a clear sky. It seemed as if his nature was ever on the dividing line between ecstasy and depression, and that very little was required to move it in one direction or the other. Wise, methodical people, who know nothing experimentally about such a temperament, are quite ready with their rules and regulations and infallible remedies, and do not hesitate to condemn his gloomy moods. They never descend to such depths. No, they do not, nor do they rise to such heights. It seems as if the deep valleys must always go along with the high mountains. I am not disposed to deny that Caleb Morris might with severe discipline have modified somewhat these violent contrasts in his experiences ; but when prosy people, whose minds never

fall much below nor rise much above a certain level, come with their tapes and measures, and mark out the path along which a man of sensitive soul must walk, I lose my patience, and cry out: "I don't want your monotonous commonplace world. You would doubtless give a Caleb Morris without fits of depression and gloom, without any complainings about deadness of soul and lethargy of spirit; but at the same time you would rob me of the seraphic preacher, the inspired orator, and the enthusiastic seer that passes through the clouds of earth and stands in the very presence of God. Criticise if you wish, but do anything rather than rob me of this unique personality that causes me to tremble and rejoice in the presence of glorious spiritual realities." However, even these very proper people, who despise enthusiasm and all its ways, will be satisfied with the next entry in the diary, "Took exercise most part of the day," and even with the next, "Went home to Coedcenlas to see my family; found them all in good health; thank God for this!"

Coedcenlas now takes the place of Parkŷd (*see* view, page 7). By this time the family had left the little holding where the children were born, and the workshop that was attached to it, and had removed to a larger farm, which required all the skill and energy of Stephen Morris. Coedcenlas was not far from the former home, only about half a mile. It stood in the same parish and at the foot of the same hill. This place continued to be the abode of the family for fifty years, and we shall find constant reference to it in the diary. It was one of the old-fashioned farmhouses, roomy and commodious, but without much claim to architectural beauty. In front of the kitchen door stood a large porch with stone benches on either side. Through this people entered the large kitchen paved with blue flags, having the clock and dresser at one end and the huge hearth and chimney corner at

the other. Near the dresser a door opened to the parlour. The floor of this was raised above the level of the kitchen and boarded. This was the room where strangers were welcomed and entertained.

In front of the parlour was a fine old garden, and not far off a pretty lake. The spot was noted for its wealth of trees, hence the name (Coed = trees), and the probability is that a nobleman had lived there at one time who constructed the lake and planted the trees. It was a calm retreat from the busy world, and towards it Caleb Morris ever turned with affection and delight.

Coedcenlas was one of the houses in which religious services were often held. The preacher or conductor of the service stood at the parlour door, with the select audience behind him in the parlour, and the mass in front of him in the large kitchen. On great occasions the crowd overflowed to the staircase, the dairy and the other side rooms, and even some had to be content with standing in the porch.

The next entry brings before us one of Caleb Morris's life-long friends. "My dear brother in the Gospel, John Evans, came to see me. We spent the day together. Conversed about composing sermons, the improper conduct of Christians of different denominations towards each other, &c. Agreed that the best method to silence cavils is to be humble and to make use of the weapons of the Gospel—meekness, patience, charity." John Evans had been received a member at Penygroes and had also started his preaching there. He had, after a stay of four years at the Presbyterian College, Carmarthen, come back to be the pastor of his mother church. He proved to be a true man of God, and made the neighbourhood one of the most religious in the Principality.

The remainder of the week was spent in visiting friends and relatives, and in preparing for Sunday. He preached in

John Evans. my mother's father!
S. E. m

M Hebron
E Penygroes

the morning at Hebron in Welsh, and Mr. Philipps, a missionary, in English. They came to Penygroes for the evening service. At the close of the day he writes : " Little communion with God have I enjoyed this Sabbath," and he goes on to blame himself mercilessly for remissness in self-examination and prayer, want of deep convictions, and sinful lethargy of soul. He prays earnestly for the divine influence to move his heart, stir his affections, and awaken him to a realisation of spiritual things. The request was soon granted, for he was in heavenly places at the prayer-meeting at Penygroes on Monday evening. He writes : " I spoke for a few minutes with warmth of soul. It was a precious and blessed time to my spirit. Blessed be God for it ! I wish to continue to pray for this quiet spirit ; I feel a desire to be established in the truth. I resolve in the strength of grace to be more devoted to God in my meditations, affections, time, and conversation. Now is the time to work while I am young ; perhaps my time is but short in this world. May God enable me to be faithful to the end."

The following morning he began the journey of fifteen miles back to Narberth, but did not reach the goal till the following evening. He had met friends and relatives, he had visited his native parish, and received a hearty welcome everywhere ; and yet his mind was ill at ease. He writes in his diary : " This world affords no real pleasure, only *vexation of spirit*. The *study* is the best place for me. I must be more diligent ; so help me God."

The following day he writes : " Spent the day in conversation with different friends. If I had been in my study I should have been something *wiser*."

Here is another characteristic entry : " How idly have I spent the day ; this was a day lost ! From the privileges which I have received, as well as the circumstances in which

Bristol

1823

Autumn

I am now, I ought to excel in knowledge, in piety, and in my public ministrations. Much depends on the manner in which I spend my time. I sustain a very important office! My responsibility is very great! My conscience is not clear, for I have misspent more than ten hours to-day! May God forgive me, and may I reform. I want to feel for souls more than I do." As Sunday approached, he stuck to his study. In reference to the Communion Service on Sunday he writes: "Enjoyed much pleasure in administering the sacrament. My heart was melted." At the Evening Service also there were evident tokens of the Divine approval.

The diary contains an interesting record of his first visit to England. This took place in the autumn of 1823 in connection with special missionary meetings held at Bristol. In those days there were no trains or steamboats, and the choice lay between the coach route and a sailing vessel. The latter alternative was chosen, and a start was made from Narberth for Tenby on Monday, the 22nd of September, with the intention of sailing for Bristol that night; but the violence of the weather delayed the departure until the following morning. It was a stormy passage, and many suffered from sea-sickness; but what troubled Caleb Morris the most was the conduct of one of those in the ship. He writes: "One of the men on board, an old man about sixty, called God to *damn* his soul scores of times! May God have mercy upon his soul!"

Having reached Bristol, he attended the meetings diligently, and was deeply impressed. The leading points in the speeches are carefully recorded. The accounts of the sufferings of the missionaries and of the miserable condition of the heathen world greatly moved him. It is interesting to note how he felt as he first came in

contact with the great religious personalities of England. He alludes to a lecture by the Rev. Mr. Foster (was it the renowned John Foster?) on the "World and its Inhabitants," based on Eccles. i. 4. He admits the ability of the lecture, but adds: "He is a moralist, he spoke but little of the vital principles of religion; but, ah! why should I judge? perhaps he felt more than I do. He is a studious man, and possessed of great originality." Then follows a personal application, "It is time for me to awake; I have time, books, and therefore I should not neglect the *small* talent I possess."

He strolls through the ancient city, noticing many things; but the book stalls are the chief attraction. On the Sunday he was a listener, morning and evening. In the afternoon he preached at the Welsh Chapel to a small congregation, and at the same place he preached again the following evening. On Tuesday morning a clergyman preached at St. Mary Redcliff Church, in the evening the service was held at Castle Street Chapel. The devotional part was conducted by the Rev. George Burder, and the sermon was preached by the Rev. James Bennett, theological tutor at Rotherham College. On the following morning he heard the Rev. Joseph Fletcher, M.A., of Stepney, at Castle Green, and joined in a Communion Service at the Tabernacle, conducted by George Burder, Joseph Fletcher, and others. Did he then have any presentiment that he would soon be in close comradeship with these men? The other ministers mentioned are Mr. Roberts, Dr. Ryland, Henry Townly (Missionary), and the Rev. James Parsons, of York. He was greatly impressed by James Parsons's preaching. He heard him twice, on Thursday evening at the Tabernacle, and on Sunday evening at the same place. Of the latter service he writes: "The chapel was crowded, and many left who could not get admittance. This young man, who is

about twenty-three years of age, is *very popular*. His language was energetic and perspicuous, his voice sweet, his manner timid, animating and impressive. He seems to be very conversant with *Scripture*. His sermon produced a very deep impression on my mind. He seems to be free from all pompous and haughty airs. He appeared to be in earnest for souls. May I catch the same spirit."

During his stay he preached again at the Welsh Chapel ; and this time the congregation was not small. The fortnight's visit to Bristol exerted a great influence over him. He was brought into touch with the larger English world, and had the privilege of listening to some of the leading religious orators of the day. He went back to Wales thoroughly moved, and determined to throw his whole soul into the work in which he was engaged.

He sums up his experience as follows : "This was a *Missionary Festival*. Lord, what am I ! I know nothing, I have done nothing ! May I devote myself more to God and religion."

The passage homeward was beset by storms. Of Thursday he writes : "All day tossed to and fro on sea." On Friday the entry is : "Still on sea, and farther from home than I was last night. The vessel anchored near Cardiff. What a miserable place is this ! No reading, no praying (in public), no conversing about religious things. Blessed be God that we are now in safety. For many hours we have been exposed to the rage of the surges. The God who holds the waters in the hollow of His hand has been kind in His providence to us. Bless the Lord, O my soul. May it please my God to bring me home to my dear people at Narberth. I must give myself to study after this, if God will give me health and days."

On Saturday morning they reached Cardiff in a boat.

He hurried thence by coach to Narberth, and arrived there at 7 o'clock on Sunday morning. The people were exceptionally glad to see him, for it had been reported *that he was drowned on the voyage.*

Very soon we find him attending a series of missionary meetings at Swansea. He gives a detailed account of the sermons and addresses; he was specially pleased with a united Communion service held at Castle Street, when "a great assembly of Christians of various denominations solemnised the ordinance of the Lord's Supper." On the Sunday he preached three times at Castle Street—in the evening to "a vast concourse of people." Concerning the services, he writes: "Some seemed to be deeply affected. May God bless my labours this day to these people, most of whom, I am afraid, know but little of the influence of religion on their minds. We ought to be *very plain* in our addresses to sinners." Having returned home, he earnestly advocated the missionary cause at Narberth and Tenby.

I have quoted from the diary for this early period of his ministry with considerable fulness, because the entries lay bare his inner life. They reveal clearly the serious view which he took of his responsibilities as a minister, and his burning zeal for doing good. They also set before us his high ideal of the Christian life, and his bitter regrets when he fell short of the standard which he had set himself. They show, moreover, a strong leaning to despondency, and a spirit chafing restlessly against the weakness of the body and the limitations of earth. He had hosts of friends and acquaintances; yet he was lonely and stood apart. Few, if any, could understand the wrestlings of his soul. He had to fight his battles alone, and the study was his favourite place. It was a sanctuary as well as a study, for he spent hours in secret communion with God. This was

his only real rest. When he felt the nearness of God his conflicts ceased, and all his powers of mind and heart rejoiced together in sweet harmony.

His favourite occupation was the study of God's Word and the contemplation of Divine truth. From his secret cell he came forth filled to overflowing with great thoughts and profound feelings; he ascended the pulpit as a man inspired, and if he had freedom of utterance and liberty of speech his words fell on the congregation like sweeping torrents and refreshing streams. The people were completely under the spell of the speaker, and lost themselves for the moment in the ideas and emotions, the longings and visions of a noble soul. What he said was fresh and pertinent. He knew the needs of men, and the corresponding provisions of Divine grace; but other persons might have said the same things without producing the same results. The mystery of an earnest soul and a great personality stood behind all, and gave his words a marvellous power.

VIII.

Soul Struggles.

THE ministry, begun with such intense earnestness, was not without its dark clouds. These arose, not so much from external causes as from the movements of the minister's own soul. His very enthusiasm for goodness constantly led him into deep sorrow. He could not reform the world, he could not awaken the church, he could not purify his own heart as quickly as he desired; and hence his diary is full of expressions of grief and disappointment. Outwardly he had many things to cheer him. The congregations at Narberth were large, and his fame as a preacher secured him crowded audiences wherever he went. An ordinary man would have gloried in this success; but the prevailing note in Caleb Morris's diary is that of regret caused by a sense of failure. Had he failed? By no means; but so high was his ideal of the minister's character and of the preacher's responsibility that he was constantly pained at his inability to *reach* it. His bodily and mental constitution may account to some degree for the sad note which he so frequently sounds, but only to a very limited degree; we must bear in mind his passionate zeal for righteousness and the lofty standard which he had set himself, if we are to understand the severe conflicts through which he fought his way to victory.

Festival
Memories

112

6938
1824

In his gloomy moments during the spring of 1824 he looked forward with hopefulness to the great preaching association of the three counties of Pembroke, Cardigan and Carmarthen, which was to be held at Penygroes in the first week of June. As already indicated, these associations go back to the period of the Toleration Act. The representatives of the Nonconformist Churches met annually for consultation and fellowship. Reports were received from the churches, and a reply was sent from the associations in the form of a circular letter. One or two prominent ministers would also preach. When the Methodist Revival broke out in Wales these associations underwent an important modification. Reports from the churches and societies were still received, but, in addition to this, the meetings became great occasions for evangelising the districts in which they were held. Preaching services were held in the open air for days, and the whole neighbourhood was aroused to religious earnestness. The Baptists and Independents soon adopted the change; and these annual preaching festivals still continue to flourish among all denominations in Wales. In rural districts especially they have proved a mighty power for good; and though many doubt whether they are exactly adapted to the present age, Wales will be very reluctant to give up an institution which has exerted such a profound influence all over the land.

In a field adjoining the churchyard at Penygroes, a rude stage or platform was erected, roofed over with canvas, and fitted with seats. In the centre a rough rostrum was constructed for the preachers, and in front of this a lower platform for the singers. Over the field long boards were placed leaning on stones and blocks, to provide temporary resting places for those who might become weary with standing.

Thousands

7 AM

The great festival began with a conference of the ministers in the chapel on Tuesday morning. The reports from the various churches were very encouraging. It was evident that the Congregational Churches of Pembroke, Cardigan, and Carmarthen were walking in the light of the Lord. The public meetings began on the field at two o'clock; three sermons were preached in the afternoon, and two in the evening, Dr. Phillips, of Neuaddlwyd, and Principal Peter, of Carmarthen, being among the preachers. That night, every house in the district was an open house, and in their simple but hearty way the inhabitants exercised their well-known hospitality.

Wednesday was the chief day of the feast. The first meeting was at seven o'clock in the morning, at which there were two sermons; but the great meeting of the gathering was held at ten o'clock. To this the people came in thousands from all parts of the county. The roads were alive with conveyances of every kind, while lanes and by-ways, paths and stiles were thronged with pedestrians.

The rough stage is filled with ministers and religious leaders, the field is dotted over with people, a few sitting on the raised planks, but the majority standing in an expectant mood. The minister, John Evans, gives out a hymn, the plaintive melody is taken up by the vast congregation, and rises and falls like the waves of the sea. After the reading of the Scriptures, another hymn is sung, and earnest prayer is directed to heaven for the power of the Holy Ghost. The Amens are loud and frequent, and it seems as if God were drawing nigh to bless His people. The next hymn is sung with deep feeling, then the first preacher announces his text in a subdued tone. His voice gradually rises, and as he pours out a flood of burning words, the people become more and more animated. They

Chained to the
Ruler of the
mysterious power

press on toward the platform, they gaze intently on the speaker, and sway to and fro under the power of his mighty eloquence. Tears and smiles follow each other like spring showers and sunshine, and when the speaker comes to an end, the tension is relieved by the singing of a hymn in which the people give utterance to their hopes and fears, their sorrows and joys. Another sermon follows, and after the singing of a hymn, still another, for nothing less than three sermons will do for the greatest meeting of the Association. The tide of feeling runs high, and the refrain of the last hymn is repeated again and again by the assembled thousands. Even as they separate for the frugal meal, the hymns and sermons still sound in their ears, re-echoed as it were by the overshadowing hills.

Ere the hour for the afternoon service has arrived, the space in front of the platform is again thronged, and under hymns, prayers, and sermons the sacred experiences of the morning are renewed. Now it is time for those who live at a distance to wend their way homeward, but some even of these remain for the evening service, which is to close the great festival. It is a hallowed hour; in the silence of the evening, as the shadows fall, and the hill-tops reflect the glory of the setting sun, the multitude listens with a solemn hush to the grand truths that are uttered by God's ministering servants; time and eternity seem blended in one sublime reality, and this visible world merges itself in the higher world of faith and hope. The people are reluctant to leave; they are, as it were, chained to the spot where their souls have felt the thrill of divine things, and as they move slowly homeward, to take up again life's toil and burden, they are conscious that some mysterious power has taken hold of them, and that life can never again be the same as it was before this season of spiritual power.

Touch has STILL

BW CM depressed

For months and years this festival will be held in remembrance, the names of the masters of the assembly will be on the lips of the people continually, the illustrations used by them will be repeated again and again, the most solemn and pathetic portions of their sermons will be referred to at the Sunday school and prayer-meeting, on the hearth, and in the confidential talk of friend with friend, and thus the holy influence will live on and help to mould characters in accordance with the mind of God.

Caleb Morris had looked forward to the solemn occasion with glowing expectations, but, alas, he was grievously disappointed. He was in one of his lethargic, unreceptive moods, and writes :—

“Alas ! little has my soul benefited in this great meeting. It was my fault, for the sermons were good, and the occasion was *to me* very interesting. It was in the church in which I was received a member !! I enjoyed but little communion with God in secret prayer, and therefore it could not be good. I hope, notwithstanding, that this assembly will be productive of good effects in the neighbourhood.”

He went back to Narberth in a gloomy and distracted frame of mind, and could not settle down to study ; but on the Saturday he writes : “Went to see a sick man at Robeston, and found myself more fit for thinking.” The sick room is often a better means of grace than the great congregation.

On the 16th June he went up to the annual meeting of the College at Carmarthen. The chief feature of the gathering seems to have been a series of preaching services, at which eight sermons were delivered, Caleb Morris and his intimate friends, John Evans and William Griffith, being among the preachers. Doubtless the reunion with old college friends brought joy to Caleb Morris ; but his

predominant thoughts were solemn, as the following extract will show :—

“Thus ended another annual meeting, the second to me since I left Carmarthen, and perhaps the last. Oh ! how little good have I done during *these two years* ! How small has been my increase in useful knowledge, in experience of Divine things, in holiness of heart and life, in diligence and zeal, and in usefulness in the church of the great God !! Oh ! I must begin anew, and give up myself more to God, for my time is fast passing away.”

The last few months had been very trying to him ; for, with all his diligence and earnestness, he did not feel that he was making the right use of his time, or serving the Church of Christ to the best of his ability. The usual services of the church were on Friday night, the Sunday, and Monday night. He preached on Friday night and twice on the Sunday, and gave an address on Monday night. He generally spent the Friday in preparing for the service that night, and the whole of Saturday in preparation for the Sunday. It was an unfortunate arrangement, for it meant a tremendous strain toward the close of every week. The early days of the week he spent in visiting and letter-writing, along with miscellaneous reading. He became more and more dissatisfied with desultory reading, and felt that letter-writing and visiting ought to be made more distinctly instrumental in the advancement of religion. The solemn vow which he made towards the close of the month of June was the outcome of these internal conflicts, and sets forth, in a very striking manner, his whole-heartedness in the work of the ministry :—

“Now I, Caleb Morris, do solemnly avow, in the presence of my God, that, through the aid of divine grace, I will henceforth observe and adhere to the following resolutions, which I consider consistent with reason and true religion. “*So help me my gracious God.*

“Written by my own hand, in my study, at Narberth, this 23rd day of June, 1824.

“RESOLUTIONS.

“1. That every morning I will rise from bed between five and six o’clock, unless my bodily disposition or some extraordinary occasion preclude the possibility of the same.

“2. To engage in a short prayer, as soon as I finish to dress myself, then to read a chapter or more in the Bible, and if anything particularly strikes my mind while reading, to write it down, and then examine myself, and pray the substance of what I shall have read. For these secret devotions to devote a full hour every morning.

“3. To devote six hours, if not more, every day to read and study, unless duty necessitates me to be otherwise engaged; and to bear on my mind, when I am in my study, that ‘*study without prayer is Atheism.*’

“4. Not to eat or drink more than is necessary to preserve health; and to be very sincere in my devotion at meals.

“5. To avoid levity and jocularity wherever I be, both in my expressions and my manners, and to endeavour to check them, if possible, in others; for God is with me at all times and in all places; and to drop some word for Jesus in every house I go to.

“6. Not to write a letter to anyone, on any occasion, without putting something in it that may be calculated to make a religious impression on the person to whom it is addressed, whether I consider him to be a pious or an ungodly character.

“7. Not to preach a sermon without endeavouring to get some benefit from it myself, to be always serious in the pulpit, recollecting the awful expression that ‘*He who trifles in the pulpit must weep in hell!*’

“8. To read the above resolutions once or more every week, and to pray for strength to adhere to them faithfully and sincerely until the end.

“I subscribe with my hand that I take God to be my God, His Church my home, His people my friends, His cause my delight, and His glory my ultimate end in all things. May I live and die as an unworthy but faithful and devoted minister of the glorious Gospel of the ever-blessed God. Amen and amen.”

After this solemn dedication he appears to have been calm and joyous for a period, and his manifold labours bear

witness to the reality of the consecration. His diary contains many evidences that he enjoyed his work, such as :—

“ Found much pleasure in reading the Sermon on the Mount ; found great delight in reading the Evangelists. . . . Found much strength in secret and family prayer. . . . Enjoyed much liberty in prayer and preaching. Very happy in my mind. . . . Enjoyed, if I mistake not, much of the presence of the Lord. . . . Enjoyed much pleasure and freedom in speaking, my soul was in a desirable frame. Felt an uncommon degree of concern for the cause at the Tabernacle, my mind active and inflamed in prayer. . . . Had a very good opportunity, my stony heart was melted in preaching. Experienced a strong desire to do good. Felt a very great pleasure in prayer. My mind more composed than it has been for some time ; thanks be to God for this ; felt a new desire to be in my Master's vineyard and to be more active, faithful, and zealous in His work. In the strength of grace I intend to pray and study more than I have done and to be more spiritual and watchful than usual. Lord teach me, and Thy name shall have the praise. . . . Had a precious opportunity. We had cause to think that Jesus was present to bless us, it was a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. . . . Enjoyed much pleasure in meditating and preaching, and the Word seemed to be powerful in its influence upon the hearts of the people. . . . Administered the Lord's Supper ; experienced a greater degree of comfort than I had for many Sabbaths. Was taught thereby that great preparation is necessary for solemnising this ordinance. In the evening preached to a large congregation ; received (I hope from the Lord) great power to speak ; felt for the multitude ; moved to tears by my thoughts. Oh ! that I could be more spiritual in my mind at all times, when addressing the multitude—*this* I want, *this* can be obtained, *this*, O God, give me.”

He did not confine himself to preaching ; the children engaged his special attention. He was anxious to ground them in Christian truth, and to lead them into the peaceful paths of religion. He believed in catechising, and we have frequent references to his meetings with the English School and with the Welsh School. He writes : “ The children are ready to do anything ; and when the school is not flourish-

ing it is the people's fault. Oh, that I could feel more for the rising generation ; may God bless our efforts for their spiritual good."

He did not neglect visiting. He had his friends with whom he felt at home ; but he bore all the people on his heart, and was very careful to visit those who were in sickness and sorrow. He had a high opinion of the poorer people, and wrote concerning them : " It is very profitable to converse with poor people ; generally they have very correct ideas of men." Among his notes we find : " J. H. has fractured his leg ; may this afflictive event be blessed by God to the everlasting good of his soul. We know not what a day may bring forth. May he soon recover." Were it not for Caleb Morris's supreme earnestness we should certainly surmise that there was a touch of playfulness in the above, but probably not, for we find him writing of himself : " I always find affliction doing me good. Oh ! that I could be more devoted to God."

He was in great request outside his own church, both as preacher and as catechiser of schools. Being a profound believer in religious instruction, he became the means of starting several Sunday-schools in the district. It was a delight and an inspiration to hear him questioning a school. He would make the portion of Scripture under consideration live before the people, and impress its teachings indelibly on their hearts. The details of his labours among the churches at this period must be passed over, but the fact that he preached or catechised schools at Carvan and Templeton, Sardis and Forge, Robeston and Bethesda, Weston and Llawhaden, Henllan and Llandyssilio, Penygroes and Rhosycaerau, Fishguard and Haverfordwest, Milford and Carmarthen, shows his activity in Christian service. He was very frequently at the Tabernacle, Haverfordwest, and found

there some of his life-long friends ; Mr. Lloyd and his family are often mentioned in his diaries. During one of his visits to Haverfordwest, he notes that he joined in a petition for the abolition of slavery.

But notwithstanding all his labours and exertions, partly indeed in consequence of them, he had frequent attacks of violent headache, and periods of great mental depression. They came with the suddenness of lightning, and happily left him with equal rapidity. These, together with his lofty standard of conduct and service, caused him to walk much in the deep valley of dark shadows. To us some of his expressions seem exaggerated, but that may be due to the comparatively low state of the religious life of our day. In any case the experiences were very real to him, and seem to be inseparable from his moral enthusiasm and spiritual earnestness.

Sometimes his complaints were occasioned by the religious condition of the community. On a "fair" day he writes :—

"Had a good opportunity to learn the as yet superficial effects of Christianity on the country at large. Heard many awful imprecations and unchaste expressions, and observed a too striking correspondence to the same in the conduct of the generality. How little do men think that Christianity teaches them to speak, to bargain, and to appear in all things better than those who do not bear the name of Christ. Indeed, this is an evil world, oh, that I could feel for the degeneracy of the age ! People are awfully careless about religion in all its parts. O Lord, awake the people ! Oh, that I could see a revival among us ! I am afraid that many who profess religion know nothing of its influence on the heart. Oh, how the worship of God is criminally neglected and despised. It is a great thing to understand in what true religion consists, but it is a greater thing to *feel* it. Something must be done that we *have not thought of*, something to revive real godliness. O God, teach me to know that and to exercise it ! I do not duly value my *time*. If I do not reform in that, I cannot do much, and it would be a blessing to the world to see my funeral."

He was greatly troubled if any minister or an aspirant to the sacred office behaved unworthily. He writes :—

“Heard to-day of a minister who has brought dishonour on the ways of Zion. Another warning for me. Lord, cause me to feel the influence of religion on my mind so powerfully as to keep far away all temptation to *evil*. May I avoid the appearance of evil. O God, keep me from injuring Thy sacred cause ; let me *rather die*. O hold me by Thine omnipotent arm. Teach me to place my whole trust in Thee, for Thou hast promised to aid Thy people.”

Again :—

“Grieved at the improper conduct of a young man who professes an intention to engage in holy offices. Our churches are culpably negligent in not endeavouring to have a more scrutinous and extensive inspection to the moral character of those who enter upon the work of the ministry. *How can a man of inferior talent, of no religious principles, having no signs of true piety, and of loose character, pretend to be a minister, to instruct the ignorant, to weep for souls, to edify the church which was purchased by the blood of Christ !*

“A man, without experiencing the work of grace in his soul, has no idea of what a minister of the Gospel ought to do. A minister ought to have general knowledge and a work of grace carried on in his heart before he can be of any consolation to himself or benefit to others. Great importance is attached to a *minister's* character. The church is almost as well acquainted with his domestic conduct as his public sermons. He is the most exposed to observation of all men.

“I am convinced that nothing is better for a minister than to be much alone. Solitude is very good, and without it there is no possibility to increase either in knowledge or in holiness. There are but very few persons that do good to the soul by their society. Men are corrupt, and call into exercise my corruption. But God is pure, and every time I converse with Him in secret it checks my corruption, kills my pride, and awakens my purest affections.

“The number, the character, and the apparent ends of young people that now take upon them to prepare for the work of the ministry, and the inattention of the churches to these things, are ominous of a great degeneracy among Dissenters. We call for the stroke of Divine displeasure to fall on our hearts ; Lord prevent the growing evil, and forbear to strike. Some of our academies are in a

degenerating state. We blame the tutors and students; but how seldom do we pray for them. I really believe that some means must be adopted for their reformation."

But though sometimes pained by unworthy ministers and students, generally he was greatly cheered by his brethren. A large number of them preached at Narberth, and almost invariably he has a word of praise for the sermons, and adds a prayer for the Divine blessing. He also speaks very favourably of students from Carmarthen and from Newtown.

He was most of all dissatisfied with himself, and his criticism of others was very mild in comparison with his self-incrimination. The diary abounds with expressions of self-depreciation. In reading some of his words, one would think that he was the most worthless of men. That may be due in part to his melancholy moods, but it was also the result of his very high ideal of a Christian minister. He almost exhausts the dictionary in describing his own weaknesses and failures :—

"My mind very barren and dry. Felt very dejected, sorry on account of past negligence and indifference. . . . Quite in shackles, no freedom to speak, and still worse, but a very languid desire to be the means of doing good; low in mind and depressed in spirit; troubled in mind, because not particular in the arrangement and use of my time. . . . A minister has no time to lose; for if he mis-spend his time, he not only commits a personal crime, but gives a bad example to others. Oh, I am guilty in this particular. May God give me pardoning and renewing grace. . . . My mind wandering, my inclinations unruly, my heart stony. Learnt the great depravity and corruption of my own deceitful heart. Oh, what is man? . . . My mind in a very perplexed and agitated state. God seemed to be angry with me. . . . I have been particularly remiss for many days in my attention to secret duties, study, and religious conversation. O God, pardon me this sin and give me grace to reform! I have lost a great measure of that spirituality of mind which I hoped I possessed. Oh, what a weak, proud, vain, foolish creature is man! . . . Unwell in body and dejected in mind; oh, what an awful thing to forget God! . . . Very dark in my

mind, my heart like a rock of ice, my affections wandering far and wide from the Lord. I am good for nothing. I cannot pray, though I never stood in greater need of it than at present; I am not able to shed a tear for my sins, although I am overwhelmed by them. I cannot study, although I have time and opportunity for it. I cannot feel a desire to be useful, although I am in a sphere where I could be so. I don't feel for the souls of my fellow creatures, although I have the name of a shepherd. My heart is full of guilt, pollution, pride, hypocrisy, deceit, cruelty, irreligion; O, wretched man that I am—Lord have mercy upon me, have mercy upon me. There is no peace but in the ways of religion. O, for a closer walk with God!

"I have grieved the Spirit of God. The Lord has a rod for His children, blessed be His name. Painful anxiety is eating up my mind. No delight in personal and family prayer. Afraid that I consult too much with self in religious matters, that I care more for my own name than for the name of God. Lord, pardon this great sin, and teach me to hate sin more than hell. The enemy is persecuting my soul very hard; the waves are sometimes over my head, I cannot look up. I am wandering in a thorny maze without the light of the Sun of Righteousness. My mind is greatly distressed, darkness of spirit has seized me. Oh, how sad it is when the Lord hides His face.

"For a long time I have been in a very uncomfortable state, walking in darkness. This world is bad, temptations are numerous, iniquity abounds, and my heart is sad. I am a sinful being, yet the Lord is very kind unto me. Nothing causes me misery but my sins. Oh, that I could live more like Jesus. Nothing can give me comfort but religion. O God, take care of me. I am afraid to trust in myself.

"I did no good, I received no good; a day lost! Oh, what shall I do? My time passes away while I am sleeping in indifference. Lord, pardon my abuse of precious time. My mind is very low, grieved on account of its numerous sins. Troubled with terrific apprehensions, my love to Jesus very weak, my faith in Him counteracted by the power of unbelief, my hope languid. Yet I have none in heaven but God; to Him is my desire. I wish no other joy but that which religion affords. Oh, what a sad, wicked world this is. O God, prepare me for heaven. I cast my burden on the Lord.

"Oh, how difficult it is for us to conduct ourselves in such a

*Much pleasure
Roman VII*

Last Verses.


manner as to be an honour to our sacred calling. I have great cause to weep and to be ashamed for my frequent deviations in thought and practice from religion's sacred peaceful paths. I feel a desire to come to Jesus myself, and that others also should come to Him. What a blessing that He is so willing to receive sinners.

"No liberty in prayer, endeavoured to preach. My heart like a stone, wanted to feel, but couldn't. My manner cold and dead, and my hearers so too."

Of the next service on the same day he writes :—

"My passions were greatly moved, my tears prevented my going on, was obliged to stop once. But what was this, considering how I have been wandering from God? I am afraid it was not from Him, the result of my own labours, and not of grace. However, it was better to be thus than to be hard and callous.

"I am a poor, ignorant, sinful creature, prone to forget the responsibility of my situation. O God, have mercy upon me! Oh, that I could have a spirit to pray. Lord Jesus, help me, keep me! I can do nothing. I leave myself at the footstool of the Throne. The Blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin—a very sweet doctrine. This is my refuge. I am nothing, I have done nothing but what calls for the displeasure of God."

 We are not surprised to find him saying : "Found much pleasure in thinking on the seventh chapter of Romans, and fixed upon the last two verses for to-morrow's text." We have no record of the sermon, but there can be very little doubt about his interpretation of the chapter. He certainly would not say that it must refer to Paul's pre-Christian state because the expressions could not be used by a Christian, for he himself had been saying again and again things equally strong against himself, although he had fallen into no outward sin. The foregoing extracts are sufficient proof of this, but let one more be added :—

"My soul is enveloped in a deep gloom, my heart is cold and disaffected to religious duties. I know experimentally that it is the seat of all corruption and enmity to God. The power of sin I feel, and would weep for it, but I cannot. I view myself the chief of sinners. I am in deep waters. O Lord, leave me not, forsake me

I shall sleep long in the grave

not, O Lord of my salvation! My desire is towards the Lord. I wish to be His. Most merciful and gracious Lord, have pity on me and place my feet on the Rock of Ages. Yet, notwithstanding all my complaint, I was kept from all *outward sins*. Oh, how indebted I am for my preservation to the God of all grace."

Having given these indications of his inward experiences, we shall omit the details of his work in 1825, and come to the year 1826. On the 1st of January, he writes: "This year is of more importance to me than any that is passed; it places me nearer eternity!" At the close of the first Sunday his entry in the diary is: "Thank God, my mind has been in a very good frame; may it continue so." In the Society on the following evening, he spoke of the things "*ready to die*," and named adherence to Scripture doctrine, the exercise of spiritual graces, the observance of private devotions, attendance on public ministrations, and support of the means of grace, and urged his hearers to watchfulness and zeal. He felt the need of humility for a minister of the Gospel and prayed, "May God give me this grace, and may it always flourish and be conspicuous in my words, my manner, and all my conversation. Deliver me from pride, O God, for I have no shadow of occasion for this, sinful being as I am."

He dedicates himself anew to the service of God, and feels a strong desire to be active in the Master's vineyard. He writes: "Particularly serious in mind, and desirous of doing good. I want to feel more for immortal souls." He gives himself to study and to the cultivation of all his powers. Two short quotations will show his enthusiasm:—

"Spent most of the day in studying English orthoepy. Everything ought to be consecrated to the service of God." "Devoted the evening to study, and continued with my books till five o'clock in the morning. I shall sleep long enough in the grave. We must not sacrifice the lame and the blind to God. Oh, no! He deserves the best of everything that we possess."

I do not feel that there is any need to apologise for the somewhat numerous extracts from the diary that I have given in this chapter, for surely the story of a man's inward life is much more important than a record of external incidents. In these prayers, meditations, and confessions we have revealed to us a very rich, sensitive soul whose experience was marked by much struggle and effort. There were, indeed, intervals of sweet harmony and happy repose, but these were always liable to be disturbed by acute discords and violent tempests. Still, amid all the disturbances, Caleb Morris never had any doubt about the way of peace ; he was quite sure that it was to be found in fellowship with God, and in the complete consecration of all his powers to the work which God had given him to do. In all his deflections and deviations he ever kept his aim steadfast and his purpose firm. He was unchanging in his desire to be like Christ, and he felt very strongly that he could accomplish this only as he was helped by Divine grace. He often stumbled as he climbed towards the heights, but he fell to rise higher ; and though at times weary and exhausted, he never lost heart, but looked forward with full assurance to complete triumph through the Lord Jesus Christ.

*On top of a coach
Craven Chapel*

IX.

On the Wing.

CALEB MORRIS spent most of the month of September, 1826, at Llandrindod Wells, and preached there several times. On the 29th we have the entry, "At Narberth, read Dr. Doddridge's sermon on 'The Duty of the Minister to Save Souls'; good tendency in reading such books." Then suddenly, without any preparation, we come upon the statement—"Went to London in October. Commenced my public labours as a supply, at Craven Chapel, on the first Sabbath in November."

When the Welsh Edition was published, I had no information about the steps which led him to supply this historic Chapel, near Regent Street; but, since that time, I have heard from Mrs. C. B. Adeney, of Clapham, who writes: "My father, Edward Swaine, of Piccadilly, was one of the Rev. Caleb Morris's most cherished friends, and I believe the means of introducing him to London, having become acquainted with him through travelling together on the top of a stage coach. He first preached at Craven Chapel, Regent Street, where my father was deacon for forty years." In what part of Wales this meeting took place I do not know, possibly between Narberth and Tenby, for Tenby was even then a favourite seaside resort, or it may have been near Llandrindod Wells. Caleb Morris was a striking figure anywhere, and on

X

Malmesbury

the top of a coach he would doubtless be the chief talker, and could not fail to arrest the attention of his fellow-passengers.

A "Letter-book" which has recently come into my hands shows that as early as 1825 he was contemplating a change of sphere.

On the 28th June, 1825, he wrote a letter to Mr. Lloyd, of Malmesbury, saying that he could not come to preach in July, but offering to come in August or later on. Then he proceeds to discuss the question of settling at Malmesbury, and writes :

"DEAR SIR,—My settling among you is an affair concerning which, at present, no decision can be formed; the importance of this demands responsive *deliberation*. That mutual intimacy which ought always to be an antecedent to the formation of such connections has not hitherto subsisted between us. No; to you I am an entire stranger. However, may all our proceedings be influenced by that pious sentiment, 'Let the will of the Lord be done.'

"But lest the uncertainties attached to the idea of my settlement at Malmesbury might in anyway prove prejudicial to the best of causes at that place, allow me first to state the following things: That I should deem it necessary to be among the people for two or three months previous to their giving or my accepting an invitation to become their pastor. Also, that if I were to leave *Narberth* I should consider myself bound by the laws of *prudence* and *justice* to remain with the people at least a few months subsequent to my expressing my determination to leave, so that the cause might not suffer, and that I might have an opportunity to assist them to secure a suitable pastor, *for their interest, I trust, is near to my heart*. And lastly, that if you should deem these considerations a sufficient reason for not waiting to see the decisions of Providence towards me, I should wish you to make it known to me as soon as convenient. Now think deliberately of these things. If you should think it advisable to direct your attention to some other person that might come *immediately* to settle among you, it is my prayer that you may be influenced by Divine wisdom to make choice of a person that will be useful to edify the church and convert those from whom the Gospel is hidden.

"In concluding, allow me, respected sir, to express my feelings at *this moment*. I wish to feel a desire to be more useful the remaining part of my short life! Oh, yes; every successive day increases in importance as it brings us nearer to eternity! Religion is more valuable than all things beside, it answers the demands of our souls; therefore let it be our enjoyment, occupation, guide, and heaven, and if so, we shall want no more."

On July the 19th, he writes to explain why he had not replied to Mr. Lloyd's letters, and says:—

"I have been lying in bed, under such an affliction as disqualified my mind to dictate, and my hand to write a reply to your communications. Complicated causes produced an inflammation in different parts of the body which required so much bleeding, and the consumption of such a quantity of medicine, as necessarily occasioned very great debility. Here I am now—just come out of bed, very weak, but, thanks to God, in a convalescent state. I stood in need of afflictions; when the Lord blesses them, they are productive of much good. I fear nothing but sin; oh, for a closer walk with God. If I were more holy, I should be more happy. May God be mine for ever, and I shall want no more. I cannot be with you at the time first proposed, but, please God, I expect that by the commencement of the ensuing month, I shall have recruited my health, and anticipate the pleasure of seeing you face to face on the second Sabbath in that month. God bless you."

In August, he has to write again expressing his inability to come, and says:—

"MUCH RESPECTED SIR,—When I wrote you last, I thought I should have been by this time quite strong, but, alas! it is quite the reverse. Thanks be to God, symptoms of immediate danger are removed, nevertheless, I am far from being well. I have a constant pain in my side, the violence of which incapacitates me for any considerable degree of exertion. Last Lord's Day I attempted, for the first time since my illness, to speak a few words in public; but I have been convinced since that it was very imprudent, if not presumptuous on my part.

"Thus, my dear sir, you perceive that I am inevitably deterred from my intended visit to Malmesbury in the ensuing week. My

medical attendant and my own feelings reprobate a moment's hesitation on the subject. Thus the hand of Providence has rendered all my projects entirely abortive. I ask myself, 'What meaneth this?' and while the whole is enveloped in a mysterious gloom, impenetrable by the feeble efforts of present discernment, I am cheered by the idea 'that all things work together for the good of those that love God.'

"I presume I need not tell you that in this affair my views have met a frustration equally severe to me, as it may be unpleasant to you; but since God's thoughts are not our thoughts, let us bow with submission to His just, wise, and good Providence; let us *trust* it where we cannot *trace* it. We may rest assured that the Governor of the Universe *doeth all things well*.

"Relative to your circumstances as a church and congregation, I have nothing to say. I must leave you to be directed by that wisdom which God has promised to all upright souls. While we know that the intercession of Christ in heaven for His church ought not to supersede our use of those means most adapted to its best interests, yet it is pleasant, and indeed profitable to reflect on such passages as Ephesians iv. 10-14; Jeremiah xxiii. 4, 5, 15, and many others. In all our ways let us acknowledge Him, and He will direct our paths.

"Am I ever to have the pleasure of seeing you at Malmesbury? I would not on any account be the means of injuring the cause among you, and therefore, as the people are so very impatient, and averse to supplies (and, I believe, they are right), I conceive you had better look out *immediately* for some one that may suit you as pastor.

"As for myself, I have nothing to do but wait patiently the decisions of Providence, humbly serve my Christ in the strength of His spirit and pray for meetness for whatever Heaven has destined me to meet, whether health or sickness, prosperity or adversity, life or death. I wish to be the Lord's for ever. With my best wishes for your temporal and spiritual interests, I am, much respected Sir, yours in truth,

"CALEB MORRIS."

Apparently the church at Malmesbury got tired of waiting for him; there is no further reference to the matter in the letter-book or in the diary. At this time he received an invitation from the church at the Tabernacle, Haverford-west, to which he was a frequent visitor during his ministry

at Narberth. The secretary of this church was Mr. Thomas Lloyd, and he addresses a letter to him in August, 1825 :—

“ To the Church at the Tabernacle, Haverfordwest.

“ MY BELOVED BRETHREN IN CHRIST,—Permit me to address you these lines as an expression of my sincere gratitude for the kind notice you have taken of my humble services as an unworthy minister of the Gospel—as my acknowledgment that the invitation which you have given me to become your pastor merits my serious attention—and as my pledge that, after deliberation responsive to the importance of the subject, I will give you a decisive answer.

“ You know that precipitancy in forming our decisions on such subjects is a *crime*, which, though custom endeavours to palliate, yet Christian prudence and daily observation represent as pregnant with very prejudicial results to the interests of Christianity; therefore you cannot but see the propriety that some time should be taken for mutual consideration and solemn prayer respecting this important affair.

“ Now, my dear friends, I recommend you to the care of God, praying that you may be directed in all things by the wisdom that is from above, that our Lord in all things may be glorified, and that the love of God the Father, the grace of Jesus Christ, and the communion of the Holy Ghost may remain with you for evermore. I subscribe myself, my beloved brethren in Christ, your affectionate brother and humble servant,

“ CALEB MORRIS.”

There is no record of his final reply to the church, but evidently it was in the negative. In the absence of direct testimony, we could only surmise the reasons; but whatever they were, the members must have been satisfied of their justice, for Caleb Morris continued to visit the Tabernacle and to preach there almost to the end of his days.

Leaving the letter-book and returning to the diary, we find that he was in London during the months of November and December in the year 1826, and preached at Craven Chapel for seven Sundays. He also gave an address on Monday

evenings, and preached on Wednesday evenings. The texts of the twenty-one sermons are preserved in his diary, and the topics of the addresses. He preached also at Fetter Lane, Gate Street Chapel, Surrey Chapel, Crendon Chapel, Poultry Chapel, Guildford Street, and Shadwell.

Evidently the young preacher from Wales was a favourite in the Metropolis. It is nothing strange for a Welshman to be popular in London now-a-days ; but it was a rare phenomenon at the beginning of the last century. Dr. Thomas, of Liverpool, writes : “ In the time of Caleb Morris, with very few exceptions, Welshmen were not known in London, except as collectors for chapel debts, or recipients from charitable funds, and in consequence the English looked down upon them.” It was not because he was a Welshman that he received a hearing in London at the time — his nationality would be against him, but on account of his charm and power as a preacher.

He left London on Saturday, the 30th of December, and preached at Banbury three times on the following day. He also preached and spoke several times during the week, and again preached three times on the following Sunday. During this period his diary is mainly a plain record of facts without comment or reflection. A few sentences will sufficiently indicate the disposition of his soul :—

“ No sermon can be good unless it breathes the spirit of the Gospel. We ought to be more dependent on the Spirit in prayer. . . . In our visits to families we can do no good unless we act in character — holy, humble, affectionate, and kind. . . . It is of great importance to observe *punctuality*. I shall pay more attention to this henceforth. I intend through grace to be more particular in the observance of *time*. . . . Attention to the biographies of great and good men is very useful. . . . It is good to aim at great things in the strength of omnipotence. What have I done? I must read, think, pray, and work more this year than the last. . . .

G. Burder

The first Sabbath of the year 1827 is gone! Convinced of the necessity of reading the Bible more frequently. Have not thought enough of the law of God; it is holy; must preach more."

From the 7th of January to the 5th of April there is no entry in the diary; but from the letter-book it is evident that his thoughts were in London.

On February the 7th he writes a letter to Mr. Edward Swaine. It is a treatise on "Friendship" rather than a letter. On reviewing it in later years he was anything but pleased with it. Over one part he writes: "Nonsense. A.D. 1831." And at the end of the copy we find written: "What a formal letter! was I thinking of my *friend* or of my style (stiff enough) when I wrote it? Yet its sentiments are very true. February 1, 1831."

The central theme of the letter is the impossibility of true friendship without nobility of character. The quotation of a few lines will suffice to indicate its contents and style:—

"There is not, there cannot exist real friendship without *holiness*. Sin eradicates every moral quality necessary to the constitution and preservation of real sociability. Satan, who once participated of the pleasures of a most extensive, intimate, and refined friendship, has now no friend in the Universe. Yea, he is at enmity with himself. Sin has done the same for many many men. Oh! what it is to be without a friend! What, but a species of that misery which constitutes hell!"

In the letter-book we find also "the substance of a letter addressed to the Rev. Mr. Geo. Burder, London, on March the 6th, 1827." Caleb Morris had preached twice at Fetter Lane during his visit to the Metropolis, and this had evidently led the church to think of him as a co-pastor to the Rev. Geo. Burder, and further to ask him to supply the pulpit with a view to the co-pastorate. The letter which he wrote in reply was in substance as follows:—

"Rev. and Dear Sir,

"Your very kind communication I received about a week ago.

The vast importance of the subject to which it refers, and consequently the necessity of at least a few days for deliberation and prayer to God relative to it, constitute my apology for not sending an earlier reply. And now permit me, dear sir, to offer you and your friends my sincere and respectful acknowledgments for the kind notice which you have taken of me and of my humble services as a young and unworthy minister of the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, and for your recent invitation to me to supply for a few Sabbaths at Fetter Lane. There is one circumstance connected with this affair which has made so powerful an impression on my mind as to justify my naming it at this time, and my pleading your indulgence for my doing so—that you, sir, without saying anything which from a stranger and a youngster might be mistaken—that you yourself should address me upon this occasion, and so kindly lay before me some suggestions which observation and experience have enabled you to make, and which I deem to have a powerful claim to my attention, esteem, and gratitude.

“Now, after serious consideration and frequent application to the Disposer of all events for Divine direction, I do, agreeably to your request, reply to your kind letter by stating that I do accede to your proposal, and shall, D.V., preach at your chapel for a month. But a variety of circumstances preclude the possibility of my coming before the 15th of next month, such as my engagement to preach at the re-opening of the Lammas Street Meeting House, Carmarthen, on the 5th April. Any remarks respecting the specific object of my visit would at this time prove premature. I have placed my cause in the hands of the wise Jehovah.”

In the diary for Thursday, April the 5th, we find the entry: “Was present at the opening of Lammas Street Meeting House. Preached from Acts iii. 21.” Then follows: “And on the Sabbath from Ezekiel xi. 19, and Acts xviii. 9-10; again on Monday from Prov. iii. 17. Left Carmarthen for London on Thursday morning. Arrived in London on Friday evening, and slept at Mr. Edwards, surgeon.” After this comes a record of the sermons preached and the addresses delivered at Fetter Lane, Kentish Town, and Islington. On the 24th April he

was at Banbury, preaching on the occasion of the ordination of his friend the Rev. Nun Morgan Harry. On the 27th he attended the Bible meeting at the Mansion House. On the 29th he heard Mr. Irving preach, and on the 30th he witnessed the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the London University by the Duke of Sussex, concerning which he remarks : "A laudable undertaking." On the same day he attended the ordination of Mr. Stevenson at Gate Street Chapel.

It is strange that there is no reference in his diary to his appearance on the platform of the London Missionary Society at the Annual Meeting, held in Great Queen Street Chapel, on Thursday, the 10th of May, 1827. The Rev. Joseph Fletcher, A.M., of Stepney, had moved one resolution, and the Rev. James Parsons, of York, had seconded another. Caleb Morris was called upon to perform the unenviable task of seconding a vote of thanks to the Chairman, at the close of a long meeting ; and according to the report in the *Evangelical Magazine*, he spoke to the following effect :—

"Sir, the very able speeches already delivered, viewed in connection with the present late hour, preclude the propriety of my doing anything more than seconding the motion ; but, Sir, we know it is no reflection upon any individual to preside in such a meeting as this. Now what is its character ? It is not an assembly of disloyal subjects met to plot against their King and Government, but of Christians actuated by a philanthropic disposition to enrich mortals with the laws of the King of Heaven. It is not to lay a plan to reduce the nations of the world to degradation, misery, and death ; but to raise all nations to the enjoyment of liberty, peace, God, and heaven. We are not met to establish laws to be observed by any particular denomination of Christians, but to send missionaries to disseminate our common Christianity in every part of the world. Let us only for a moment contemplate the character of missionary societies ; they have heaven for their origin, and the Lord God of the Universe for their patron. The principle in which they originate is the love of God, the most lovely of all qualities, even in a human being ; they achieve the

most laudable actions, they diffuse happiness amongst angels and men, they heal the wounds of sickness, supply the tables of poverty, wipe away the tears of bereavement, erect asylums for the destitute, the widow, the orphan, and the forlorn. It is true, in this cause we have met with opposition; but, if it is opposed by hell, we know it is countenanced by heaven. And now, allow me as an individual from the Principality to testify that we feel deep interest in this institution. We have heard of the Thistle, and the Shamrock, and the Rose, and I rise to say we can speak of the Leek also, for from the Principality this institution has received £14,000, and we are determined to proceed. Silver and gold, in some places, we have none; but love for the Society we have, and we feel in this cause like the drummer who, when taken by the enemy and desired to beat a retreat, said he was never taught that lesson. 'Onward, onward!' was the only lesson he had been taught; and this we will adopt as our motto."

The diary is a perfect blank from April to August, but from the copy of a letter which is found in the letter-book, we learn that he received an invitation to be the co-pastor of the Rev. George Burder, of Fetter Lane, to which he replied, as follows:—

"Narberth,
June 14th, 1827. M

"MY BELOVED IN THE LORD,

"After mature deliberation and prayer to the Disposer of all events for Divine direction, I now communicate to you, agreeably to your request and my promise, my decisive answer to the invitation which you have given me to unite with the Rev. Mr. Burder in the pastorate of the church.

"The subject of the present communication excites in my mind a variety of very powerful emotions. I deeply sympathise with your venerable minister in his present circumstances, feeling as he does the pressure of age, debility, and weakness; and also with you on account of the consequent diminution of his affectionate and useful services among you. And while I participate with you and many more in feelings of gratitude to the great Head of the Church for the wisdom, strength, and success with which He has blessed him for so many years, I sincerely pray that if it be the will

of Him that doeth all things well, he may again experience such a speedy and perfect restitution of health and strength as his advanced age will allow us to hope for.

"I must confess that the circumstances which introduced me to your knowledge, and which led to your determination to invite me to come to labour among you as co-pastor with your present aged and much-respected minister, do appear to my mind to afford some striking indications of the Divine Will respecting the sphere of my future ministrations.

"The kind attention which you paid to my humble and unworthy services during the time I was among you, and the subsequent profession of your acceptance of them, produced in my mind emotions of deep humility respecting myself, of devout gratitude to Him in whom is my all-sufficiency, and of sincere attachment to you as a church and congregation.

"When I consider the qualifications which a minister ought to have in order to undertake the pastorship of such a church as Fetter Lane—a church which has been from its formation so blessed with a succession of such pious, learned and able ministers—I may well adopt the language of the prophet with regard to myself, 'Oh, Lord God! behold, I cannot speak, for I am a child.' But, on the other hand, I reflect on the spirit of union, peace, candour and prayer which dwells among you, on the character of your present pastor, the ingenuous declaration of his wishes that I should comply with your choice, and the numerous advantages which I may derive from his instruction, counsel, example and prayers, and on the faithfulness of Christ to teach, bless and support the meanest of His servants who honestly, diligently and perseveringly labour for His name's sake; consequently I do, in the fear of God, and I trust agreeably to His pleasure, accept your invitation to unite with your present pastor in the ministry of the church.

"In reference to the amount of services which you require from me I have nothing to say at present, only that I wish to consecrate myself and all I have to the work of the Lord, and shall, by the aid of His Spirit, deem it my duty and privilege to spend and be spent in your service.

"There is one thing which I wish to be particular in stating at this time—namely, that if Divine Providence should enable me to realise my present intention of settling among you, I should have two months, or at least six weeks, to myself in order to preserve, under

the blessing of God, my health, and to visit other parts of the great vineyard of Christ. I intend to be in town in July, and shall then fix the time for commencing my public labours among you.

“Thus I have stated my views and feelings, and some of the reasons which have induced me to comply with your invitation. May it appear in time and eternity that this is of the Lord ! May my love in Christ be with you all.”

The letter was addressed to Mr. Joseph Bunnell, one of the deacons of Fetter Lane Church.

We look forward to his ministry in London with hope, and yet with fear and trembling. Will he succeed ? That is our anxious question, and to it we cannot give any confident reply, for what is popularly called success is such a fickle thing and depends upon so many extraneous conditions. Nevertheless, if purity of life and earnestness of soul, completeness of consecration and passionate enthusiasm for truth are the determining elements in a successful ministerial career, we may confidently await the issue of the labours in London of the ardent young Welshman from the Prescelly Hills.

Fetter Lane

Aug 17/27

X.

First Months at Fetter Lane.

AFTER a long silence the diary speaks to us again, and begins : "Supplied at Surrey Chapel during July and part of August. Commenced my public labours at Fetter Lane AUGUST XII. Text : 'If Thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence.' The congregation very numerous and the sermon very poor." That is all he wrote at the beginning of his ministry at Fetter Lane, where he laboured for 23 years and won for himself an undying name. The brevity of the entry is quite characteristic ; he was impressed not so much by external events as by the movements of his soul, the state of his mind, the emotions of his heart, and the wrestlings of his spirit. But the time will come for him to reflect on this important step in his career.

To those who pay heed to coincidences, it may be of interest to call attention to the prominent part played by the month of August in his history. He was born in August ; in this month also he was received a church member ; August brought him to the Grammar School at Carmarthen ; and in that month he began to keep a diary ; now it sees him settle down to his life-work at Fetter Lane.

Fetter Lane Church has a long and chequered history. The precise date and circumstances of its foundation are not

known. In the time of the Commonwealth there was a chapel or conventicle at Fetter Lane, where Praise-God Barebones occasionally preached ; but the present Fetter Lane Church traces its history back to Dr. Thomas Goodwin, chaplain to Oliver Cromwell, and Puritan divine. At the Restoration he was turned out of the Presidency of Magdalen College, Oxford, came to London and gathered a congregation around him. He had been in London in 1640, and had founded a church from which the present City Temple has descended. Whether there was any connection between the earlier and later churches gathered by Dr. Goodwin is not known ; nor is it certain where the later church met—probably in private houses, since it was a troublous time for Nonconformists. Dr. Goodwin died in 1679, and then his friend, Thankful Owen, held the pastorate for two years. He was succeeded by Stephen Lobb, who took a leading part in the ecclesiastical controversies of the reign of James II. During his ministry the church took possession of the chapel in Fetter Lane in which Richard Baxter had preached for years. Stephen Lobb was succeeded in the pastorate by Benoni Rowe, who died in 1706. Then came Thomas Bradbury, who fought bravely for civil and religious freedom in the reign of Queen Anne, and was called by her “Bold Bradbury.” The mob burnt down his chapel in 1710, for he was looked upon as one of the chief leaders of the Dissenters. We must refer the reader to “Memorials of Fetter Lane Congregational Church,” by Mr. Arthur Pye Smith, for fuller particulars concerning the men already mentioned and their successors.

We now come to an honoured name in the history of religion in England—namely, the Rev. George Burder, to whom Caleb Morris became co-pastor at Fetter Lane. He was the founder and first secretary of the Religious Tract

Society. He became secretary of the London Missionary Society and editor of the *Evangelical Magazine*. He was also widely known as the author of "Village Sermons," and as the compiler of a supplementary hymn-book, which was used for years along with Watts' Psalms and Hymns. His family belonged to the church at Fetter Lane, his father and brother being among the deacons, and in the year 1804 he was induced to accept the pastorate. His fame and his attractive preaching, his earnestness and the sweetness of his disposition, soon told on the congregation, and in 1806 a new gallery was added to the chapel. The church prospered greatly under his ministry, and the congregation towards the close of his life numbered about 500, of whom 300 were members. It was a privilege to be called to labour with a man so highly esteemed for his deep piety, transparent character, and long service.

Before proceeding to trace Caleb Morris's career at Fetter Lane, let us seek to form some idea of the conditions under which he worked. The London of 1827 was very different from the London of to-day, and great changes have taken place near Fetter Lane. Then there was no Holborn Viaduct, with its City Temple and other magnificent buildings. Smithfield was famous as the place where the martyrs met their death bravely, rather than for its busy markets. Farringdon Street had not its Memorial Hall, nor Fleet Street its great newspaper offices. Temple Bar was standing, and Lincoln's Inn Fields did not belie their names as much as they do now, fringed with the huge pile of the Law Courts. Westminster was out of town, the journey towards it was through narrow streets and along shabby shops. There were no lions and monuments at Trafalgar Square and no Charing Cross Station to pass on the way. The present Houses of Parliament were unbuilt,

and the wise men of the nation met to discuss the affairs of the State at St. Stephen's Chapel. The Thames flowed beneath unadorned and unprotected banks, for the Embankment lay then in the far future. Kensington seemed out in the country, and Hampstead was said to be *near* London. The network of railways on and under the surface, and of telegraph and telephone wires overhead, had not been dreamed of. Even the parks have been transformed since that time ; and only a few places, like the Tower, St. Paul's Cathedral, and Westminster Abbey, remain substantially as they were seventy years ago.

The mode of life has changed as much as streets and buildings. Merchants then lived near their shops and warehouses, and had no long journeys to make night and morning ; they also worshipped on Sundays near the scenes of their business. Even in the City of London there were many happy homes and sweet domestic circles ; it had not become the mere Babel of shops and warehouses, banks and offices, that it is to-day.

Religiously the times were very different from our own. Nonconformity was very modest and retiring, almost afraid to lift its head or cause its voice to be heard in the streets. The chapels were hidden from view, a relic of the days when men had to defy the law in order to obey the dictates of their conscience in the worship of God. The services were plain and unadorned, like the chapels. The hymns, were slowly sung, unaccompanied, two lines being given out at a time ; the prayer was long, very long ; and the sermon seldom lasted less than an hour—at times it ran to two hours or even more. The Sunday-schools were in a very primitive state. There were no Young People's Guilds, nor any of the numerous organisations that now gather around the church and sometimes threaten to crush it. The week-night engage-



ENTRANCE TO FETTER LANE CHAPEL,

ments were a prayer-meeting on Monday, and a preaching service on Wednesday or Thursday, with an occasional lecture. There were, of course, church meetings and deacons' meetings, and now and then a missionary gathering varied the monotony of church life.

All this seems to us very tame and uninteresting, but we must not therefore conclude that it appeared so to the Londoners of the third decade of the last century. It is almost certain that religion brought more real joy to the people of those days than it does to us at the present day, with all our so-called improvements. London was then comparatively quiet on Sundays, and worship was not disturbed by the roar of the street traffic, for omnibuses were few and far between. The people also came to the services prepared by devout meditation and family worship, and entered very heartily into the exercises of the sanctuary. And if the chapels were bald and bare, and the singing slow and heavy, there was an impressive dignity over the whole.

In particular, the preacher was a person of great weight and importance. He was treated with profound reverence, and exerted a deep and widespread influence. The sermons were massive and rhetorical, often brilliant and polished, and sacred oratory reached a very high level. It was the age of Robert Hall and Thomas Chalmers, of Edward Irving and Henry Melvill; rarely has England been blessed with such pulpit orators. To us their style seems artificial and stilted, but we have to remember that the tastes of our forefathers were different from our own; moreover, we are hardly in a position to pronounce fair judgment, for the verdict on the printed page is very different from what it would have been had we heard and seen for ourselves. And nowadays we are so much in the habit of looking for points and practical suggestions that we are not in a fit state

to appreciate the grandeur and impressiveness of lofty rhetoric.

The preacher of those days prepared his sermons laboriously, the matter was carefully selected, the words were deliberately chosen, the periods were skilfully constructed, the architecture of the sermon from the learned introduction to the glowing peroration was the outcome of the most careful study; and the delivery received great attention, pose and gesture, enunciation and modulation, every detail of the orator's art was called into requisition. There were, indeed, homely speakers, and simple preachers, but such was not the fashion; nearly all the leading ministers cultivated and practised the grand style.

We can only make a passing reference to some of the chief ministers of the period. The Claytons, stately, dignified and Evangelical, had for a long time held a high position among the Independents of London, the father having occupied the pulpit of the Old Weigh House Chapel, and the sons ministering at the Poultry Chapel and at Walworth. Rowland Hill was becoming an old man, but he still filled Surrey Chapel with his rugged, humorous, and earnest preaching. Dr. Robert Winter was at the Old Court Chapel, Lincoln's Inn Fields, learned and ponderous, a true representative of the ancient Puritans. Andrew Reed was doing a great work in East London; he became pastor of the New Road Church, St. George's-in-the-East, in 1811, and the church so prospered under his ministry that when Caleb Morris came to London, Wycliffe Chapel, one of largest places of worship of the period, was in course of erection, and in it wonderful scenes of revival were witnessed more than once. Andrew Reed also exerted much influence on literature and politics; but his name must be ever associated first and foremost with the philanthropic institutions which

he founded—asylums for orphans, and idiots, and incurables, which at Watford and Wanstead, Earlswood and Reedham, are still living examples of the beneficent effects of Christianity.

Another honoured name well known to the religious world of London at this period was Joseph Fletcher. After a long period of service as minister and theological tutor at Blackburn, he accepted the pastorate of the Old Meeting House at Stepney, in the year 1823. This quaint place of worship, looking like a large suburban dwelling-house, with huge garrets and picturesque roof, was thronged during the first years of his London ministry. His musical voice, dignified appearance, and faultless delivery, the tenderness and pathos of his manner, together with the holy sweetness of his character, and his vivid realisation of the spiritual world, made him a great power.

Dr. Morrison, at Chelsea, editor of the *Evangelical Magazine*; James Stratten, of Paddington, unequalled as a pastor; Robert Vaughan, of Kensington, thoughtful and cultured; and Dr. J. Pye Smith, the scientist and theologian, the kind tutor and careful author, the diligent minister and transparent Christian, who laboured assiduously at Homerton and Highbury Colleges, and at the Old Gravel Pit Chapel, were highly esteemed for their sterling worth and helpful ministries, while Dr. Halley, who had become classical and resident tutor at Highbury College in 1826, was rapidly rising in public favour; and if we go outside the Congregational body we are reminded that Edward Irving was filling the Caledonian Church at Hatton Garden, with his unique blending of majesty and pathos, while Henry Melvill was in the zenith of his popularity, and overwhelming his audiences with torrents of oratory at Camberwell.

On great occasions, and especially during the month of

May, eloquent country ministers visited the Metropolis. Suffice it to name William Jay, of Bath ; James Parsons, of York ; and John Angell James, of Birmingham. The first and the last were favourite supplies at Rowland Hill's Chapel, while James Parsons paid frequent visits to the Tabernacle, Moorfields, and the Tottenham Court Road Chapel. On such occasions the chapels were crowded an hour or more before the appointed time, and the excitement was intense.

The silence when James Parsons, with his frail frame and thin, piercing voice, addressed the vast audiences was almost oppressive, and the people gave a sigh of relief when he came to one of his grand climaxes, and allowed them an opportunity of breathing freely. His power over his hearers was wonderful ; we seem to have nothing like it in our day.

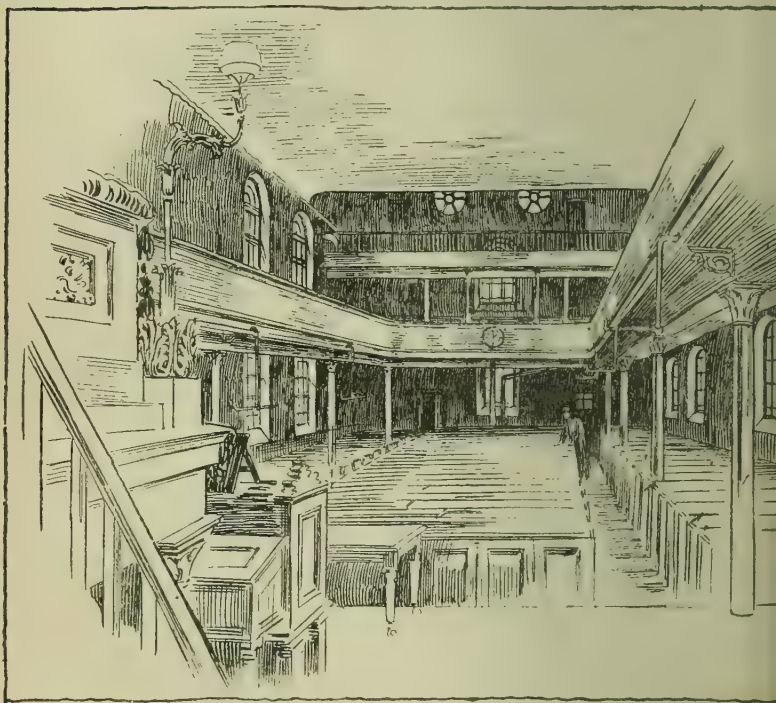
John Angell James was equally popular. Let his successor, Dr. Dale, describe one of his appearances in London :—

“His sermon, in May, 1819, for the London Missionary Society, was long remembered as one of the most remarkable of the great efforts which in those times made the annual sermon at Surrey Chapel the chief attraction of the May week. The sermon was very long. After he had been preaching an hour he sat down in the pulpit, and a hymn was sung ; and such was the excitement that during the singing, oranges were thrown to him from the gallery. When the hymn was finished he preached for another hour. Like all his ‘great sermons’ preached in his earlier years, it was delivered *memoriter*, and his brother, who sat in the pulpit with the manuscript in his hand to ‘prompt’ the preacher if for a moment he faltered, has told me that hardly an epithet, a conjunction or a preposition, was forgotten.”

After this brief general survey we may return to the scene of Caleb Morris's labours. Fetter Lane is a narrow thoroughfare between Holborn and Fleet Street. It is now occupied in part by small tradesmen, but is becoming more and more an appanage of the Law Courts, and of the

great printing and publishing establishments of Fleet Street. However, some traces of older London still remain, and among them is the entrance to Fetter Lane Chapel.

As we go from Holborn to Fleet Street we notice on the



INTERIOR OF FETTER LANE CHAPEL.

right a narrow opening between two pillars. Above are the windows of a dwelling-house, a relic of the time when dissenting places of worship had to hide themselves in the background. Now there is no traffic through the porch, for

the chapel has been sold and the church has been removed to Leyton ; but at one time it was the sacred resort of multitudes. As we look upon the neglected pathway we cannot help going back in thought and feeling to the days of Caleb Morris. Through this old porch the great man walked time after time, his mind wrestling with mighty truths, and his heart longing to bless immortal souls. Through this same porch the crowds entered with high expectations, and departed in solemn aspect, pondering over the mysteries of life and death, and meditating upon the glorious things revealed to men by Jesus Christ.

We pass through the door into the lobby of the chapel as it was twenty years ago and look at the window through which hundreds gazed to see whether their favourite teacher was in the pulpit. We walk on through the left aisle, and feel that we are among the things of the past. The chapel is long and heavy, the pews are narrow and old-fashioned, the gallery is high, and at the eastern end there is a second gallery perched aloft. We reach the pulpit stairs, and are almost afraid to tread them, for surely we are in a sacred place. Many great and holy men have climbed these stairs to speak in the name of God. At last we venture reverently into the pulpit and stand where Caleb Morris often stood. We look around, but all is silent, all is still. He is not here. The audience is no more. All things unite in saying, "The glory is departed." We descend the pulpit stairs and enter the vestry, the place where he prayed so earnestly for divine help to face the people and teach them the ways of God ; but everything is quiet as the grave. From one of the walls his portrait looks down upon us. We are thrilled by the shadow ; what would his real presence have done ? But why stay among these outward forms ? It is not here that he dwells ; but in his words,

in his influence, in the minds enlarged, in the consciences cleansed, in the hearts fired by his praying and preaching, in the spiritual impulse which he imparted to thousands, the effects of which still abide. Let us, then, proceed to trace the main features of his holy ministry.

Friday evening, the 31st of August, was an important occasion in his history, for on it he was received a member of Fetter Lane Church, and recognised as co-pastor. This sounds rather strange to us, for the practice of formally receiving the minister into Church fellowship is almost a thing of the past, so is the recognition of a minister by the church before the public recognition. Caleb Morris shall describe the event in his own words :—

“ In the evening attended the church meeting at Fetter Lane ; was formally received a member of the church, and recognised as co-pastor with the Rev. George Burder. A solemn time to me ! I was naturally led to take a retrospective view of my past history ; and I found much reason for sorrowing, and could not help weeping much. Though through mercy kept from *public and presumptuous sins*, yet I have been very unholy in the presence of *God*. Time misspent, opportunities of doing good neglected, evil and vain thoughts indulged, the duties of prayer, watching, and mortification too much overlooked or carelessly performed, pride and self-indulgence too much beloved ; these are my sins ! Yet the Lord has permitted me to dwell in his vineyard till *now*.

“ I have much reason to be thankful. No one has more occasion to bless God. My life, health, and strength have been preserved, my intellect kept unimpaired ; my friends and relatives are disposed to be kind towards me. I have been *kept from publicly dishonouring the great cause of God*. God kept me from the evil which is in the world. *Nothing unpleasant occasioned my removal from Narberth*. I left the place with emotions of *regret*, because of my attachment to many of the people, and have reason to think that many of them pray for me. I hope that *God* has directed me thus far. Felt myself overwhelmed at the idea of becoming a member of Fetter Lane, and by the kind, affectionate, and fatherly conduct of Mr. Burder. He is a truly good man. The church unanimous in their call. What a blessing !

C. M. S. letter is dated Oct 1/2

"Lord, I wish to adore Thee alone! O, Fountain of Goodness! To Thee I owe my all. Accept my humble but, I trust, sincere gratitude. I give myself to Thee, body, soul, and spirit. May my God never meet a rival in my understanding or affections. God claims *all* my heart, therefore let no vain, idle, or impure thought intrude. Be my guide till I die, O God."

The public recognition service was held on Wednesday, the 12th of September, concerning which the entry in the diary is as follows:—

"This has been a day long to be remembered—the day of my public settlement at Fetter Lane. In the morning felt rather unwell, my mind stupid, more so than usual. Went down to Fetter Lane; there at half-past ten. Met Mr. Burder and others. The Rev. Mr. Burnet, of Cork, read the Scriptures and prayed. The Rev. Joseph Fletcher (Stepney) delivered the introductory discourse, gave a luminous and a powerful description of the principles of Nonconformity. Now my soul was alive. Gave a brief statement of my religious experience, and of the reasons which induced me to accept the call of the church at Fetter Lane. The Rev. G. Burder prayed most earnestly for a divine blessing on me and the church. I trust I felt that I could pray also. Afterwards the Rev. Dr. Winter preached from Colossians i. 7. Finally, the Rev. G. Clayton prayed. Thus ended the services, the solemn services of the day, which I highly enjoyed."

The account in the *Evangelical Magazine* for October, 1827, is in harmony with the above; but adds that Mr. Burder declared his cordial approbation of the church's choice, and that the service was solemn and interesting.

He took up the work with all the enthusiasm of his ardent nature, and made the cure of souls the great aim of his life. The arrangement was that the venerable George Burder should preach on Sunday mornings, and that Caleb Morris should preach in the afternoon and during the week, as well as undertake the general pastoral oversight of the church. There was no Sunday evening service then at Fetter Lane. Several of the chapels in London had started Sunday evening

services, or lectures, as they were called, and Caleb Morris was asked to conduct them in different places.

Here is a typical entry :—

“Sunday, August 27th.—Rose at seven. Through mercy, my first thoughts were of God. Felt rather unwell, very low in mind. Read and prayed at Fetter Lane. Mr. Burder preached. In the afternoon, preached from Romans i. 16, 17. Liberty in speaking. In the evening, preached at the Union Chapel, Islington, from John xvii. 24. Freedom of spirit. A day on which I enjoyed more of the divine presence than I anticipated. Simplicity and piety are indispensable to a minister.”

We have also a record of his addressing the children of the Sunday-school on a Sunday evening at Fetter Lane. Eventually he decided to hold three services at home on the Sunday. This new departure took place on the 14th of October. The entry for this day is :—

“Preached in the morning at Fetter Lane, as Mr. Burder was unwell. Enjoyed some liberty. Again in the afternoon to a large congregation. In the evening preached for the first time on a Sabbath evening at Fetter Lane. May this have begun, be carried on, and end in the Lord. If only *one* soul is saved thereby, it will answer well! Oh, how kind God is to me! Never felt so low in going to the pulpit, afraid that I should not be able to proceed, but God assisted me. I felt grateful to His good name. May I do nothing to offend Him. Oh, God, bless this undertaking! The congregation very large.”

On Sunday, the 28th, he writes :—

“Awoke with my mind tranquil, and free from bodily pain. Oh, how many are panting for breath, how many in fevers, how many dying, how many entering judgment! I am well. Preached in the morning. My mind comfortable. In the afternoon preached to a large congregation. In the evening preached to young people; a very large congregation. Oh, God, hear my prayer and bless my message! Felt very desirous to do good. Oh, God, will any soul be

benefited? Thou knowest. Oh, that I could wait and expect the outpouring of the Spirit!"

The aged minister became more and more frail, and his appearance in the pulpit exceptional. Consequently the whole burden of the work fell on Caleb Morris, a burden which was increased by the additional evening service. When one thinks what kind of sermons he preached, one wonders how he could have stood the strain of three in one day. He also spoke at the prayer-meeting on Mondays, and preached at the week-night service. In addition to this he preached or lectured on week evenings at not a few of the London churches. He records visits to Union Chapel, Islington, Mr. Yockney's Chapel at Islington, Robert Street Chapel, Trevor Chapel, Brompton, Hoxton Chapel, Buckingham Chapel, Hackney, and Camden Town. The institution of the evening service and the special sermon to the young show that he was putting new life into this ancient church. Moreover, we find him holding services on Christmas Day, preaching in the morning at Islington, and in the evening at Fetter Lane.

He did not neglect pastoral work. There are several records of visits to the sick and needy. There was a "Poor Society" in connection with the church, in which he took great interest. He was in the vestry periodically to meet inquirers and members. We find him holding frequent converse with the leaders of the church, such as Mr. Edwards and Mr. Bunnell, Mr. Muston and Mr. Ody. Indeed there are signs that he felt the calls on his time to be more than he could afford without prejudicing his work as a preacher, for we have such entries as "My preparations had not been responsive to the importance of the subject and congregation." He resolves, more than once, not to fritter away his time in mere social intercourse, and writes: "Ought not

to leave families without prayer. This means consumption of time to no great purpose. Henceforth will (D.V.) always be home to supper."

We have records of conversation with friends from Wales and with friends in London. The conversations were always on high and lofty themes, and suggested many short reflections with which the diary abounds at this period, such as :—

"Had a protracted and warm debate respecting the Book of Job ; the chief question being, whether Job and his friends are real or fictitious characters." "Learnt that the world and religion will never agree . . . Worldly conformity is the bane of devotion and usefulness." "A minister ought to be modest, and not too ready to advance his opinion concerning men and things. Let him approve himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God." "Mystical theology and spurious Calvinism are very dangerous, they make people very conceited, and unfit them to hear the simple truth."

"Thought of the necessity of pointing out *occasionally* the comforts of the Gospel, but therein is a great danger of giving occasion to people to sin that grace may abound."

"Is there not too little labour to show not only that the Spirit does work, that His work is perfect, that it will be completed, but *how* He works, that is on man as a *rational being*, by making him *think, believe, love, obey, strive, wrestle, fight?*"

"The minister ought to maintain seriousness of disposition and conduct. The want of this simple thing has done much harm. Oh, for more holiness !"

"Humility and modesty will give a better introduction than polite address, consequential airs, and affected elegance of manners."

"It is not good that a man is pleased with self. Let me avoid censoriousness. Oh, how imperfect is this world !"

The conversations with Mr. Swaine seem to have been largely on the Old Testament, and in reference to them we read :

"Need to be more conversant with the Scriptures. We conversed about the prophecies concerning the Jews and the antiquity of their

literature. Do the Jews now stand in any relation to God different from the other nations of the world? If they do, what is the basis of that relation, and what is its nature?"

It was in the form of twelve letters to him that Mr. Swaine published, in 1828, his book, "Objections to Israel's Future Restoration to Palestine," a second edition of which appeared in 1850.

He wrote many letters to friends, which were treasured by them as precious pearls. Intelligence concerning the illness or death of a friend touched the tenderest chords of his heart, and called forth words of loving sympathy. One night he dreamt that a dear friend of his at Narberth was in great trouble, and he wrote a letter to him without delay. Ere long he heard that his friend had died on the very night when he had dreamed about him. He writes concerning the occurrence :—

"When I came home, found a letter from Mr. Thomas, Narberth, containing the mournful intelligence of Mr. William Morgan's death. He was dead when I was writing to him. My letter he will never receive; he is gone too far. This news solemnised my foolish mind and fixed my wandering thoughts. We studied together at Carmarthen, slept together, prayed, preached and communed together. He is gone. I, a poor, polluted, proud and worthless creature, left behind! Little did I think when I parted with him at Narberth that it was the last time! Oh, how soon a flower withereth and dieth! Stroke after stroke to the church at Narberth. It is time for them to consider! O God, may these warnings be blessed to mortify my corruptions, animate my zeal, and increase my diligence. Thou alone knowest the measure of my days! Oh, fill me with Thy Spirit!"

The references to preaching are very numerous. The following are typical :—

"Very difficult to maintain in London *fervour* and *godly simplicity* because of the prevailing ambition for *intellectual greatness*. . . . Good to pay all possible attention to the cultivation of a refined taste, the acquirement of a pure style and accurate diction as *means*, but not a

the end, of Christian labour. There is indeed much *self-secularity* and unwarranted ambition in the best of men. Oh, Christ, teach me to preach. . . . Heard Mr. Morrison, of Chelsea, preach at Fetter Lane in the evening. *Very good, very useful.* That is the best sermon which sanctifies and humbles the soul and animates it with pious zeal. Anything that tends to represent preaching as a *human art* is not good and ought to be avoided, especially by ministers; it affects them in their ministrations imperceptibly. We ought to be apostolic, not only in our *sermons*, but also in our conversation respecting them. Did they talk much about their 'plans,' 'getting up,' &c.? They formed plans, but principally with a view to save souls. God regards motives. If the Lord were to bless those sermons *only* for the conversion of sinners which have been planned, studied, and preached *solely* from a view to that, our expectation of conversions must be very moderate."

"Smoothness of style and affectation of diction are carefully to be avoided in a sermon, for though they enchant the ear they touch not the heart."

"Not so fixed as to my object (to save souls) as I could have wished. Oh, how difficult to keep this before the mind continually! More grace I need. Oh, what a great work it is to unfold Christ!"

He had a very distinct conviction about the right style of preaching, and was altogether averse to the high-flown orations which were so popular at that period. He refers with warm approval to a preacher whom he had heard, and says of him, "His style was homely and familiar, his manner unaffected and earnest, the result of deep piety and wide experience. He showed a sincere desire that his hearers may know and enjoy the truth." He was equally opposed to dry essays in the pulpit, and writes:—

"There is a general tendency among ministers, especially the young, to indulge in an *ethical, cold* style of preaching, to the disregard of some of the most important peculiarities of the Gospel. We ought to give a fair opportunity to sinners to judge for themselves respecting the Saviour."

Thomas Binney is generally credited with having wrought a revolution in the preaching of the Independents, both in

matter and manner. I do not wish to take away any of the credit which deservedly belongs to him in this respect, but he was not alone in the service. It is probable that Caleb Morris was equally influential in the same direction, for he and Thomas Binney became the favourite preachers of students preparing for the ministry. In any case Caleb Morris could not have been a disciple of Thomas Binney in this matter, for that great man did not begin his ministry in London till 1829, and years before this Caleb Morris was fully convinced that naturalness was essential for the true preacher.

On the whole he was brighter in London than he had been at Narberth. The new sphere with all its varied calls did not allow him much time for silent brooding. He also found many congenial friends, and laboured among people that were thoroughly appreciative. He was not quite free from gloomy moods, but they were rare in comparison. Generally he thoroughly enjoyed his hard work. True he had to write at times : "Spent all day in the study, but not able to do much," and "In the study all day, but not all day studying. Oh, no ! Interrupted by men, the devil, and sin. The Christian life is, indeed, a warfare. I find it so ; but I am not willing to lose the day. Fight I will through grace." There are also complaints about his slow progress in divine things, but they are not so numerous as in the preceding years. Still, his health was not strong, and he frequently complains of headaches and nervousness. One entry leads us back to a medical practice that is now almost entirely out of date. "Very unwell ; was cupped in the evening." There is good reason for thinking that this mode of treatment had a very injurious effect on his constitution.

Though more hopeful and cheerful than during his

ministry at Narberth, he had lost none of his intense earnestness. We have continuous expressions of his deep desire for the salvation of men. A few instances will suffice to show this :—

“Felt the importance of the endeavour to save souls. . . . A minister ought to be always watching. . . . Had a great desire that souls might be converted. . . . Reservedness is not good, why not speak much about God and eternity.”

He was encouraged, not only by large congregations and rapt attention, but also by several additions to the church. He writes after a church meeting :—

“Three members were added to the church ; the Lord was pleased to bless my ministry to these when at Surrey Chapel. Oh, the condescension of God in honouring my poor preaching ! This ought to teach me to trust in Him, rely on His power, and give Him all the praise !”

His recreations were few ; that which he enjoyed the most was conversation with friends. Now and then a friend would take him out to the country. This combined his two favourite occupations, talking and riding. He accompanies his friend Mr. Swaine to Maidenhead and stays there a couple of days. We find him riding to Windsor with his worthy friend Mr. Bunnell. He went to see the Castle and royal apartments, the Eton Library, and other places of interest, but even in the midst of these he cannot escape the reflective mood. He writes :—

“This is a very eligible scene for taking a view of time and eternity. Earthly grandeur and vanity, form of godliness and impiety, the beauties of nature and art. I could say after looking at the pomp and parade of the place, ‘There is nothing like communion with God.’ I preached in the evening at the Rev. Mr. Redford’s chapel. This was the most important hour during my stay at Windsor. Oh, how awful the idea that such a place as this should be so devoid of religion !”

The words written on the last day of the year will fitly close this record of the beginnings of the ministry at Fetter Lane :—

“Monday, December 31st.—The last day of the year! The prayer-meeting at Fetter Lane very well attended. My mind made to feel the importance of religion. Spoke on ‘Redeeming the Time.’ All seemed to have been impressed. Oh, how rapidly time rolls away! This year, again, is closing; it may be the last! May I be more diligent, holy, humble, useful. I have much work to do; I am bound to do it; the love of God, the work of Christ, the value of souls, the solemn charge which I have undertaken, the scrutiny of the Judgment, bid me be more active.

“On looking back to the past year I have very great cause for praise. Have enjoyed much health, have suffered very little affliction, *no pain* comparatively. Have enjoyed the society of many friends; my circle of friendship much enlarged. God bless all my friends. Have not been interrupted in my peace of mind by any sad intelligence from my relations. Death has not been allowed to enter our family. The Lord, I trust, has led me to labour at Fetter Lane. Oh, how unworthy—how unworthy, a poor, blind, selfish, polluted sinner, yet one who wishes to be saved by sovereign mercy, and to be the means of saving others!

“Blessed be God who has kept me from falling! His hand has been my guard. Many have disgraced the cause, murdered their usefulness, stabbed their joy, and are now in shame. Oh, to grace how great a debtor! Oh, that I could be more vigorous, resolute, and constant in opposing sin, in perfecting holiness. 1827, farewell for ever!”

XI.

Visit to Wales in 1828.

IN the month of June, 1828, Caleb Morris turned his face towards his native land. He had spent a very busy and prosperous year in London, and no one was ever more deserving of a period of rest and recreation. Not only had he earned a holiday, but it had become a necessity, for his health was breaking down under the intense and constant strain. He started in a grateful frame of mind. The ride through the country was delightful; he had an interesting companion; and he was looking forward with keen expectancy to renewed fellowship with his friends and relatives in the Principality. The first entry in the diary is made at Bath, and even on this holiday journey his meditative mood appears:

“I am a traveller; it is pleasant to have a prosperous journey through life, but of more consequence to have a *safe* one; pleasant to have agreeable companions, but of primary importance to be able to commune with mine own *heart*, and have *God* for my ever-present friend! No friend like Him, no heart so kind and tender and faithful as His. Christians are not only going to meet friends, but have their principal friend with them on the road, even Christ.”

His next halting place was at Bristol, where he spent a Sunday, concerning which he writes: “Went to hear Robert

Robert Hall 1828

Hall in the morning, who preached from Psalm iv., 'Who will show us any good?' He was highly pleased with the sermon, and says :—

"The sermon was the unpremeditated and unaffected production of a vigorous and imaginative mind, chastened and directed by the discipline of common-sense and judicious criticism. There was no assumption of magisterial superiority, no pompous obeisance to the laws of rhetoric; but the whole was the effusion of a soul equally conversant with the sound maxims of moral philosophy and the great peculiarity of the Gospel of Christ. It was Philosophy herself, taught by Christianity, telling man of the only source of happiness, and directing him to look beyond the narrow limits of time, and to contemplate the sublime mysteries of a future existence. The appeal to the conscience was very argumentative, scriptural, and pathetic. The conclusion was abrupt. *Good altogether.*"

He heard a sermon by another preacher in the afternoon. He says nothing about the sermon itself; but it suggested several reflections to him. He learnt "that *brevity* in prayer on the Sabbath afternoon is desirable, and that the sermon in the afternoon should be short, lively, and *well studied*. Many hear then who have no opportunity to attend any other part of the day, also *many strangers* are present, who may be prejudiced against the ministry by an inferior sermon." He also learnt "that affectionate and solemn warning is much better than acrimonious reflections or keen and sarcastic reproofs, which are seldom found useful."

In the evening he heard a sermon on prophecy in relation to the future restoration of the Jews. After giving an analysis of the sermon, he adds, "His concluding appeal to the hearers was very good," and he closes the entry for the day by emphasising the necessity of great preparation for the pulpit by study and prayer, and the need of sympathy and breadth in the public prayer, in order to help all classes of men into the presence of the Father of Mercies.

He reached Narberth by the mail coach on Tuesday morning, where he writes : " This is the former scene of my ministry ; much attached to many of the people. Oh ! what kindness I have enjoyed ! " He arrived at Coedcenlas on the Friday, just one week after leaving London, and was delighted to find that his father had become a member of the church at Penygroes. He writes :—

" Was very happy to see my dear parents, brother and sisters, in the enjoyment of health and comfort after the absence of nearly one year. No *death* in the family ; none have been guilty of any outward impropriety so as to merit the reproach of others, or to expose themselves to shame ; no apostasy from religion ; and what is much more, blessed be God, one who is near and dear to my heart, one to whom I owe my warmest thanks for innumerable blessings, *he* has, since I last saw him, publicly professed Christ and joined His people. Thus prayers to God are heard, advices to relatives are not in vain. Oh, no ! God is faithful, and we ought never to despair that we shall see the vilest converted, and the *oldest lukewarm moralist* seeking a place in the House of God.

" And thus the Lord has spared me to see the place of my nativity once more. On a retrospective view of my short and insignificant history I feel myself humbled. I have abundant reason for lamentation, repentance, and grief. Not a *year*, not a *day*, have I improved as I might ; have not been so diligent in reading and study as I ought to have been, not so watchful, holy, and laborious as I might. My great sins have been *backwardness in private devotion, negligence in preparing for public ministrations, not cultivating a spiritual temper in social intercourse with strangers, especially when travelling, and ingratitude to God*. These are my sins ! God forgive them, and teach me to hate them and forsake them !

" I have in retrospection great cause for *praise and thanksgiving*. I ought to be thankful for early education ; this taught me to cultivate a taste for reading, for refined and improving pursuits, for the society of the lovers of literature.

" For my conversion to the truth I owe more than I can express. Eternity shall hear my praise ! Providence has wondrously led me from step to step ; it is *Providence* that has done it, for I only *followed* her in all my steps. I *sought* not the sphere in which I now am.

May I express my gratitude by a holy, active, humble, and faithful life. God accept my thanks."

During this visit he divided his time between Narberth, Haverfordwest, and the Penygroes neighbourhood. He met several who had been fellow-students with him at Carmarthen as well as other friends, and entered heartily into the social and religious life of the district, and in particular he had long and earnest conversations with his comrade, John Evans, the minister of Penygroes. He received all the benefits which the healthy breezes and the warm hospitality of Pembrokeshire could bestow, and gradually regained strength for another year's work. But even amid the relaxations of his holiday he could not banish serious thought, and among his notes we find two meditations which penetrate into the very depths of religious experience. They are on the great themes, praying and preaching, and are worthy of serious consideration in an age when formalism threatens the spirituality of worship, and the itching for popularity endangers the supreme object of preaching.

The first is on *aversion to prayer*, and was occasioned by deadness of spirit at a prayer-meeting :—

"I have thought much of the aversion of the human mind, even when renewed, to constant, humble and believing prayer. This is the root of all evil. It produces estrangement from God in all the feelings and movements of life. It is very difficult to bring the prodigal spirit of man to look in the face of God, his despised, insulted, but yet forgiving Father. He is deterred by a consciousness of the impurities which render him adverse to the sanctity and obnoxious to the justice of God, and by the *intense feelings*, the *violent movements* of the soul, when, under the eye of Deity, it mourns, repents, almost despairs, yet hopes, believes, and ventures on the mercy of God in Christ.

"Prayer requires things which the sluggishness of normal security naturally avoids, it demands laborious thought, introspection, contemplation and reflection. Man is naturally thoughtless and hates exertion. He labours to repeat a few sentences, to fall on the knees,

but these are only incidents to prayer, not prayer—which is the struggle of mind, the effort of a hidden principle, the invisible meeting of the great God and the human spirit. Prayer is the sole work of *mind*; and as man is much under the influence of bodily senses and is accustomed to act but little except through them, he finds it difficult to maintain converse with an Invisible Being; hence he wishes to avoid prayer. The mind acts but little in an abstract manner, mostly it moves in dependence on the conditions of the material organ, the body to which it is now united, and consequently it rises with difficulty to the realm of spirits.

“It is also maimed by sin; in the words of Paul, the carnal mind is enmity against God, and the sinner sometimes feels as much slavish fear to pray as the rustic dreads to be introduced to the court of royalty, or the coward to the field of battle, or the criminal before the tribunal, or the culprit to the place of execution. Oh! how blind man is to his interest! How great the depravity that remains in the Christian. The most ardent flame of hallowed emotion that ever kindled on the altar of a Christian heart is but as the frigid exhalation of blighting vapours compared with the pure glow of a cherub’s love. From the holiest deeds of his life you may extract a sufficient quantity of poison to murder all the angels of Heaven.

“‘The heart is desperately wicked.’”

The meditation on preaching occurs in connection with the record of a visit to his old pastorate at Narberth. He writes: “In the morning, Mr. Davies [the Pastor] preached in English, and I repeated the substance of the sermon in Welsh; the congregation large.” He was very fond of taking up the thoughts of another, and setting them in his own way before the people, and very often the hearers would say at the close: “We had no idea there was so much in the sermon until Mr. Morris called our attention to it.”

The diary continues:—

“Preached in the evening to a very large congregation. Enjoyed much liberty, but strange! *I hardly expected one soul to be converted.* I regarded my preaching as a matter of course, and am I to expect to hear of any good done? Felt at *the time* in the pulpit very

lively, but this might be the natural effect of physical stimulation. Under the influence of animal excitement we must necessarily have a very vivid conception of all the objects which appear to the mind, and so speak warmly of them to others ; but the *moral* character of these feelings often depends on the *nature of the subjects* which at the time occupy the mind, and not on the real habitual state of the mind itself. The mind which glows in the *pulpit* with vehement ardour might be capable of doing the same on the stage without the necessity of *any change* produced on it, and *vice versâ*. Our warmth with religion is no proof of the *quality* of our religion ; it may be, perhaps, of the quantity of it.

“ If God teaches me to seek earnestly the salvation of a soul, I expect to feel a desire for that object *before I begin to preach*, before a sense of duty, the influence which an audience naturally has on the mind, warmth of feeling, or the character of my subject, compel me to think of, if not desire that important object. That warrior is not likely to conquer his enemies who had never thought of it till he began fighting on the field. There must be an antecedent preparation, a previous inquiry concerning the number, strength, station, stratagems, and designs of the enemy on the one hand, and the putting on of the panoply, the selecting of the most eligible place and the most advantageous time to make the attack on the other hand. So the great antecedent of success is not only a *prepared sermon* but a *prepared heart*, prepared by holy watching, ardent prayer, and an habitual cherishing of pity for the souls of men ! God teach me ! ”

In the letter-book there is a copy of a letter which he wrote to the church at Fetter Lane during his visit to the Principality. It runs :—

“ More than eleven months have elapsed since I commenced my ministry amongst you, in connection with our dear and venerable friend the Rev. George Burder. Your fellowship in the Gospel, from the first day until now, draws forth gratitude to God, and makes me to long after you all in the bowels of Jesus Christ.

“ Now we are separated for a time ; this seems to be consistent with the Divine will. The *occasion* of it—my bodily indisposition—was to me painful ; the *end* of it—the removal of that indisposition—is, I trust, in a great measure achieved. The change and its accompaniments have already proved beneficial. Permit me to invite you to

join with me in thanks to Him whose wisdom and love superintend all our affairs. To feel entire dependence on God, for all good is part of a creature's heaven. Though I am now absent from you in body I am present with you in spirit, because I have you in my heart ! Each day directs my thoughts to you ; your prayers are my joy. Ah ! we are united in tender bonds.

" Now I am within the circle of kindred ties. Now I am on the scene of my infancy and childhood. This occasions a glowing revival of many of those early feelings which the varying dispensations of future years in vain endeavour to efface. I feel a natural attachment, of course, to that place where my first tear of sorrow for sin was ever shed—where I made the first attempt to pray, where I made the first vow to serve the Lord for evermore. Oh, yes ; I cannot but feel love to that place which once was my *home*, but which, at present, is no home for me. My home, my only earthly home, is Fetter Lane. My work is there, my hope is there, my heart is there. Oh ! may it appear that my joy, my crown, is there !

" When feelings of bodily weakness do sometimes make my spirit low, by intimating that London is not friendly to my health ; and when old friends daily whisper, ' He can't live long in London ! ' my agitated mind would address you as a church in spite of all, and say : ' Thy people shall be my people, thy God my God ; where Thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried ; the Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.' But, ah ! futurity is concealed from mortal eyes ! We know not what a day may bring forth. Our anticipations are seldom realised in this world, This is an ever-changing scene. Men, even pious men, change ; our views, our friendships, our feelings, all change ; but the heart of God never changes ! May we ever remember that all our springs are there.

" When I am, my dear friends, absent from you, it comforts me to think that my venerable colleague, my father in the kingdom and patience of Christ, is present with you. His prayers, services, advice, and example you have had the happiness to enjoy for nearly twenty-five years—a long period. In reference to him I will only say this : ' I feel thankful to the God who has called me to labour with one to whom my soul is so closely tied. May his health, strength, and usefulness be long continued ; may God anoint him with fresh oil ; may he yet see many converted to God ere the hour of final parting ; may he see many, yea, all of those whom he dedicated to God in baptism,

seeking the God of their fathers, and may every member of the church obey the words: "Remember them which have the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the word of God, whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation."

"Beloved brethren, I can cordially unite with you in praising God for all the goodness he has shown you. The work of faith and labour of love of our good deacons deserve a grateful remembrance. From the fulness that is in Christ the Spirit hath imparted to them grace 'to teach them how to behave in the house of God.' May those of them who feel the presence of old age be caused to know that the Lord is God. In old age may they bring forth fruit to the Divine glory. My beloved, I pray that all of you may abound in grace. May parents and children, masters and servants, 'be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might. Put on the whole armour of God that ye may be able to stand, and, having done all, to stand.'"

As he returned to London he passed through Llanddowror and Carmarthen. At Langahoe he was prevented by the rain from proceeding on his journey, and in consequence was led to preach there. In describing the meeting he says:—

"Long ere the sermon was over many of the people cried and wept aloud; their attention was fixed. Apparently they endeavoured to conceal their feelings, but at last indulged their emotion without the least restraint. The circumstance was by no means singular; such scenes are to be witnessed at almost every meeting in this vicinity. There is a *revival*, a great revival. Thousands in the neighbourhood have been added to the Church this year."

Caleb Morris now goes to London for the fourth time; no longer to preach on trial, nor to begin his ministry among strangers, but to resume his work among a people that had learned to love and esteem him, and to whom he was passionately attached. His visit to Pembrokeshire, and the enthusiastic welcome which he received there, had cheered and strengthened him, and he went back to the Metropolis more determined than ever to bring men under the saving influence of the Gospel of the Grace of God.

XII.

Sunshine and Shadow.

C ALEB MORRIS took up his work at Fetter Lane by holding a prayer-meeting on the 1st of September to implore the blessing of God on the church and congregation. The meeting was well attended, and the evening was a season of refreshing to all who were present. At the church meeting the following night five new members were admitted. The young minister threw himself with ardent zeal into every department of church activity, and his influence continued to grow. He was careful to visit the poor and the sick, and took great interest in a "Beneficent Society for visiting the sick poor at their habitations" which was connected with the church. He visited a member who was lying very ill in an ungodly family, and was much impressed with the misery of such a situation. He feels the irreligiousness of London, and exclaims : " How few families, comparatively, in London, know God ! "

He took special interest in the young, and arranged classes for instructing them in Christian truth. He thus planted the principles of true religion in many hearts, and sent forth a large number of talented men and women fitted to serve their generation in the fear and love of God. In connection with the Christian Instruction Society he remarks : " One great part of a minister's work is to set people to work, and watch over them." Under his guidance and inspiration.

Fetter Lane Church and School became a nursery for training the young in high thinking and noble living. Naturally Fetter Lane Church was interested in Foreign Mission work, for its venerable pastor had been for many years Secretary of the London Missionary Society. Soon after his settlement Caleb Morris was made Vice-President of the Fetter Lane Auxiliary Missionary Society, and more than once he preached at its annual meetings.

But while striving thus to encourage and superintend all departments of the work of the church, the pulpit received his first and chief attention; and he spared neither time nor trouble to make his sermons powerful and effective. The standard which he had set himself was very high, and he conscientiously tried to reach it. He was continually thinking and praying about the minister's responsibilities, and ever lived under the great Taskmaster's eye. We have already given many of his reflections on this and kindred topics, and we shall here insert another meditation on preaching:—

“Is it possible to speak too much of eternity in public? May there not be too frequent allusions to death, heaven, and hell? If it is possible, I believe I am guilty. Yet when I do so in public I do not contradict my feelings in private. I do often peep through the medium of truth to these great realities, and such reflections are potent checks to ambition, love of ease and pleasure, and worldly praise; gender and strengthen inward desires to be holy and prompt, persevering and faithful in the discharge of Christian duties. Oh! the vanity of earth, and of man as long as he breathes its atmosphere, and is dazzled with its fading scenes! Oh! God of love, enable me to be more *active in mind*, more entire in my dependence on Thee, more prompt and spiritual in serving God and man, *more single in my aim* to glorify God in the salvation of men; and the last thing is *very necessary*. It will assist in the selection of texts, and the style of composition, it will give it *perspicuity, cogency, fire, life, and divinity*. Howe, Baxter, Saurin, and others are evidences. It will give to all my public ministrations, and especially *preaching*, the dignity of the

patriarch, the inspiration of the prophet, the confidence of the apostle, the courage of the martyr, the zeal of the cherub, and the sympathy of the Son of God ! Without simplicity of aim man can never be consistent, no, not with himself, any more than an essay or a sermon which has no unity of design. The man who fears God, and always, and supremely, wishes to glorify Him, is the same in the world and the church, in parlour and pulpit, at home and abroad. Lord show me Thy glory ! May it be my Polar Star in this ocean of tempests and dangers. Oh ! what a work it is to preach ! ”

After a conversation with a ministerial brother on the mysteries of life, he writes :—

“ Providence is like a meandering river ; though it appears tedious to the mariner, its meanderings are useful, it refreshes more meadows, serves more cities, gives more beauty to the whole country through which it passes ; so Providence, when slow in the performance of its designs towards individuals, families, and nations.”

In the month of November, 1828, there was a general longing among London ministers for a religious revival, and Caleb Morris assembled with about fifty other ministers at Poultry Chapel to seek God’s grace, and to confer together how to impress men with the supreme importance of religion. Among those present were some that have been alluded to already, such as the Rev. J. Clayton and Dr. Winter. We find also the Rev. H. F. Burder, the son of the Rev. George Burder, who ministered at Hackney ; and Mr. Wells, probably the Rev. Algernon Wells, who became, after this, well known as the Secretary of the Congregational Union. We have seen that a revival had broken out in Wales ; God was also moving the great Metropolis by His spirit.

After this the diary is very scrappy for months, but towards the summer of 1829 he frequently complains of weakness of body and darkness of mind, indolence of spirit and dissipation of thought ; and on the 7th of August we find him on his way to Wales. We know his paths ; as

usual he goes to Carmarthen and Narberth, Haverfordwest and Penygroes, and like every Welshman who visits his native land, he *must* preach. He mentions Llamas Street, Carmarthen; the Green Meeting House and the Tabernacle, at Haverfordwest; as well as Narberth and Penygroes, as places where he conducted services. His intercourse with men, and quick observation as he moves about suggest many reflections to him. Let us quote a few:—

“*Independence of thought and piety of disposition are seldom united. Why? What is real devotion? Why do men of weak minds and contracted information possess (apparently) more of it than the learned?*”

“Christians ought carefully to avoid boasting of *national superiority*. It originates in worldly pride; it is incompatible with good manners; it generally establishes our own prejudices and those of others. Disputes (unless the parties be very intelligent and pious) generally create personal dislikes; this *ought not* to be, but as it is the fact, it should teach us to be very careful to avoid disputes, and, if they are unavoidable, to guard our expressions, spirit, and manner. *Warmth* is often deemed *passion* or *bad temper* by the adversary. It would be always well to *humble ourselves*—that is the most probable way to teach others humility. We ought, as Christians, especially Christian ministers, to be very particular, lest by any remarks of ours we make impressions on the minds of strangers which will prejudice them against us. We must be very careful not to refer imprudently to their favourite opinions and peculiarities, as belonging to different sections of the Christian Church. All have prejudices; candour and *Christian* indulgence, connected with sound and humble reasoning, are the best means of removing them. Men will not be *driven* nor *dragged*; and they will not allow others to go *much before* them. Lead the way to self-denial and humiliation, and you will find that others will soon strive for pre-eminence in these virtues. *On this principle Christ acted, on the same His ministers ought to proceed.*”

“The moral law is called: ‘The eternal propriety of things.’ Applied this term to the word law, wherever it is found in the Bible, and found it to answer very well. This application would be of great assistance in reading the Epistles, particularly those to the Romans and Galatians. Where the law will not admit of the term ‘Propriety,’

some particular law is meant and not the moral. It ought to be remembered that the publication of the moral law made in Sinai was a part of the *ceremonial* code, the publication of it by Christ is a part of the *Gospel system*. The Gospel is not a code of laws as the Jewish dispensation was, but a system of principles, and the principles are connected with the Atonement of Christ."

He reached Coedcenlas on Thursday, the 20th of August, and says : " Happy to find myself once more at home." It was the season of harvest, and, alas ! a very wet harvest. Few places are more miserable than the Prescelly region during mist and rain ; and when it is felt that the inclement weather prevents the farmers from gathering the precious fruits of the earth, it is very difficult even for a sanguine disposition to avoid gloomy thoughts. We should not be surprised, therefore, to find Caleb Morris in the depths of distress. But he is fairly cheerful, and apparently triumphs over the depressing influence of the weather by writing about it.

On Sunday morning he did a very unusual thing, he went to the *Parish* Church ; and in connection with this visit, he sets forth some of his views in reference to the church :—

" Dissenters have a right to speak their minds respecting the Established Church, for they pay towards it. As long as the church (that is, officers under the Crown, or the King, the head of the church) lets not the Dissenters *alone*, but demands from them money, the tenth of their property, and *offerings*, &c., &c.—though the Jewish *economy* has been abolished for eighteen centuries—as long as the church lets not Dissenters *alone*, they ought not surely to complain that Dissenters do not *let them alone*. The Dissenters retain the whole authority of using their *minds* and *judgment*, and will not give up the tenth of *this* to any man ; they will *never* submit to pay the tithe of *mind* or *conscience*, though compelled to pay the tithe of property.

" However, the clergyman gave us a good sermon. Most of the congregation were *Dissenters*. In the Established Church there are

many intelligent, learned, and spiritual men. God will prosper them, and all liberal and pious Dissenters wish them success. There is *truth* in the church, and all who love the truth must bid it Godspeed wherever it is found. The *principles* of Nonconformity are now generally disseminated in the church, and the effects will be seen. God teach us all to love truth, and may He deliver the Dissenters from their sectarian pride, their spiritual boasting, their undignified and irreverent mode of attending on Divine things, their petty jealousies and internal commotions; and may God give all the spirit of wisdom, patience, love, purity, and *Catholicity* !”

Let it be borne in mind that the above was written before the abolition of church rates, or the Tractarian Movement, and many years before Edward Miall began his crusade against the Establishment as a national injustice. It surely exhibits real insight and a generous breadth of view.

In the afternoon of the same day, he preached at Penygroes, and after the public sermon he gave a private sermon to some of the leaders :—

“Pointed out to a few friends the evil of using *false* arguments, though apparently valid, to support any doctrine. This does evil both to the vindicator and antagonist, it deceives the former and prejudices the latter against *solid* arguments. High Calvinists, perhaps, would do well to think of this. Arians, Socinians, and others would have then less *just* cause to smile at the orthodoxy of their opponents, and to boast of their own *rationality*.”

The events of that Sunday doubtless formed the chief topic of conversation in the district for days and weeks. Here was a man who thought for himself, and acted from principle, without considering this or that class of objection; he aimed at truth, and pierced through the fogs and mists of prejudice which conceal it from the common mind. Few probably agreed entirely with the young minister from London, but all were impressed with his earnestness and conscientiousness; and we can see to-day that he was a keen observer and a man ahead of his age. His prayer for the

Nonconformists has been largely answered. Very little remains of the narrowness which was so galling to him, and reverence in the sanctuary is much more customary among Dissenters than it was in his day. It is also true that some of the principles of Nonconformity have found a lodging place in the Established Church, but alongside of this there has been a decided tendency towards Rome. We can, however, heartily agree with him that there is some truth in all the varied sections of the Christian Church, and join earnestly in the prayer for the spread of the spirit of love and true Catholicity.

The next entry in the diary is dated January 1st, 1830. At 11 o'clock he attended a meeting of ministers convened for prayer and exhortation. Dr. Winter spoke on "New Year's Day," and the spirit of union and devotion was felt by all present. In the evening a special prayer meeting was held at Fetter Lane Chapel, when the body of the chapel was quite full. He says: "Felt great concern for religion. Oh! that I could infuse the spiritual energy felt on such occasions into all my public work." From one of his entries, we might infer that some change took place in his style of preaching about this period. He writes: "Always find much liberty when endeavouring, in my humble method, to preach *argumentatively*." It is certain that as he grew older, he moved away from the poetical, emotional, and rhetorical, towards the intellectual and argumentative.

In connection with a dinner party, he uses very strong expressions concerning arrogant conduct:—

"Felt convinced that kindness is the key to the human heart, and realised the impropriety of dogmatical airs, self-importance, and conceit. Nothing is more unbecoming than a scolding tone of voice—grimaces, ungracious, and ungraceful movements of the arms and body, abruptness and vehemence of behaviour; these things may be deemed trifling; but are not so. They may arise from many causes,

such as a weak head and a proud heart, defective education, and unconscious imitation (this should be avoided), or nervous irritability. Anything of this kind, when it assumes the power and constancy of *habit* becomes a *serious evil*. It is incompatible with the mild, sweet, and dignified character of Christianity, and is opposed to the maxims of '*good breeding*.' Precipitancy of *manner* often influences the mind and tongue, and gives rise to harsh remarks, discourteous epithets, vulgar airs, in a word to that public nuisance—a *disagreeable man*."

There are many evidences in the early part of this year that his health was in a very unsatisfactory state. Here is a Sunday entry :—

"Very unwell—rested in bed during the afternoon. Mr. Jupp preached. Pain in my head and side. Preached in the evening to young people. Very simple. Every soul who heard me must have understood my aim, and, Lord, Thou knowest that I wished to be the humble instrument of doing good to the minds of men."

The next entry is : "Unwell from Monday till Thursday. Preached that evening." And very soon we found two entries as follows :—

"13th.—Unwell.

"14th.—All day in bed, determined, through grace, to be more constant and fervent in *devout exercises*."

And thus ends the second volume of the diary. We must now do without this valuable aid for thirteen years, but the records that are extant, and which have been quoted at length, are at least sufficient to indicate the movements of his spirit and the ardent yearnings of his soul. I will not try to characterise them, indeed I feel that the work is too difficult and delicate, even had I wished to do it ; I simply leave them in all their pathos and passion, tenderness and beauty, to exert their natural influence on the mind and heart of the reader.

We know that in the year 1830 he was seriously ill, so seriously that his life was despaired of. The sympathy

of the people was so keen, their affection so deep, and the inquiries so numerous, that a daily bulletin was attached to the door of the chapel announcing his condition. He was mercifully restored, but not before his constitution had sustained a lasting injury. When he became strong enough he went down to Pembrokeshire to breathe his native air, and was greatly benefited thereby. He returned in the month of April, 1831, and preached the first sermon after his recovery on Sunday evening, April 10th. The theme of the sermon was, "Usefulness the Aim of every Evangelical Minister," the text being Philippians i. 19-20. The sermon is found in *The Pulpit*, Vol. XVII., pages 73—80. One passage in it deals with the uses of affliction, and has evident reference to his recent illness :—

"Our *afflictions* may become instruments for magnifying Christ. It is necessary that we should enter our closet and shut our door. Sometimes God does this for us. *Solitude* is necessary for ministers. The advice of Christ once to His disciples was, 'Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest awhile.' It is thought that Paul's journey to Arabia, immediately after his conversion, was undertaken, not with a view to preach, but of receiving new revelations. And still the shade, as well as the sunshine, is necessary to the life, the growth, and the fruitfulness of the servant of Christ.

"The time spent in affliction is not lost. To a man who stands on the margin of eternity, the world appears in its proper light. How vain its pleasures! How worthless its smiles! How absurd its fashions! How trifling its all! You will one day see it as it appeared to some of us a few weeks ago. When we think that the shades of death are gathering around us, how we sink to nothing *in our own estimation*! Our prayers, our sermons, our holiest feelings vanish out of sight, except, now and then, when they are allowed to rise to view, in order to humble us, and send us as poor, guilty, helpless sinners, to the righteousness of Christ. It is then we learn the preciousness of saving faith. When, in our own apprehension, we are on the verge of the grave, how infinitely sweet to think of the *paternal character of God in Christ*! Then His great goodness springs up before the mind in an astonishing manner, then we forget the

weakness of the body, and feel ourselves rising up to power, to dignity, to immortality, to the Throne of God. Never does the better country appear so inviting as when we linger on its borders, expecting every hour to plant our feet on its happy soil. The odours wafted from its shores refresh us ere we land.

“ In sickness, too, we learn the nature and importance of our ministry. It is then the *souls of men* appear of more value than the whole world ; it is then we feel the necessity of *persuading* men to be reconciled to God, to warn them to flee from the wrath to come, and urge them to trust in the finished work of Christ for salvation ; it is then we tremble lest the blood of souls should be on our heads ; it is then we breathe out our souls to God, lest any of our relations, of our domestics, of our hearers, of the young people we have instructed, of our church members should be lost after all ! It is then we begin to feel how sweet it will be to meet our already departed friends, and all the ransomed church of God before the Throne. Brethren, can we venture to say it was good for us that we were afflicted ? ”

One other witness to his illness and the recovery therefrom is to be found in the lines of his intimate friend, the Rev. William Griffith, Holyhead, which are copied in Caleb Morris' Common-place Book. They bear the date May 25th, 1831, and are as follows :—

“ ON THE REV. CALEB MORRIS' RECOVERY.

“ Great God ! the boundless source of every joy,
 An angel's tongue fain would I now engage
 To sing Thy praise ; my friend, Thy servant, lives !
 Before Thee lives—raised from the gates of death.
 When flesh and heart had failed, when hope had fled,
 When ablest skill, when tenderest sympathy,
 When dearest sighs and tears had flowed in vain,
 Thou gav'st Thy hand of love to lift him up ;
 The prayer, the united, ardent, ceaseless prayer
 Of saints Thou didst approve ; Thy word
 On mercy's wing was sent, and he was healed.
 Accept our humble but sincerest praise ;
 The tribute to Thy gracious Throne is due ;

Accept it, Lord, and while accepting it,
 Deign to prolong the life which Thou hast spared,
 Long, very long. Like some celestial star,
 In Thy right hand, Almighty, may he shine,
 And guide the wandering feet of multitudes
 To paths of peace, and on the way to heaven ;
 Then when his course is finished, may he rise,
 For ever rise, to shine before the Throne of God."

If these repeated illnesses tended to undermine the young minister's constitution, they also helped to develop his sympathies, and gave him a deeper insight into revealed truth. In particular they enabled him to see great meanings in suffering and death. An illustration of this is found in the words which he spoke over the mortal remains of a ministerial brother.

In the month of May, 1832, the Rev. Thomas Stevenson, of Gate Street Chapel, a minister of the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion, died away from home, at Ramsgate, and was buried there. Caleb Morris knew him well, for they both lived in Claremont Square, and held him in very high esteem. He went down to Ramsgate to deliver a funeral address at the burial of his friend and neighbour, and this address has been preserved. As it is rich in beautiful thoughts and tender feelings, and is in many ways characteristic of the author, I transfer it to these pages from a booklet in the British Museum, omitting one or two short passages which were of merely local interest :—

" Sacrificing personal feelings to the call of friendship and of Providence, I rise to address you on a very sorrowful occasion. The presence of mourners—the presence of that coffin—and, above all, the presence of the great God—give solemnity to this hour. We meet this morning at a funeral. How affecting the scene and season.

" It is the season of *parting*—of finally parting with our dear brother ! Already the soul has passed away. It has already broken its connections with flesh and blood ; it has already triumphed over

the errors of the world, the sharpness of death and the fear of hell ; it has already risen to light, to freedom, and God ; yea, his soul has already left us—it has left us behind to weep and to wait a little longer ; and has entered within the veil, to see and to serve its Redeemer and its God. The labours of that pious soul on earth are over ; its prayers are ended. This is the season of parting with the poor body only. We now consign it to the grave. Its labours have been numerous ; its services useful ; and, for the last ten months, its sufferings great. Now, O grave ! we commit it to thee. Give it sweet repose. Receive it as it is—a weak, natural, mortal body ; resign it on the last great day, a spiritual, glorious, immortal body. Till then, precious dust, farewell ! Now, let the body go down to the dust as it was, and let us turn from its bed with a song of hope.

“ This is a season of *weeping*. If it be ever lawful to indulge grief, and to let our tears flow with freedom, it is so when we are standing on the margin of a grave. Insensibility is a calamity and a crime. To shed a tear, on an occasion like the present, is natural, is religious, is useful. It was at a friend’s grave that Jesus once wept ; and to feel as the Master felt is the duty and the distinction of His disciples.

“ This weeping, parting season is also replete with instruction. It has a tendency to improve the intellect, the feelings, and the character. What means and motives to study our own common nature does this sad hour afford !

“ It is here we *feel* that our nature is *social*. The finest principles of our nature are brought to light and to use by the agency of circumstances. The attributes of man, as well as the attributes of God, are explained by Providence. In order to make us thoughtful, pure, and serviceable, Providence employs different modes of instruction. Now we hear her voice as the voice of harpers harping with their harps ; then, as the voice of many waters ; another time, as the voice of a great thunder. One day she wraps us in visions of light, the next in visions of darkness and terror. These varied dispensations correspond to the varied elements of our nature, and are designed for their respective development and perfection. Divine Providence, like the light of heaven, which visits the different parts of the earth at different times, penetrates one affection now, then another, after that another, till at last the whole soul is wrought up into harmony with itself, and with the designs of God respecting it ‘ There is a time for every purpose, and for every work in the world within us, as well as the world without.’ ‘ There is a time to weep,

and a time to laugh ; a time of war, and a time of peace.' Such a time as *this* is highly calculated to rouse and refine our social feelings. Our sociability, like every other principle in us, is in great danger of losing its power and pliancy in this selfish world. We forget to rejoice with those that rejoice ; to weep with those who weep. But the death of a husband, a child, or a minister is often made the instrument of touching the heart when all other means have failed ; it gives it a new, free, and benevolent action ; it damps its levity, kindles its sympathetic and condolent dispositions, and frequently prepares it for the saving impressions of the living God. It is at the grave that the pleasures and pains of affection blend their streams, and break in on the spirit like an overwhelming flood ; it is at the grave that friendship feels its loss, thinks of its past omissions, and pays its last tribute ; it is at the grave we are taught to value and desire the communion of heaven, which, unlike that of earth, knows no trials, no changes, no end !

“It is here we learn that our nature is *mortal*. Death reigned from Adam to Moses, from Moses to Christ, and from Christ to this hour. The generations which have successively moved on the face of the earth, as its proprietors and pride, are now mingled with the dust. The present population is dying. There now stands a line of men, definite in number, between us and death ; and one after another is cut down in rapid succession : *one* of them, according to calculation, dies every second, *sixty* every minute, *three thousand six hundred* every hour, *eighty-six thousand four hundred* every day, and more than *thirty millions* every year. Every burying-ground, every funeral, every fit of illness, every beat of the pulse reminds us that we stand on the borders of the dark empire of death ; and very soon (sooner far than we may think) we shall be in the heart of it. When we sleep, when we are awake, when we loiter, when we labour, when we rest, and when we roam we are going to the silent grave, where there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom. May the Lord make us ready ! May we now be in Christ—for out of Christ, out of heaven. In Christ while on earth, or in misery for eternity !

“It is here, too, we learn that our nature is *sinful*. ‘By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin’ ; ‘through the offence of one, many are dead’ : ‘the wages of sin is death.’ The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, the beast perisheth, that is *natural*. Man also dies, but that is *unnatural*. Man was made for immortality. To man was shown the path of life in which he was to move onward

and onward still; for ever gathering fresh energies; for ever discovering splendour behind splendour and glory within glory; for ever leaving dimness and imperfection behind and entering farther and farther into light. But at the Fall, death blocked up the path of life. Now, we must pass through the darkness of the grave in order to regain it. 'Sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death.' Death ought to be considered as an effect and an evidence of man's rebellion. The effect is felt by all, for all die; but the evidence is felt by few, for few consider. This funeral then impressively reminds us once more that the world we are in is a fallen world. Yes, let us be reminded this dark hour that sin has entered into the world, and, having entered, it has quenched its light, chained its liberty, embittered its enjoyment, ruined its pursuits and prospects. We all know this; let us all feel it to-day.

"But if this dispensation teaches us the socialness, the mortality, and the sinfulness of our *common nature*, it also confirms our faith in the validity and value of our *common Christianity*. 'But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them that are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope; for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.' Let God be praised, this is not a pagan funeral! What a sight is the death of a heathen! There is no minister at hand to soothe the soul—no friends to kneel in prayer around his bed—no Bible to brighten the trying hour. Oh, how desolate should we have been to-day without the Gospel! Human wisdom has no light, human weakness has no hope, human sorrow has no balm, except from the revealed mercy of heaven. Christianity makes the death-chamber a silent sanctuary, and the sepulchre a place of glory.

"To the grace of the Divine Mediator are we exclusively indebted for the *knowledge* of the fact that man is to be immortal as to both body and soul, if not for the *fact itself*. Arguments for the eternity of man's existence, derived from the immateriality of mind; its adaptation for endless progression; its instinctive desires for another life; the concurrent opinions of nearly all men respecting this matter; and the present mode of the just administration of Jehovah—are not at all fitted to produce popular conviction. Few men have power, fewer still have a disposition, to examine these evidences; none, perhaps, would be willing to rest his momentous decision upon them. *With Christianity*, they may be useful for confirmation; *without it*,

they are nearly useless for conviction. They may suit the philosopher, but not the peasant; the study, but not the grave. Immortality is a doctrine in which we are all interested; its proofs are such as all can comprehend. Why do we hope to live for ever? Because the Bible says we shall. This is one of its cardinal glories. And whatever evidences establish the truth of the Bible as a whole, establish also this doctrine as a part of that whole. 'I am the resurrection and the life'; 'Because I live, ye shall live also'; 'Our Saviour, Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death, hath brought life and immortality to light by the Gospel.' In Christ we have life eternal—an existence without sin, without misery, without end. We cling to this as a precious reality. It is not the dream of a speculative philosophy, not the fancy of an ambitious mind, but a fact—a fact which gives Christianity its splendour, its force, its worth. Deprive it of this, and it becomes a little earthly thing, without light and without heat; deprive it of this, and its doctrines lose their harmony, its promises their sweetness, its motives their power, and the blood of its Author all its value. Deprive it of this, and earth is its only sphere, its paradise, and its grave. Jesus is gone to heaven; He will come again, and take us to Himself. Let us comfort one another with these words. The body which is now to be buried shall be raised again.

“And now let us pray that this event may be blessed to us all. May it be blessed to the widow, who well deserved and fully received the confidence and warm affection of her departed husband. Her friend, her best earthly friend, is gone; her hope is destroyed; and this day she sits in thick darkness, desponding and alone. To her I would say, Go, heartbroken mourner, to Jesus; dwell upon His love in the day of your sorrow; imitate His resignation in the hour of grief; remember the drops of blood in the garden; remember the cross; remember the last scene through which your sympathising High Priest passed; catch His temper, grasp His helping hand; let your tears fall at His feet, and He will sustain you.

“May this event be blessed to the bereaved church. To them, through the medium of one of them now present, one whose piety and kindness endeared him to his late pastor, and endear him to us all, I would respectfully and affectionately say, Listen to the voice of this dispensation. Again you are without a pastor; the Head of the Church speaks to you in solemn, significant, and piercing tones.

May this trial quicken, mature, and multiply your spiritual excellences. Remember him who had the rule over you, who spoke to you the Word of God ; follow his faith, and consider the end of his conversation. *Remember* him, for an intimate relation once subsisted between him and yourselves ; *remember* him, for that is the only way to derive profit from him after he is gone ; *remember* him, for that will raise your minds to the world where he now is, and where you hope soon to be ; *remember* him, for he and you must soon stand before the same throne. Widowed flock, may the gentle wing of heaven be over thee ! May the pillar of light direct thy footsteps through the desert !

“ May this event be blessed to us who labour in the ministry of the Gospel ! Soon we must die. Soon we shall preach, and pray, and serve in the sanctuary for the last time ! The work is great ; he Master is urgent ; the value of souls can never be told ; the grave is near ; the crowns of eternity are in sight ! Let us leave the sepulchre of our brother to-day, determined to study the Gospel, to serve the Church, and to spread light and liberty and peace throughout the earth, with more power, and tenderness, and resolution than we have ever yet done. We now part, never, perhaps, to meet at the same time and place again. May the Spirit of God purify us, and all now present, from sin, and error, and weakness, and, from this hour onward, raise us higher, and higher still, towards the light and perfection which for ever burn around the throne of God ! ”

XIII.

The Old Pastor and the New.

DURING the years of Caleb Morris's co-pastorate in Fetter Lane many important political events took place, some of them having a very direct bearing on Nonconformity. In 1828 the Corporation and Test Acts were repealed, and in the following year the Catholic Emancipation Bill became law. Soon after this came the great commotion of the Reform Bill. The country was in a state of high excitement, and Earl Grey, Lord Brougham, and Lord John Russell were hailed with enthusiasm as the popular idols. There were also controversies concerning Scriptural education in Ireland, and in reference to the founding of a new Bible Society, called the Trinitarian Bible Society, on account of the *supposed* alliance of the British and Foreign Bible Society with Arians, Neologians, and Socinians. Leading Nonconformists took part in the discussion of these topics; but we have no record that Caleb Morris gave special attention to them. Nor are we certain that he had any share in the formation of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, under the leadership of Dr. Redford, John Angell James, and other prominent ministers. His youth, the state of his health, and his natural bent for study and meditation rather than

for public affairs, probably kept him outside the inner circle in all such movements. Had we his diary for this period, doubtless we should find reference to these matters, but in the absence of reliable information, it is better to confess ignorance than to give reins to the imagination.

Several important additions were made to the Congregational ministry in London in this period. Mr. Burnet, of Cork, settled at Camberwell, and became very popular; John Leifchild removed from Bristol to Craven Chapel, where he drew large audiences by his impassioned oratory. Dr. James Bennett, Tutor of Rotherham College, and, in conjunction with Dr. Boyne, author of "The History of Dissenters," came in 1828 to take charge of the church in Silver Street, which afterwards removed to Falcon Square. During his residence in London he published many books, and was for some time joint secretary to the London Missionary Society with the Revs. H. Townly and J. Clayton. And of still greater importance was the advent of Thomas Binney to the Weigh House Chapel, where he was ordained on the 29th of July, 1829. He and Caleb Morris were different in several respects, but they had also many qualities in common, and they commenced a new era in the Congregational pulpit of London. We may have occasion to compare them later on; suffice it at present to mention side by side these two young men from the country, who had come to breathe fresh life into the theology and worship of the Independents of the metropolis.

If there were gains, there were also serious losses. In the years 1832 and 1833 several prominent ministers died, among them Rowland Hill and Dr. Robert Winter. But we have to notice more especially the death of the minister who was so closely associated with the subject of this biography.

On the 29th of May, 1832, the venerable George Burder was called to his reward, after preaching for fifty-five years, and having ministered to the church at Fetter Lane for twenty-nine years. Caleb Morris had worked under him for nearly five years, and looked up to him with filial reverence and love. He had also striven in every way to lighten the burdens and study the wishes and feelings of the aged minister as one infirmity after another, including total loss of sight, crept over him. The congregation was many a time deeply affected as the young preacher, with his dark locks and glistening eye, led the white-haired and blind patriarch up the pulpit stairs and helped him to conduct the service. The veteran minister thoroughly appreciated the thoughtfulness and kindness of his assistant, and ever cherished towards him the fondness of parental affection. Never did the young and the old blend and harmonise more naturally and happily. Had the diary for this period been in our possession we should certainly have found in it touching tributes to this revered father in Christ. In its absence I can only quote the introduction to the sermon which Caleb Morris preached the first Sunday after his death :—

“ Our eyes, this morning, cannot fail to impress our hearts. The emblems of mourning around us speak to us all with a significant, solemn, and piercing voice. These dark symbols signify two things. Firstly, the mortality of our beloved friend and father, the late pastor of this church. The venerable figure that stood up for the last time in this pulpit three months ago is this morning lifeless, cold, and ready for the silent grave. It is to that mortal part, and to that alone, that this gloomy garb refers. If we wanted to typify the present state of his immortal part, the soul, we should have caused this chapel to be hung this day with the most costly white satin, for white is the colour emblematic of immortality. The garments of the angels are white; in white robes they appeared at the grave of Jesus. The

garments of redeemed spirits are white, clothed in white robes they stand before the throne.

“Secondly, these dark symbols signify not only the mortality of our beloved friend, but also the mournfulness of our feelings on that account. We cannot but mourn, for we shall see him no more ; we shall hear him no more. The voice that once instructed, comforted, animated us, is hushed in mortal silence. We cannot but mourn, for we have lost a shepherd, our leader, our father ; we cannot but mourn, and God is not angry with us for mourning. Nature allows it, and Jesus wept.

“ But sorrow, if not regulated by Christian principle, does no good ; it does harm ; it darkens the soul, damps activity, sinks to despondency or rises to dissatisfaction ; it cannot profit man ; it cannot please God. Let therefore our sorrow be turned to some profit, and how is that to be done ? One way is by cherishing an affectionate remembrance of our departed friend ; and for this we have a warrant in the text, ‘ Remember them which had the rule over you, and who did speak unto you the word of God.’ Let us then consider how we are to remember our departed minister, and why we are to do so ! ”

Before the interment in Bunhill Fields a funeral service was held in the Wesleyan Chapel, City Road, when Caleb Morris read the Scriptures and Dr. Winter, soon to follow George Burder, prayed and gave an address. Dr. Fletcher, of Stepney, preached the funeral sermon on the following Sunday evening.

Thus passed away in a good old age this honoured servant of God, whose mother had been converted under George Whitefield, and who himself had often heard George Whitefield and John Wesley preach ; one who had been present at the birth of two of our great religious institutions—the Religious Tract Society and the London Missionary Society—one who as secretary of the London Missionary Society, editor of the *Evangelical Magazine*, author and editor of several books, had rendered great service to his generation ; and one who, above all things, had been a faithful minister of Jesus Christ. It was no easy task to

follow such a man, but there was no doubt in any mind who was to be his successor—the church and congregation were unanimous for Caleb Morris. The sole responsibility became a fresh impetus to zeal and fidelity. He cultivated diligently all his brilliant talents, and grew continually in spiritual power and popular esteem. People of all grades and classes came to hear him, and among them not a few of the most learned and thoughtful men of the day.

One proof of his growing influence is to be found in the enlargement of the chapel. It had been enlarged soon after the advent of the Rev. George Burder to the pastorate ; now it was further extended so as to accommodate 300 persons more, at the cost of nearly £1,700. According to the *Evangelical Magazine* for November, 1833, the enlargement became “ necessary in consequence of the Divine blessing on the labours of the present minister, Caleb Morris.” The re-opening services took place on Wednesday, October 6th, 1833, when Dr. Burder, of Hackney, son of the late George Burder, preached in the morning, and the Rev. J. Leifchild, of Craven Chapel, in the evening.

We have more than once compared Caleb Morris with Thomas Binney, and it is interesting to note that the foundation-stone of the *New Weigh House Chapel*, which was to seat 1,000 adults and 300 children, was laid in the same month as the re-opening of Fetter Lane Chapel, or, to be more exact, on the 16th of October, 1833. These two young ministers were rapidly becoming religious leaders in the City of London, and preparing the churches for a broader and larger view of their functions and responsibilities. Their congregations were large, the enthusiasm among their followers was intense ; a new and vigorous life gave fresh impetus to every department of Christian work. Their sermons appeared in the *Pulpit*, and the *British Preacher*,

although Caleb Morris was very much averse to the publication of his sermons, maintaining that he prepared his sermons, not for the press, but for his hearers. Whether he was wise in this matter is more than doubtful ; at the same time, it must be acknowledged that it is impossible to convey an adequate impression of preachers like himself and Thomas Binney by means of the printed page.

It is a misfortune that his diaries for this period of his ministry, probably the most fruitful and impressive period, have been lost ; consequently, only a few outstanding events have escaped the destroying influence of time.

From the *Evangelical Magazine* for this period we learn that a great revival had taken place in Wales, and that in consequence a large number of new chapels had been erected. Wales was then very poor, for its rich mineral resources had scarcely been touched, and the burden of debt well-nigh crushed many churches. A deputation of Welsh ministers came to England, and was very sympathetically received by Congregational leaders like Dr. Fletcher, Dr. Bennett, John Angell James, George Clayton, and Thomas Binney. Naturally Caleb Morris took great interest in the movement ; he used his influence to promote it ; his name also stands for £30, the highest on the list of contributions. Over £3,000 were collected, and the Welsh churches were greatly cheered by the generosity of their friends in England. We also find him joining with Welsh and English brethren to free from debt the chapel built at Newtown, under the inspiration of Dr. George Lewis, the systematic theologian of the Welsh Independents.

In the year 1835 an Independent Church was founded at Ventnor, Isle of Wight, through the efforts of Dr. Morrison, the Rev. W. Clayton, and the Rev. Caleb Morris. A chapel was erected, and the name of Caleb Morris was on the list of

persons willing to receive donations for the new building. He was also selected along with Dr. Morrison to preach at the opening services, but alas ! before that event he had another serious attack of illness, and for a time his life was despaired of. Through the goodness of God he was again restored, but attack after attack was undermining his constitution, and seriously hindering the progress of his ministry. When he had partially recovered, he went to Wales, and from there he wrote a long, wise, and affectionate letter to the church. This letter was printed, and through the kindness of the Rev. J. Tegryn Phillips, of Hebron, a copy presented by the author on October 25th, 1835, "To my dear brother, the Reverend John Evans," is now in my hands. I have found it impossible to satisfy myself in seeking to make selections from it, and therefore have decided to place it unabridged before the reader. It will serve better than any words of mine to give a true idea of what Caleb Morris was as a pastor. It is entitled : "A Pastoral Letter to the Church and Congregation assembling at Fetter Lane Chapel, London. 'Whether we be afflicted, it is for your consolation and salvation ; or whether we be comforted, it is for your consolation and salvation.'—Paul." The letter runs :—

"MY DEAREST FRIENDS,—This long suspension of my humble ministry among you daily absorbs my mind, and presses on my heart. To myself this dispensation is very painful, on account of my relation, my duty, and my love to you all : that it is so to you also, I cannot doubt, for your kindness, your sympathy, and your prayers abundantly prove it. The mutual affection of a pastor and his flock, if carefully nursed and protected by Christian principles, is one of the most generous, energetic, and productive virtues in the world. It is probable that both ministers and people have yet much to learn respecting its importance. Who can tell its value as a source of moral pleasure, as an incentive to benevolent efforts, and as a sure, though silent, means of bringing the affections of the world home to

the love of God! The love which subsists between ministers and their people may be often tried, and in this world of faults and frailties how can it be otherwise? In the *minister* there may be many things to try it; in the *people* there may be some things to try it; but this reciprocal love, though in its own nature very delicate and sensitive, should always bear its trials with humility, patience, and gentleness. It should glorify itself by making disappointments, crosses, and even sore temptations to bend to its power, and in the end to serve its own noble ends. What is true of love as a general principle, is so likewise of that manifestation of it of which I now write. The Bible shows that love is more eloquent than the tongues of men and of angels: stronger than miracles; better than kindness to the poor: that without it martyrdom itself is nothing. Love suffereth long, and is kind; seeketh not her own; is not easily provoked; thinketh no evil; beareth all things; hopeth all things; endureth all things. In our hearts, in our churches, throughout the world, may this heavenly temper spread and reign.

“ You know, my dear Brethren, that to speak of that of which we have a lively consciousness, is quite natural. I experience that this moment. That I should love you and your interests is but just. I hope that I sincerely do so. At this hour, hundreds of miles separate us; but, of course, I do not—I cannot forget you. Many weeks have already passed since we last parted; when by prayer and sweet song you kindly committed *me* to the care of your God and mine; and when, with feelings which I shall never forget, I tried to deliver *you* up to the love and protection of the Great Shepherd of souls. Often since has my heart looked back to that day of anxiety, fellowship, and prayer.

“ On that day the mistakes, the failures, and unprofitableness of my ministry at Fetter Lane stood before me, and darkened my soul. On that day I felt ‘the blood of sprinkling’ which cleanseth from all sin, and therefore from the sins of our *holy things*, to be very precious. On that day, while looking over my beloved congregation, not knowing that I should serve it any more, I felt an unusual concern for its sanctification and peace, its growth and efficiency, its welfare and eternal safety. God alone knows what fears, what hopes, what sadness, what desires did then divide my heart. But I must refrain myself, or you may think me egotistical, or something worse. Yet may we not under *peculiar circumstances* avow our feelings? Then to whom can I open my heart, if not to you? Are we not one in faith,

affection, and interest? However, such as I have just named were my feelings when I left: such are my feelings now. I know that these emotions are now, and always have been, very feeble and fluctuant; very far, indeed, from being what they ought to be in purity and power; but I know, too—blessed be God!—that they are sincere and predominant.

“ You will not, dear Friends, wonder that I am a little excited in my present circumstances. Do not all of us find that personal affliction, separation from those we love, and darkened prospects, tend to quicken us, and that too, sometimes, very beneficially? We do. These things promote in us humility, resignation, patience, and a sense of dependence upon God. They teach self-enquiry, self-abasement, self-denial. They kindle heavenward tendencies in the bosom. They break the sleep, the dangerous sleep of the heart. They rend the thick veil which this world often throws over the truth, the retributions, and the solemn importance of religion. When our trials produce such effects, all is well; all is *glorious*. Is it not a glorious thing to feel the living power of godliness spreading itself throughout our souls, and working them up into a fearful consciousness of their worth, their perils, and duties—into a holy passion for the salvation of souls—into a burning sympathy with the spirit of the Bible, with God and eternity? But it is seldom that we feel in that manner; is it not? The best of us are not awake. We give but half our hearts to divine things; to those high interests for which the sun shines, the world endures, the Son of God died and reigns. Grave, deep, anxious thoughts respecting our existence, our relationships, our great work, and our destiny, rarely reign within us. Earthly cares, earthly hopes, earthly friendships, earthly separations, are the things which occupy, almost exclusively, our foolish hearts

‘ Oh, God, and shall we ever live at this poor dying rate,
Our love so cold, so faint to Thee, and Thine to us so great ! ’

“ We greatly need the *Spirit of God* in order to purify our principles, dispositions, and habits. We confess our deficiencies; promise to improve; hope for the best; and remain the same. It is good, indeed, to *think* of our errors; but best of all to begin at once, by the help of God, to *rectify* them. Would it be improper in this connection briefly to refer to some of our *most common defects*? Think not, however, dear Brethren, that I do so from any impression that these evils are more active and visible among you than they are in

other churches. Thanks be to God ! I believe that they are not. But they cling to us all ; and all need be put in remembrance of them in order to overcome them. Let us, therefore, try *ourselves*. And, indeed, it is only by trying ourselves that we can detect the hidden roots of those common evils, which, if left unchecked, would soon overspread our churches, and reduce them into a wilderness. Rigid self-examination is at once one of the most difficult, and one of the most profitable exercises of Christian piety. It is the chief means of self-knowledge ; and self-knowledge is a key with which we may unlock ten thousand hearts. Correct, deep, thorough knowledge of the moral diseases of mankind is to be obtained, chiefly, by personal self-investigation, regulated by the Word and the Spirit of God. Unlike the *material* anatomist, the Christian must make *himself* the subject of examination ; he must dissect his own heart ; he must put the *introverting* power of his mind in resolute exercise. He must draw his knowledge of the evils of human nature, not from slight glances on its mere surface ; not from general notions of it as a collective whole ; not from a frigid, careless adoption of the theory of the Bible respecting its original fall ; not from books of moral philosophy—no, but he must draw it from very different sources. He must look on his race through the medium of his own individuality, and his own consciousness ; he must judge of it by the native errors, deep workings, and general tendencies of his own mind. And he who, taught by ‘the Spirit that searcheth all things,’ thus penetrates into the depth of his own soul, knows himself and knows the world. But I was going to refer to some common defects respecting which, dear Friends, we ought to judge ourselves. ‘Search me, O God, and know my heart ; try me, and know my thoughts ; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting !’

“Do we not talk very freely about Christianity, without allowing ourselves, after all, *time* to consider *what it is*, and *what it is for* ? Its peculiar doctrines, facts, influences, and uses must be *thought of*, or we are baptized to it in vain. Do we make the best of our *Sundays*, as seasons for teaching, or learning, or in some way for serving religion ? Only a few hours of the Sabbath are spent in public worship. *Where and how* are the rest employed ? The laborious attention which many, very many, give to schools, visits of mercy, and Christian instruction, is a glorious virtue—is a happy symptom : God loves and honours it wonderfully. But still, are there not many

in the Christian world (shall I say in the Christian church?) who never enter with life and power into the holy benevolence and serene joys of that great day? It is important to remember that the Sabbath is the *only day* which Christianity has consecrated for her own *special* use. On that account it deserves and demands the careful study of every Christian. Particular events also direct our attention to the Sabbath at the present time. The character and result of recent discussions about the Sabbath teach the great importance of possessing clear, practical, scriptural views respecting it. Is it not a fact that a vast portion of this nation imagine that the observance of the Sabbath consists in offering a blind, servile, superstitious, *Jewish* homage to it, as a positive right, or a civil institution; and not in an intelligent, spontaneous adoption of it as a *great moral instrument* for regenerating the minds and character of our population? Is it not a fact that many profess great zeal for the *sanctity* of the Sabbath, without knowing, without considering what it means? Its holiness is not an imaginary something, which lasts only for twenty-four hours, and which can whiten into innocence six days of sin. It is not the calendar that imparts sanctity to Sunday. Its holiness is not a thing to be measured and regulated by the index of the chronometer. Jesus, the great Lord of that day, intended that it should be—like Himself—the heavenly messenger of light, mercy, and peace to this unhappy world; but superstition would invest it with the rule of a tyrant, and with the arms of a warrior. Men will never *keep* the Sabbath unless they *love* it; and men will never love it without a *moral conviction* of its benevolent design. Motive is the only sovereign of wills. But the faith of this great nation in *moral power* is yet but an infant. May the God of heaven watch its growth! Perhaps the best thing we can do just now for promoting a *better observance of the Sabbath* is to try to promote a *better understanding* of it. Here permit me to say that I am not yet convinced that the principle of those societies which seek only for the legal *protection* of the Lord's day is, really, inconsistent with the spirit of these hints. My dear Friends, may God help *us*, as a congregation, to sanctify the day of the Lord! You know what its sanctification means. It consists in the spiritual, formal, public dedication of ourselves to the great moral facts and principles for the celebration of which the first day of the week was set apart by the apostles of our Lord. The chief of those facts is the resurrection of Jesus. The principal doctrines which that sublime fact reveals and confirms are—the

divinity of Christ and of His religion—the validity and value of His mediation, as the only refuge for lost sinners—the resurrection of the saints—and the life everlasting. These are the themes of our Sabbaths on earth : these will be some of the themes of our Sabbaths in heaven.

“ Let me submit a few inquiries more. Do we not, in common conversations, talk much more about Christians than about Christ ? about our relation to particular persons, places, institutions, and usages, than respecting our relation to the great principles, laws, influences, and hopes of our common Christianity ? What models for us are the pure, suggestive, natural conversations of Jesus with His friends ! Let us study them afresh for this, as well as other purposes. Again, are we *confidently* bent on making society better and happier while we profess to know the way ? Have we not an impression that faith in the agency of man is incompatible with faith in the agency of God ? Such an impression is false and injurious. Whatever tends to destroy human motives, tends also to destroy human actions. Neither the proper work of God nor of man can be done by proxy. God will do His work : let us not trifle about our own. Are we sufficiently sensible that *holy kindness* is one of the best means of doing good ; and that *the want* of it is a moral crime ? Are we convinced that *selfishness* is the strongest sin, and the bitterest foe of our social nature ? It was this sin that hurled angels from their ‘ first estate ’ and ‘ own habitation.’ This is the *original* sin of our world ; its empire in the human mind is universal and absolute. It dries up all its generous affections, and blunts all its sensibilities. It seduces the heart from its true home and happiness. Selfishness carries man away from his brethren and his God, and shuts him up in himself ; where, as in a dungeon, solitary, cold, and friendless, he ever murmurs against his fate, his race, and his Creator. The selfish man is never happy ; nor can he be unless the great laws of the social universe are abolished. That temper which prompts one to seek his own imaginary happiness, *against, or apart from*, that of others, is, at once, a downright curse to its possessor, an injury to society, and a very hateful thing in the sight of God. Then, let selfish dispositions be our constant dread. Let us watch and pray against their insidious, subtle power. They must be subdued, or we shall not see God. It was to arm us with inward power against selfishness, and to redeem us from its guilt, that the Son of God came to the world. Christianity is in itself a great divine argument against selfishness.

The laws, life, and death of Christ prove that if we are under its dominion we are not worthy of Him. ‘Christ pleased not Himself’; and if we have not the spirit of Christ, we are none of His. ‘For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye, through His poverty might be rich.’ Divine generosity! who can think of it and be cold? Jesus had nowhere to lay His head. He had not a field, a house, a lamb, a grave of His own. His wealth was His moral glory—His *life*; and that He freely gave for us. My Brethren, it is when we forget Him—His hunger and thirst; His labours and weariness; His midnight watchings and prayers; His fasting and His temptation; His bloody sweat and passion; His sympathy and tears; His cross and His grave;—it is when we forget these we become conceited, covetous, self-indulgent, unkind, and heedless of our Father’s work. ‘Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus: who being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: but made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men;—He humbled Himself; and became obedient to death, even the death of the cross.’

“Once more. Are not most of us in great darkness respecting the true nature, uses, and importance of *prayer*? Do we not, when professing to pray, suffer a kind of *atheism* to fetter the proper, free, holy motions of the intellect; to freeze the heart; and to prevent its feelings from going up to God with that unity, that infinitude of reverence, regret and hope; with that directness which constitute the very essence of prayer? It is *thoughts* that worship God. It is the inward, silent, invisible *feeling* that must pray to Him. ‘He that cometh to God must believe that *He is*; and that He is a *rewarder* of them that diligently seek Him.’ ‘For we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.’

“Thus, dear Friends, I have thrown out a few general hints respecting some of the evil principles and evil practices which war against our souls. Multitudes of kindred errors occur to my mind, which I must omit even to name. We dwell in a world of sin, exposures, and warfare; yet we must not despair. Why should we? We are, indeed, weak; weaker than we have ever yet thought; but we are saved by hope. Truth is stronger than error. We live under the reign of grace. The strongest Being in the universe is on our side. Nothing can separate us from the love of Christ. The Spirit

of God is with us ! Christ died for our sins, and reigns for our salvation. The covenant of eternal mercy cannot be broken ; mercy shall be built up for ever : GOD IS LOVE.

“ Now, my Christian Friends, what more shall I say ? Suffer me to suggest a few thoughts respecting the means and importance of personal and social improvement. One of those means, and a very efficient one, is—*the reading of good books.*

“ Reading is one of the greatest gifts of God to the human mind ; and it is the duty of Christians to value and use this great favour. Let me beseech you all to attend to this. Some there are among you who have little time or means to devote to any books except the Bible. Let such rejoice that the Holy Writings alone teach all that is essential to their duty and their safety. Here you have the thoughts of Heaven in the language of earth. Give to them as much time as you can. Even *five minutes* a day would amount in a year to *thirty hours*. And is it not better to study for thirty hours than not at all ? But might you not, with a little care, spare half an hour, or even an hour each day for this purpose ? Try for a month, and your improvement will be certain and surprising. Never make the reading of the Bible, either in the closet or the family, a task ; a mechanical drudgery ; a mere ceremony. I fear that is common. Never, never be guilty of such stupefying, degrading, ungodly custom. Do not imagine that your familiarity with the sight and sounds of the Bible is a proof of your spiritual knowledge and love of it. The various beauties of the globe, the wonderful revelations of the heavens at night, the glories of the sun are familiar enough to all ; but it is only a few who look on them with anything like delight, wonder, and devotion ; and smaller still is the number of those who desire to understand them, and strive to study them. So it may be with reference to the Bible. Therefore, take care. Read the Scriptures with thoughtfulness, warmth, anxiousness, and prayer. Let your morning and evening prayer be that the Great Spirit of light may open the eye of your soul whenever you take up your Bible. You know that words are but dead signs ; therefore never rest there, but pass onward till you reach the living thoughts to which they point. Dive through every sentence to the depth of its meaning. Judge not of your reading by a false standard. Think not of the number of the chapters which you read ; but of the number of clear thoughts and holy feelings which you gather together, and carry along with you wherever you go, as a part of your moral being.

Read until you are, and *feel* that you are, wiser, better, happier. Read the Word as if on your knees; as if God had just delivered it to you with His own hand, and entreated you to accept and peruse it as a token of the donor's warmest love; read it as if on the bed of death. Again let me say, *seek the light of the Spirit of God.*

"But many of you have numerous opportunities and facilities for reading. I entreat you not to neglect your precious privilege. Suffer not your intellectual nature to starve and be lost for the want of nutriment. The food of the mind is truth; one of the fountains of truth is books: go, therefore, and drink there. Our intellect was not made for darkness; nor our hearts for pleasures of the dust. Wisdom is the principal thing: therefore get wisdom. The rapid progress of the public mind—the intellectual littleness of the mass of professors—the approaching war of thoughts—the necessity for higher and wider views about religion—your own stability and progress in the faith—your just debt to society—and your solemn responsibility to the Great Proprietor and Judge of minds—all, all bid you, in earnest tones, to give attention to reading and kindred means of mental and holy advancement. There are some good, some active men in our churches, who, though they have leisure and libraries too, seldom or never open a book. But they and their connections suffer for it. Our religion, our system is not, like atheism, a *material* one, but a collection of thoughts which lived in the Uncreated Mind before matter had a being. And it comes to us, not by the dumb, cold, passive mediation of the physical world, but in a *Book*, which is the living, warm, audible breathing of God Himself. Ours is a *Book religion*, in a pre-eminent sense. It is the great parent and patron of all good books. Let us, therefore, make it a *reading religion*. That many of you (especially the young) seem to be bent on the acquisition of general and sacred information, gives me great pleasure and hope. Permit me, most earnestly, to press three things on your consideration. Take care *what* you read—*why* you read—and *how* you read. In the pursuit of knowledge be humble, docile, prayerful, and very holy in motive and aim. Do not forget God, or all your knowledge will be but a curse to you and others. Knowledge, whether physical or moral, is but vanity, unless it be made the means of improving your moral temper towards God and man; of increasing your motives and capacity of doing good; of giving you a taste and a longing for the illuminations and exercises of the world to come. Never forget what an inspired philosopher has

said—'Fear God, and keep His commandments; for this is the whole duty of man.' Put, therefore, your mind wholly and for ever under the care of God. Let it live with Him, and for Him. We are not our own. These minds of ours are the offspring, the children of the Divine Spirit. Without cause they have rebelled against His discipline and love; but His pity brings them back. Still He loves them; still He feels a deeper interest in their growth and happiness than they themselves. He loves to teach them, and none can teach like Him. May our minds, then, never neglect parental claims; never abuse parental indulgence, never lose parental smiles. Again let me say—in all your attempts to cultivate your spiritual nature by books, by observation, by society or reflection, be always and entirely devoted to the light and law, the influence and the praise of your God. If God give me health, I hope to be able in some humble measure to help you on in your work. A few months ago we formed a *Class* for this end. I thought of forming others; but indisposition broke my plans. Now my hopes and my purposes look to the future. But God alone reigns there. Let His will be done.

"I must beg leave to say a word respecting another thing. Fathers and mothers, let me with all humility and love remind you of the vast importance of 'showing piety at home.' Make your own homes the *nursery of Christian virtues*, and then you will find them the *abodes of purest happiness*. Some of you have but recently entered into the tender relationships of domestic life. I wish you joy. May you 'prosper and be in health.' At once consecrate your hearts and your houses to God, if you have not done so. Without the blessing of your Heavenly Father, you cannot be prosperous and happy. May you be 'Heirs together of the grace of life.' Some of you enjoy the sun-light of worldly prosperity. May nothing rise to darken it! May goodness and mercy follow you all your days. 'But be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth you richly all things to enjoy.' The homes of some of you may be the *abodes of sorrow*. Losses, or disappointments, or sickness, or bereavement, have spread over you their dark and blasting shadows. My fellow-sufferers, faint not in the day of your adversity.

' — crosses from His sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.'

'God is faithful, who will not allow you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.' 'Cast all your care upon Him; for

He careth for you.' In the cup of earthly comforts the waters of bitterness are mingled. And it is right it should be so. Something is necessary to cherish our tender sympathies; to exercise our passive virtues; to teach us confidence in Providence, and to raise our aspirations to a higher and calmer home. Suffering is a part of the moral discipline of our world. It is the remedy as well as the result of evil. 'Tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope.' 'Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him.' Christianity is pre-eminently a system for *sufferers*. The suffering of its Divine Founder is the price of our redemption. Sufferings like His this world will never see again. The dark hour of His death was the crisis of human anguish; and it is over for ever. The day on which He left His grave of sorrow was the happiest the world had ever seen; and ever since its burdens have been lighter, and its hopes have grown. Brighter days are yet to come. Let us, then, remember Jesus the merciful High Priest; for His heart towards man is as warm as ever. He is able and ready to succour the tempted. Trust His faithfulness, and lean upon His arm. 'He will never leave you, nor forsake you.'

"Now, my dear Friends, whatever be your circumstances as families, whether painful or prosperous, take care to '*show piety at home*.' Make home the nursery of self-denying kindness, amiable tempers, courteous manners, and above all, of godly affections and habits. Let your houses be preparatory schools for the Church and for Heaven. Let the Book, the Day, the Worship, and the Providence of the Great Father be ever revered there. At the fireside, in the nursery, at the table, before the altar, in the chamber of repose, let the holy lights of Christianity be ever burning. Let your household piety be steady, natural, smiling, and perpetual. These things are of high importance. My own observation and reflections for the last few months have taught me something new respecting the value of domestic piety. I see that both its *perils* and *delights* are very great. A holy, happy family is an institution of immeasurable worth. Such a family is a public blessing. It widens, deepens, and multiplies the channels through which holiness and happiness flow upon the world. It is an *original* institution of Heaven, and a sweet moral emblem of it.

"There were, my beloved People, many other things which I intended to introduce, but I must leave them. I frequently hear

of your state by means of the weekly correspondence which I hold with your good Deacons. Their labours, in connection with that of others, in procuring supplies for the pulpit,* and in watching over the Congregation during my long absence, deserves a grateful recognition. For all their kind attentions, both to you and to me, I am very thankful. Till death may God be with them! Since I have been among you, we have lost three Deacons. They served their generation, and now sweetly sleep in Jesus. One of them has only just entered into rest. His simple, serene, kind, and consistent piety we remember with delight. May the God who has called our brethren home, direct us in the appointment of suitable successors. Pray for this thing. Three years have already passed away since the death of your late revered pastor, the Rev. GEORGE BURDER, who ministered in Fetter Lane Chapel for nearly thirty years. 'Remember them which had the rule over you, and who did speak unto you the word of God, whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation.'

"I thought of making some allusion to the subject of *pastoral visitation*. On this department of my office, I look with more dissatisfaction than your considerate and forbearing kindness will suffer you to do. I am not ignorant of the relation which subsists between the duties of the pulpit and those of the pastoral office. I know that it is real, intimate, important. I am not ignorant that the preacher's sermons and the pastor's visits have a happy reciprocal influence. I am not ignorant that, in order to avoid barren generalities, and to speak with adaptedness, particularity, and directness to the whole congregation, notwithstanding its varieties as to education, intelligence, temper, and religious experience—that in order to instruct those who are inquisitive for truth; to guide those who are ready for duty; to arm those who are struggling with temptation; and to encourage those who are depressed by misfortune, melancholy, or sin—I am not ignorant that, in order to do all these things, frequent and extensive pastoral visitation is exceedingly useful. Who can doubt

* "Our most affectionate thanks are due to those excellent ministers who at their 'Fraternal Meeting' spontaneously agreed among themselves to supply my pulpit gratuitously for some time. They did so, as you know, for two months. This instance of disinterested and brotherly kindness towards you and me, I highly value and gratefully recognise, on account of its spirit. May my revered brethren and their churches abundantly prosper under the benediction of the God of peace and love."

it? But the difficulty, or even the practicableness, of it is, I believe, a subject of deep perplexity to most ministers of the present day. Then location, state of health, age, character of preparations for the pulpit, and so on, may considerably increase or diminish the capacity for the good work. Also, public societies and local organisations demand some time and attention from every Christian Minister, especially if made by Providence a partaker in the heavy moral responsibilities of London. Churches in the metropolis *ought*, and to their praise *do*, make this a consideration. ‘Our economical plan is,’ says Dr. Mason, of America, ‘to make one pastor do the work which was anciently done by three or four, and the very natural consequence follows—the work is badly done, or the workman is sacrificed. If we were to visit as much as our people are good enough to wish, and unreasonable enough to expect, we should not have an hour left for our proper business: we could make no progress in the knowledge of the Scriptures; and not one would be able to preach a sermon worthy of a sensible man’s hearing.’ Think not that I offer these remarks as an apology for my own omission. I feel, painfully feel, that my failures in this, as well as in every other part of my work, call for humiliation and penitence. One thing, however, I can truly say—that the affections and sympathies of my heart often visit where my feet are seldom seen. I purpose, if God spare me, to adopt a plan of pastoral visitation, which will, I humbly hope, render that work more frequent, easy, and efficient, than it has been since my introduction among you. But our sufficiency is of God.

“That the various societies, which are the life and glory of our church, are so prosperous, are served with so much assiduity, affectionateness, and strength, greatly rejoices my heart. ‘My beloved Brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.’

“I must conclude. My dearest Friends, accept this Letter as an expression of my affection and solicitude for you all. Often I think of you, and try to pray for you. Are any of you still unconverted to duty, to happiness, and to God? If so, what will you do in the tempests of life; in the cold, dark flood of death; on the day when you shall be caught up to meet the Lord in the air? Think seriously and *immediately* of this. Give yourselves, just as you are, to the Divine Saviour. Make His cross your righteousness and His love your eternal home. May the sun of to-morrow see you obedient at

His feet, and happy in His smiles. Are any of you in the sleep, or in the gall of apostasy? Oh, what a state is yours! Return, return! The voice of the Shepherd in whose fold you once felt yourself happy, in tones of care and pity, calls you home. He on whom was laid the iniquity of us all—who came to save the lost, is willing to receive you again. Run, quickly, to His arms: for the shadows of the night are fast coming on. Are there any among you who love Christ, and yet have not joined His Church? To them I would say—Decide, decide at once and for ever. Follow Jesus. Why do you tarry? Come forward at once. Your delay cannot benefit you; it must injure you. Your comfort, your consistency, your usefulness, and your piety suffer on account of your procrastination.

“ ‘ If you tarry till you’re better,
You will never come at all.’ ”

May those of you who have believed through grace be faithful to the end; and, at no very distant period, the crown will be yours. ‘ Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you.’ ‘ Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will; working in you that which is well-pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ: to whom be glory for ever.’ ”

“ I am, your affectionate Pastor,

“ CALEB MORRIS.

“ WALES, *September*, 1835.”

XIV.

Wales or London?

DURING his visit to Wales, in 1835, Caleb Morris came into close touch with several of the ministers of Pembrokeshire, and this led in several cases to subsequent correspondence. Most of the letters have perished, but the Rev. J. Lloyd James, of March, has been good enough to favour me with copies of two letters which were written to the Rev. J. Davies, of Glandwr. Mr. Davies was pastor over the church made famous by the renowned spiritual teacher, John Griffiths, and was one of the best Biblical scholars of his day. The letters show Caleb Morris's love for books, and indicate the great stress which he laid on *teaching* as an essential part of the minister's work :—

“ 13, DUNCAN TERRACE, LONDON,

“ *March, vii., 1836.*

“ MY DEAR BROTHER,—You have made up your mind that I am one of the most unkind, unfaithful, neglectful, rude, worthless beings on the face of this wide earth. Well, I am a poor thing. Still, I have one virtue in my nature—I love worth and truth in others. I sincerely respect and love Brother Davies, of Glandwr. It is so, say what you will. But—the books! Why has not the man sent the books? Why injure a brother by not keeping the commandments? Well, I will not trouble you with apologies, or rather explanations about the matter, only let me just say that some of the books you ordered could not be procured till now. I tried, and failed. My bookseller

has succeeded, however, in obtaining most of those which you name. Then, let me confess my sin. I wanted to peep into some of them before their departure. Pardon this liberty. I am covetous.

"Now, allow me to say that the parcel will be sent off next week, as directed by you. God grant you health and strength to read, study, and teach.

"I have not been quite well. My voice is improving, however; and soon I hope to be quite free from infirmity.

"I want more godliness, that is what I chiefly want. Pray for me—will you? What a character was Jesus! Oh, for more of His spirit! I wish to be His disciple. I hope to be one day perfect.

"Pray, how are you going on? When are you to begin your new chapel! What is the state of religion at the present time, in Wales? The world is moving on—whither? What do you think of our present state?

"Give my regards to Mrs. Davies. Is your chest better? Don't study too much. Will you kindly favour me with a long letter with your notions of R. T. W——'s intention, and so on? God bless you!

"I am, My Dear Brother,

"Yours affectionately,

"CALBB MORRIS."

"13, Duncan Terrace,

"January 3rd, 1837.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—Your note astonished me. What! the books not yet received! I sent them hence an age ago—long before the end of last year. The parcel was addressed to yourself, and directed to be left at Rees's Wagon Office, Carmarthen. Have any inquiries been made at Rees's respecting it? But I am disposed to think that the books are at Glandwr by this time, and I am disposed to ask—how do you like them? Allow me, however, to confess my sin in not being more punctual. Some of the books are scarce. It took the bookseller a long time to procure some of them. Time passes very swiftly in London.

"I hope, my dear Brother, that you are well, and that you are doing well. It gave me great pleasure to hear of your prosperity. May God help you to teach the people!

"Do you pay Church rate? What a subject! What do you think of the present crisis? Truth is advancing, is it not? But, oh for

more of the spirit of Christianity. It is the spirit of power, of love, and of a sound mind.

"Since I wrote the above I have been very ill, but I am now quite well. I have detained this letter in order to send it by a private hand. Now I am almost sorry, fearing you have been anxious. I have sent you the bill in the parcel. I have paid the amount, of course. You pay the money over to my father as soon as convenient. I will write to him to that effect.

"What is become of the Welsh Academy? The Board is just now stationary, because it is undergoing universal examination as to its funds, &c., but I can't enter now on that important subject.

"Offer my kind regards to Mrs. Davies and friends. With kind wishes for you and yours,

"I am, My Dear Brother,

"Yours truly,

"CALEB MORRIS."

The reference to the Welsh Academy in the letter naturally leads us to a very important event in his history, viz., the invitation which he received to the Principalship of the Brecon College. In Wales, as in England, the Nonconformists had a considerable number of small Academies for training young men looking forward to the Christian ministry. The tutors were also very often pastors, as was the case with Dr. Fletcher, at Blackburn, and Dr. Pye-Smith, at Homerton; but the feeling was growing in favour of releasing the teachers from regular pastoral charges and thus making the teaching, as it was thought, more efficient.

Since the split at Carmarthen, in 1755, the *Orthodox* Academy in Wales had led a wandering existence, and had been wholly supported by the Congregational Fund Board. In the year 1836, the Board determined to discontinue their grant, unless the Congregational Churches of Wales would bear a part of the expense. When the matter was laid before the churches, they readily promised to do their part, and the institution was removed to Brecon. It was a

critical period in the history of the college, and therefore it was of great importance to have a strong man at the helm. The thoughts of Welsh Congregationalists turned as it were instinctively towards Caleb Morris. Here was a great preacher, a clear thinker, and a born teacher ; if he could only be secured for the post, then all would be well. They were not without hope, for L. had more than once shown his love for his native land. He had also repeatedly proved his interest in the training of young men for the Christian ministry, and in the year 1836 had examined the students of Cheshunt College, in company with William Stroud, M.D. Among the few papers of Caleb Morris that have been preserved is the invitation sent to him by his Welsh brethren on this critical occasion, and I am indebted to the Rev. H. Gwion Jones, Bethel, Llandderfel, for lending it to me.

It is as follows :—

“ To the Rev. Caleb Morris.

“ REV. AND DEAR BROTHER,—We, the undersigned ministers, being fully convinced of your qualifications for undertaking the important office of Theological and Resident Tutor of the Academy about to be established at Brecon, do unanimously invite and most earnestly entreat you to accept of the same ; and we cheerfully engage to pay you the sum of — pounds annually for your services. [The sum is deleted in the MS.] We are fully aware that the sum we are able to offer is but very small when compared with what you probably receive from the Church under your pastoral care, and now enjoying your valuable ministrations ; but knowing that you have the prosperity of the Redeemer's Kingdom in Wales much at heart, we anxiously hope and trust you will be prepared to make some personal sacrifice in order to comply with a request which we deem essential to the prosperity of the Institution on which the welfare of after generations so much depends. And we feel persuaded that you will regard the claims of a whole Principality as superior to those of any individual Church. We confidently trust that the great Head of the

Church would provide a successor at Fetter Lane ; but should you decline the invitation, we know not where to look for an individual so well adapted for the office, and so unanimously desired."

Over one hundred signatures are attached to the invitation. It was, in short, the almost unanimous request of the Congregational ministers in Wales.

Our first impression is that he could not—yes, and that he ought not—to decline such an invitation ; but he did decline it, and we cannot believe that he did this without sufficient reasons. What were they ?

We may dismiss at once the question of salary. He was quite free from the love of money ; and if he had felt that God was calling him to Brecon, the amount of remuneration offered would not have stopped him from going. In the Welsh edition I suggested several reasons which might have influenced him, such as the uncertainty of his health, his dislike to the routine of the administrative work which necessarily falls upon the head of such an institution, and especially his love of freedom of thought on religious themes. He was of an inquiring mind, and dwelt much on the borderland between theology and philosophy. Such men are apt to express their conclusions in language that is at variance with the stereotyped forms of the schools, and thus lay themselves open to the charge of heterodoxy. Caleb Morris did not escape that charge in his later years, though no one was ever more loyal to the fundamental teachings of Christianity. But the fact that he was open to new convictions, and refused to speak dogmatically on certain questions, was sufficient to arouse suspicion in narrow minds ; and may have caused him to hesitate to accept a position in which safe men were regarded as essential. At Fetter Lane he had perfect freedom to proclaim the truth as it appealed to his own mind and heart ; and to a nature like his, such freedom seemed indispensable.

I see no reason for withdrawing any of those suggestions, but I then admitted that Dr. Thomas, of Stockwell, was right in laying the chief stress on Caleb Morris's unique devotion to the church at Fetter Lane, and the passionate attachment of the church to him. The Minute Book of the Deacons of Fetter Lane Church, beginning with the year 1838, which Mr. Arthur Pye-Smith has kindly lent me, fully confirms this view. On Monday, the 6th of August, 1838, the deacons held a meeting, and decided to summon a special meeting of the church for Monday evening, August 13th. There was a full attendance of members, and the following address to Mr. Morris was unanimously adopted at the recommendation of the deacons :—

“REV. AND DEAR SIR,—It being generally known that you have received a requisition numerously signed by the ministers of the Independent denomination of the Principality to take the theological chair of a Dissenting College in Wales (which may have placed your mind in some degree of doubt as to the leadings of Providence), the deacons and members of the Church of Christ at Fetter Lane, under your pastoral care (whose names are hereunto subscribed), venture affectionately and respectfully to offer a few reasons why they deem it your duty to continue your effective and valued services in your present sphere of ministerial usefulness.

“It has pleased God signally to bless the preaching of the Word to the conversion of numerous souls, and to add more members to the church—during the time you have laboured among them—than at any similar period in the former history of the church.

“In their humble opinion, the limited sphere of operation to which you have been invited will fail to offer the same advantages in point of population and intelligence for the talent of preaching which you possess in an eminent degree, as the Metropolitan field of labour, and therefore your exertions would prove materially less effective.

“As the present state of your health does not require you to leave London permanently; it appears incompatible with the united desires of yourself and a grateful and united people for greater usefulness, that you should leave what has hitherto been, and still continues to

be, a successful sphere of ministerial labour, for one of a more limited, untried, and uncertain nature.

“ Many collateral reasons of a more detailed kind might be offered, such as the Bible and other classes which you have formed for the moral and spiritual instruction of young persons of this church and congregation, whose characters you have mainly formed, some of whom are usefully engaged in ministerial stations, and others are candidates for the ministry ; besides the loss which the body of Dissenting ministers, and the various important societies and institutions of London would sustain that now avail themselves of your valuable assistance and service.

“ The undersigned therefore strenuously urge you not to hesitate, but at once to decline the invitation, as it is hoped that the reasons already stated, and such others as may occur to your own mind, will have satisfied you that it is not the will of the great Head of the Church that you should at present leave the church and people of Fetter Lane, whose prayers at the Throne of Grace will be unceasingly offered for an increase of ministerial success, and for your enjoyment of every temporal and spiritual blessing.”

Caleb Morris's reply was read to the church on Sunday evening, the 16th of September :—

“ To the Church and Congregation assembling at Fetter Lane Chapel.

“ MY DEAR FRIENDS,—Eleven years have passed since my introduction to you as your pastor. During that period we have not been left without some indications that my settlement among you was according to the will of God ; our connection has been peaceful, harmonious, and to some, I trust, productive of spiritual good. In looking back, we discover, it is true, much to humble us ; but we also see much to encourage us. God has not turned away His mercy from us. Let us worship His great condescension and love.

“ It is known to you that I recently received an invitation to become the Theological and Resident Tutor of Brecon College, in Wales. You know also that this has been, for some weeks past, the occasion of great anxiety to my heart. I am confident that you do not blame me for having allowed the subject to engage my thoughts. To have declined the invitation at once, without duly examining its claims, and comparing them with those of my present station, would

not have been right. It would have indicated a sluggish, selfish disregard to the law of Christian usefulness, and the will of Divine Providence.

“Several considerations have rendered it very difficult to find out the path of duty. The office which I have been requested to fill is highly important on account of its essential and accidental relation to religion throughout the whole Principality. I have been invited to it (though very undeservedly) by the unanimous desire of nearly all the Congregational ministers of Wales; the office itself offers opportunities and inducements to prosecute studies to which I am strongly and increasingly attached: also on the grounds of natural relationship, friendly connections, and early religious associations, I cannot but feel a peculiar interest in the moral history of Wales. These considerations, not to name several subordinate ones, have created painful doubt in my mind relative to my future course.

“In these circumstances, all that I could do was to use all means within my reach in order to ascertain the will of God. I have tried to do so. I have now taken several weeks to deliberate. I have sought and obtained the counsels of some of the most godly and judicious ministers that I know. I have endeavoured to implore the guidance of the God of wisdom and love. I have truly and honestly considered my relation to you in its various aspects, and at last I have formed my decision, and I am anxious, without loss of time, to make it known to you my beloved friends. *It is my opinion that it is the will of God that I should continue as long as God will permit to labour among you as your Teacher and Pastor.*

“And now, my dear people, I wish to consider myself, and I desire you to consider me as beginning my ministry among you. I trust that this trial, for a trial it has been to me, may prove useful to us all.

“I have made up my mind to remain with you, because I love you. I can look on every family, and every individual belonging to the congregation with affectionate feelings. If it had not been so, I should have resolved to leave you. I am thankful to God and to you for the testimony of your attachment to me. I am more thankful, however, for the consciousness I have of the reality and strength of my attachment to you. Without this consciousness, I could not hope to be useful to you.

“I trust I can truly say, that my heart's purpose is to seek your spiritual good. I hope God will help me to instruct your dear children in the great principles of faith and duty; to stimulate and aid the

young among you in their holy inquiries and efforts ; to turn all your thoughts and hearts to Jesus, as the saviour of the guilty, as the helper of the anxious and broken-hearted, as the inspirer of faith, holiness, and hope in His church ; to aid you all by prayer and sympathy in your trials, losses, and bereavements ; to co-operate with you in seeking the redemption of the people around us, and in spreading truth, liberty, godliness, and peace in the world.

“ Through the mercy of God, I possess more strength to work than ever before. My health is perfect. I fully confide in your fidelity, co-operation, and prayers. My past experience permits me to do so. Without this, I should be miserable. I feel that our interests are the same. Your peace is my peace ; your crosses are my crosses ; your friends are my friends ; your children are my children. Go on to pray for me. I do not forget you.

“ The revolution of eleven years have produced many changes among us. Misfortune and death have often darkened our sky. Many families and individuals, once connected with us, have removed to distant localities. All the churches in the City of London are liable to many vicissitudes. Many of those whom I received to the church have passed to their happy home. We have been left, but we must soon be separated ; the connections of life at the longest must be short. Parents and children and friends, one after another, take leave and depart. While we live, may we live to God. When the conflicts and services of earth are over, may we, through the grace of God, meet to be happy for ever in heaven. I did not intend to trouble you with so many words. My prayer is that God may pour His peace into all your hearts.—I am, my dear friends, with grateful respects and unabated affection, your pastor and servant,

“ CALLEB MORRIS.”

The first text after the decision had been made known was : “ Our heart is enlarged.” He had been in narrow straits between the claims of Wales and of Fetter Lane ; but now that the matter had been decided, he breathed freely once more, and dwelt securely in the affection and love of his people. He and the people devoted themselves to the salvation of souls with fresh zeal, and renewed their consecration on the altar of Christian service. The fiery trials through which they had passed strengthened their

mutual confidence, and united them together for a holy enterprise.

On the 24th of September four new deacons were appointed. Dr. Morrison's address on the occasion was deemed so appropriate that he was asked to publish it. A discussion took place about improving the singing, and it was decided that the deacons in rotation should read the hymns from the desk, that the old plan of reading two lines at a time should be discontinued, and that the clerk should lead the singing from the gallery. Moreover, it was decided to hold a psalmody practice on Monday evenings, after the prayer meeting, which was to conclude at nine o'clock, one of the deacons to superintend it in rotation. It was also arranged to hold periodical social gatherings in order to promote more fellowship between the members and friends. These gatherings were called pastoral meetings. More attention was paid to the Christian Instruction Society, and a Sunday afternoon service was established in connection with it.

Month by month new members were admitted into church fellowship. Fifteen were received in January, and more than sixty in the course of the year. The deacons and minister of Fetter Lane held fortnightly meetings on Saturday evenings to prepare their hearts to seek the Lord, and to implore the blessing of God on their work. In consequence of the increase in the number of the communicants it was decided to adopt Communion tickets. New trustees were appointed for the almshouses behind the chapel, and the Society for visiting the sick poor was put in a satisfactory position. I have mentioned these details in order to show how new life was infused into every department of the church's work, in consequence of the crisis through which pastor and people had passed. The church also expressed its sympathy with the Committee of Brecon College in their

difficulties and disappointments, while Caleb Morris continued to take an interest in the affairs of the College, and pleaded successfully with the members of the Congregational Fund Board on its behalf. It is not often that a difficulty ends so happily and produces such beneficent results.

Special services to revive and diffuse the spirit of Christianity were held in several parts of London during the latter part of 1838 and the first weeks of 1839. Caleb Morris took an exceptional interest in those held at Surrey Chapel, then under the pastoral care of the Rev. J. Sherman, who had succeeded Rowland Hill. On Thursday morning, November 8th, 1838, Thomas Binney opened the meeting with prayer for an outpouring of the Holy Ghost, after which Caleb Morris read the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, making important comments as he passed along. I take the following outline of his address on the occasion from a little book, entitled "The Church Awakened," which is a record of the mission, and I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness to the Rev. John Lewis, of Tenby, for calling my attention to it :—

"Having concluded his comments, the reverend gentleman claimed the indulgence of the meeting while he offered a few remarks upon a subject closely identified with the object for which they had assembled. That subject was *the connection between prayer and the mission of the Holy Ghost*. Faith in this Divinely-ordained connection is essential to the success of these services. A mere hereditary, logical, passive faith in this great truth is of little value. A cold admission of it as a theological abstraction is a very different thing from a free and active submission of our intellect, will, affections, and life to its moral influence, to its quickening power. It is faith in the living, warm spirit of this sentiment, and not in the verbal representation of it, that we ought to part for. The Christian Church, in its infancy, was full of two things—*of prayer and of the Holy Spirit*. The Holy Ghost was there. It was there not merely as a Divine personality, not merely as a miraculous agency, but also as a *moral power*, revealing

Christianity to the Apostles themselves, and enabling them to reveal it to the heart and mind of the world. Prayer was there. The deep sense which the Church had then of her weakness and of her high responsibilities often kept her for many days together on her knees. What else could she do? Deprived of the personal presence of her Lord, hated by the world, and pledged to carry on her great work, she continued steadfastly in prayer.

"Prayer may be viewed in two lights—as a *medium of moral government* and as a *means of grace*. Prayer is an ordained fixed law in the economy of man's salvation. It has its place and uses there, just as the Bible, the Atonement, and the work of the Holy Spirit have their respective places and uses there. The holy writings show that prayer has an influence not only on men, but also on the feelings and conduct of God Himself as our moral Governor. He hears it. He answers it. All this implies that it affects, that it influences God. It is as certain that God loves prayer as that He loves moral excellence; it is as certain that He will answer prayer, as that He will graciously reward holiness. Our notions of prayer, as one of the great laws of God's moral administration, are vague and confused. The consequence is that our faith in it is feeble and fluctuating. We say, '*Perhaps* God will answer our supplications'; whereas we should say, '*We are sure* that God will answer our prayers.' It is the prayers of *light* only that can be warm, confident, successful. We are as sure that 'God is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him,' as we are of His existence.

"Besides this, prayer, as a means of grace, as an instrument of our improvement, is of unspeakable worth. It is, in its own nature, adapted to raise, expand, purify, and satisfy the mind. It brings the heart to sympathise with the wise, peaceful happy heart of God. It purifies and protects the character; it wonderfully fits us for our varied duties and our heavy burdens, for our great change and our happy home. Prayer, then, is the highest exercise of power that belongs to man; for by it he at once acts on himself and on his God. Oh, that the love of this power were more intense and operative in the Church! But there is one consideration which remarkably shows the importance of prayer. It is this—the Holy Ghost, even when miracles were its attendant signs, was given generally, perhaps always, to the Christian Church in answer to prayer. We confidently state this as an established truth. It deserves and demands more attention than has been given unto it.

“There are two different sources whence we derive our proofs of this doctrine:—First, *from the reasoning of the New Testament on the subject*; and, secondly, *from certain facts in the New Testament*.

“The doctrine of Jesus clearly taught the relation between the ascent of the church’s prayer, and the descent of God’s Spirit. Our Lord declared that the Spirit in an extraordinary manner and measure would be sent forth. He declared also that it would be sent forth in answer to prayer—the prayer of Christ in heaven, and the prayer of the disciples on earth. In the discourses of Jesus at the supper, this truth is taught with overwhelming power and pathos. The prayers of Jesus are this hour offered for this great gift. Oh, that we could with all our hearts join Him !

“But let us next look to the *facts*. A careful induction of these will lead us to the same conclusion respecting this matter as do the teachings of the gospels and epistles. If time allowed, I should refer to five or six scriptural facts; I shall notice two or three only. Find out and study the rest for yourselves.

“1. *Christ Himself, as the Father and representative of the Church, received the Spirit while praying*. ‘Jesus also, being baptized, and PRAYING, the heaven was opened, and the Holy Ghost DESCENDED in a bodily shape like a dove upon Him, and a voice came from Heaven, which said, Thou art My beloved Son, in Thee I am well pleased.’

“Has this fact received the attention it deserves? Blessed Saviour! What were His thoughts and feelings when about visibly to undertake the government of the human race? Then His great, benevolent, and Divine mind spread itself over the past, the present, the future—over every part and period of the moral universe. Then He saw all the terrible scenes through which he was to pass, the world of precious souls He was to save, the dreadful resistance He was to encounter, the high bearings of His work on time and eternity, on hell and heaven—then He saw all this in a pure light. And what did He do? HE PRAYED! What the prayer was we know not, but we know the *answer*. A luminous body—an emblem of Deity—hovered over Him like a dove; it descended upon Him; the Spirit without measure was given; the Father owned Him as His Son. Wonderful! And was not this intended partly to show that prayer is the ordained means of bringing down the favour and fulness of God to our poor hearts? Let us look to Jordan’s banks till supplication and hope are kindled in our souls.


“2. *The facts of Pentecost establish our doctrine*.—Ten days before

Pentecost, Jesus and His disciples met on a mountain in Galilee by special appointment. Oh, it was a solemn hour! Christ opened to them His purposes, made them responsible for the defence and diffusion of His religion, promised by a symbolic act the influence of His Spirit, and commanded them to wait in Jerusalem for the fulfilment of the promise; blessed them, and then passed out of their sight to His Heavenly Throne. The disciples returned to the metropolis; spent time in conference, prayer, and expectation of the Holy Ghost. They spent ten days in protracted devotion. After having waited, and waited, and waited (not passively, but actively) for nine days, lo! at nine o'clock on the tenth day, the Spirit was poured out upon them all! On that day three thousand were converted! Think of this. The Apostles spent parts, at least, of ten days in social, humble, expectant prayer! Where are the Churches which, in modern days, have done anything like this? The infant Church prayed *till* the Spirit came. Oh, that it were in the heart of the Churches to wait—to look out for the Divine Sanctifier!

“3. Another remarkable proof of the connection between prayer and the donation of the Spirit of grace is to be found in *the fourth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles*. The whole of this chapter should be frequently read and devotionally studied by Christians, especially by Christian ministers. We have an affecting account of the imprisonment of the Apostles for preaching Christ, of their self-defence, of their dismissal, and of the charge given them not to preach Jesus; of united prayer to God for help; and, finally, of the remarkable manner in which their prayer was answered.

“The Scriptural statements and Scriptural narratives which we have briefly noticed furnish undeniable evidences of the truth of the remark which we are anxious to impress on every soul in this assembly—namely, that *there is a divinely established connection between prayer and the bestowment of Divine influence.*”

Comradeship.



HITHERTO we have had nothing beyond occasional glimpses at Caleb Morris as a ministerial comrade, but what we have seen has been of such a kind as to make us desirous of knowing more. His repeated references to his dear brother, John Evans, show that he remained faithful to his early friendships after he had risen to fame in the Metropolis; his letters to John Davies, of Glandwr, are evidences that he was not unmindful of his country brethren; his touching tribute at the funeral of his neighbour, Thomas Stevenson, reveal a large, sympathetic heart, and had it not been for the destructive flood of time we should doubtless have been able to look with delight on many other examples of brotherly kindness.

That he was a loyal brother is the enthusiastic testimony of those who knew him in his later days. In the obituary notice which appeared in the *Patriot* for August 17th, 1865, the writer says:—"Mr. Morris was a faithful and affectionate friend, of great personal goodness, amiability, and generosity; to know him was to love him, and to love him once was to love him always. He was eminently endowed with the love-inspiring qualities which attach men, and which reciprocate every attachment that is worthy."

Unfortunately, the diary helps us very little in this matter,

for the volumes written during the greater part of his London ministry have been lost ; and therefore we have to depend on a few stray witnesses to his sociability and helpfulness.

Two of these belong to that period of his history which we have now reached. One is in the form of a letter to a fellow minister, and the other in the shape of a funeral sermon and a short memoir to one whose life had been very closely linked with his own.

The letter is addressed to the Rev. John Davies, of Clapton Park, a son of the celebrated David Davies, of Swansea, known throughout Wales as the "Silver Trumpet." He was for a time co-pastor with Dr. Pye-Smith, at the old Gravel Pit Chapel, Homerton, and after the death of that learned divine he succeeded him in the pastorate. His people built Clapton Park Chapel, and he became its first pastor. From another very characteristic letter, which will be inserted in its due place in the narrative, we learn that Caleb Morris was much attached to him. The two had lived together for a period of about seven years, up to the time that Mr. Davies was blessed with a home of his own. I am indebted for the letters to the Rev. D. Anthony, B.A., of Brighton, who was good enough to copy them for my use at the kind permission of Mr. Davies' daughter :—

" 13, Duncan Terrace,

" *July 9th*, 1840.

" MY DEAR BROTHER,—I know your kindness will pardon the officiousness of sound, though somewhat inoperative, friendship. Allow me to express my condolence with you and with the wounded friend of your heart on the present occasion. The Divine Saviour, who loves the babe more than does even the fond mother, has taken it to His own bosom. A child with Jesus in heaven ! Happy child ! Honoured mother ! But yet you feel, and acutely feel. Jesus will watch and heal the bleeding wounds of your hearts.

"This is a strange trial to you both ; I pray that it may be more precious than gold purified in the fire.

"I doubt not, my dear brother, but you will be able to love the Saviour of your babe more warmly, and preach Him more efficiently after this dark dispensation. I am confident that sweet light will fall on this black hour of grief.

"May I beg that you will offer most respectfully and tenderly my sincere sympathy to Mrs. Davies. The sources of consolation are too well known to you both to need my humble aid to discover them. More deeply than ever I am convinced that nothing will do for us but much, very much, communion with God in prayer in the name of Jesus. May you, my dear friend, and your distressed wife, find relief on your knees before the Father of the *family in earth and in heaven*.

"I fear that this humble but upright aim to soothe you will only deepen the sadness of your spirits. You will, however, forgive the error of anxious sympathy, wishing that you may be enabled to *bless Him who gave and who has taken away*.

"I am, my dear Brother,

"With sound affection,

"Yours always,

"CALEB MORRIS.

"To the Rev. John Davies."

The Rev. Nun Morgan Harry, pastor of New Broad Street, and one of the secretaries of the Society for the Promotion of Permanent and Universal Peace, was another of his London ministerial friends of whom he was very fond. There were many reasons for this special fondness. They were natives of the same county, for Mr. Harry belonged to the parish of Lampeter Velfrey, near Narberth. We find Caleb Morris at the ordination at Banbury in 1827 of Nun Morgan Harry, who had followed a preparatory course at Newport Pagnell Academy. And when the latter removed from Banbury to London, they became very intimate companions. They often met for conversation on divine things, and knelt together in prayer unto God. Sometimes they would break forth into their native Welsh.

Only those who have been in similar circumstances can understand the charm of a companion who has been brought up in sight of the same hills, and to the sound of the same music, amid the same social surroundings, and under the sway of the same religious influences. How frequently they talked over the beauties and glories of Pembrokeshire, and lived over again the delightful days of yore !

They often discussed the important work of preaching, and once a month co-operated in the composition of a sermon. On one occasion, at least, this led to a suspicion of plagiarism. The Rev. A. Shadrach, of Pembroke Dock, was spending a Sunday in London, and went to hear Nun Morgan Harry in the morning and Caleb Morris in the evening. Both took the same text, and the sermons were in many respects similar, the chief difference being a few poetical and philosophical touches in Caleb Morris's sermon, with a greater elegance and copiousness of language. Mr. Shadrach went on at the close of the service to thank Caleb Morris for his sermon, and added, "I heard it, or at least one very much like it, from Nun Morgan Harry in the morning." "Ah," replied Caleb Morris, "do you think one of us is a thief, or that both of us are robbers? Come with me to supper and you will have an explanation." During the evening's conversation Mr. Shadrach was told how they made a conjoint sermon about once a month. When a text had been selected, each of them would express his views about the best method of treating it; and after much discussion and interchange of thoughts they would construct an outline of a sermon, which each one filled up afterwards in his own way, and preached on the following Sunday. Such was the sermon that Mr. Shadrach had heard that day. I express no opinion on this method of composing a sermon, beyond saying that probably it was much better than many

that are now in vogue ; in any case, it illustrates the complete confidence which existed between the two friends.

But, alas ! this close intimacy was interrupted by death, as the friendship between Caleb Morris and Thomas Stevenson had been ten years earlier. Nun Morgan Harry became very ill in the autumn of 1842, and Caleb Morris was his most regular and welcome visitor. He writes :—

“During my last interview with him, only a few hours before his departure, I said, ‘You must not let your mind sink. Remember what we preach about death, the soul, and God.’ ‘Oh, no,’ said he, with a smile and deep emphasis, ‘my mind does not sink.’ I withdrew, but by his request I was soon recalled ; then, with an earnest look and tone, he said in his native language, ‘*Dyddenwch fy nghwraig, a’m plant bychain, gweddiwch drostynt a chyda hwynt*’ (Console my wife and little children, pray for them and with them). I signified my assent, and left him with his God. Blessed be God, the trials and tears of His servant are over, the victory is won, the soul is ascended.”

He died on October 22nd, 1842, and was buried at Abney Park Cemetery on October 31st. The leading ministers of London took part in the funeral service, among them Dr. Morrison, Dr. Pye-Smith, Rev. J. Clayton, M.A., Rev. Joseph Berry, Rev. Thomas Binney. The funeral sermon was preached by Caleb Morris at New Broad Street Chapel. There are men still living who heard this sermon ; I know two—Dr. W. T. Edwards, Cardiff, and the Rev. F. Fox Thomas, Reigate. The chapel was crowded, and hundreds were unable to obtain admission. Caleb Morris had great difficulty in going through the introductory part, on account of the disturbance at the doors. This tried him sore, for he was very particular about getting perfect quietness during the devotional part of the service. He did with the sermon preached on this occasion what he did with no other—that is, he revised it and published it. This was done in order to benefit the

widow and five orphan children that were left. Apparently a goodly sum was thus realised, for the copy in the Free Library, Cardiff, belongs to the sixth thousand. To the sermon a brief memoir of Nun Morgan Harry was attached by his friend, in which his admiration and affection are very evident. A few extracts may be fitly quoted :—

“He who only a few Sundays ago preached in this pulpit is now lying cold and silent in yonder cemetery. You will see him no more, you will hear him no more. I said he sleeps in yonder bed ; surely you cannot mistake my meaning. It is only the earthly, the material part that is there. Not but that we should reverence *that*, for it was once the house of the soul, and the consecrated temple of its God. The Saviour watches its repose ; He will raise it up at the last day and endow it with immortality. But the *man*, the man as to his essential and indestructible elements, is not there. The spirit reigns in life and breathes perfection. Who will venture to deny that its recollections and care and love of you—you, his sorrowing family and his bereft congregation, still remain ? Who will venture to say that its eye is no longer on your path, and that its warm sympathies are no longer round your being ?

“It was not his practice to talk much about the vicissitudes of his experience, the winter and summer, the tempests and sunshine that passed over his soul, yet sometimes he would freely open his heart. He often did so to me. Often, very often, did we pray together in secret. But oh ! my brother, never again wilt thou kneel by my side to breathe thy kind intercessions for thy friend ! Still, I rejoice that thy prayers are ended, that thy songs have begun.”

The little book closes with a reference to the ministers that had died during his stay in London, and with an appeal to the ministers that were still permitted to carry on the Master’s work :—

“Where are Wilks, Hyatt, Waugh, Burder, Rippon, Winter, Orme, Hughes, Ivimey, Rowland Hill, and many others whom we well remember ? All are gone, gone to their happy rest. Among them, to-day, is he who on the first Sabbath of the last month joined with you here in commemorating the Saviour’s love. Now he

sees and serves the Saviour on high. Oh, my brother, thou art not lost, thou livest with the spirits of the perfect and the blessed; thou art with Christ, which is far better! Our hearts look for the day when we shall meet thee again, and then shall we be ever with the Lord. 'And now, brethren, being compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus.' Trusting his faithfulness, leaning on the arm of His might, let us cheerfully tread the way of the desert, for we, too, shall soon be at home."

The sermon has been reprinted in the "Homilist" and in "Pulpit Memorials" as a specimen of Caleb Morris' style of preaching. The selection is probably due to the fact that it is the only sermon revised by the author. The Rev. W. Farrer, B.A., LL.B., writes that he and two other Homerton students acted as amanuenses in preparing it for the press. The sermon is simple and noble in conception, and it contains many fine passages; but personally there are several sermons which I should choose in preference to it, notwithstanding the fact that they were unauthorised versions, and were declared by Caleb Morris himself to be inaccurate and inadequate.

It is not a funeral sermon of the old-fashioned kind, for there is only one reference in it to the departed. Basing his remarks on Acts xiii. 36—"David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep"—the preacher inquires *how* men can and *why* men should serve their own generation. In any collection of Caleb Morris' sermons it would necessarily occupy a prominent place, but as it may be seen in the "Homilist" and in "Pulpit Memorials" I have decided not to include it in this biography.

One quotation, however, I feel bound to make, in addition to the quotation which has been already made in the first

chapter. After describing the age of David, the preacher proceeds :—

“But if it is instructive to look, through the dim shadows of the past, on the age of David, which is now blended with those of eternity, is it not more instructive, more profitable still, to contemplate the one in which we live, move, and have our being—our own? If it is useful to think of him over whose grave thousands of years have already rolled, is it not also well to remember the loved one whose spirit has but just put on the white robe; whose dust was consigned to its long rest only six days ago; whose tones of truth and pathos are still in our ears; and whose presence mysteriously communes with our hearts by day and by night? It is; and the attendance and the tears of this vast multitude prove that they think so.

“My belief that your lamented minister had served his generation by the will of God when he fell on sleep led me to the selection of the text. My plan, however, is not to mingle direct references to his history with the illustration of the subject. This would, possibly, be more acceptable, but it would be less useful; it would embarrass the preacher, break the unity of his remarks, and excite, rather than instruct, the congregation. Detaching the text, then, from all particular relations, I shall proceed to explain and enforce the universal truth which it indicates.”

The *Evangelical Magazine* for March, 1843, refers to it in the following terms :

“The funeral discourse is distinguished by all those qualities of mind and heart which so eminently characterise the efforts of our esteemed friend and brother. Irrespective of the charitable design of applying the profits arising out of its sale to the benefit of the widow and children, it is eminently deserving of a wide circulation as a composition rich in all those appeals which tend to ameliorate the heart, and to make Christians more fit for the better country beyond the grave.”

This verdict has been endorsed by many, and in some cases in a way which cannot be commended. That Caleb Morris's sermons were often preached by other men is beyond dispute, though the exact form of the stories that are related

on this matter may not be always correct. There can be no doubt, however, about a remarkable case of plagiarism in connection with this sermon; several who heard the account from Caleb Morris himself have communicated the fact to me. He was staying in the neighbourhood of Cardigan after his retirement from the ministry, and one Sunday morning he felt a strong desire to hear a Welsh sermon, and went to a chapel where a memorial service was to be held in honour of a local minister who had just passed away. The preacher was thunderstruck as he saw him entering, and went to him and besought him to preach. When he firmly declined, the preacher said, "Well, Mr. Morris, I have made use of one of your sermons in preparing for the occasion, I hope you will not be angry with me." "Oh, no," was the swift reply; "go on, my brother, do your best, and God bless you." He had thought that the preacher had merely received suggestions from the sermon, but it turned out that he had translated it almost word for word. Naturally he was annoyed at that, for it was dishonest and lazy. He was delighted if other men found his sermons helpful and inspiring, and were moved by them to think and work for themselves; but such barefaced stealing as he had witnessed that day deserved the severest condemnation. However, he dealt very tenderly with the offender, believing, probably, that to have been found out was in itself a sufficient punishment.

This incident has led us away for a moment from the period with which we were dealing; to it we now return. Even among the meagre records that have come down to us there are several things which show the high esteem in which Caleb Morris was held by his brethren. Their readiness to supply his pulpit during his illness, and his election to be one of the trustees of the *Evangelical Magazine*

may be mentioned. He was also in great request at ordination services. The part generally assigned to him was the ordination prayer. To hear him pray on such occasions was an experience never to be forgotten. It is recorded that he attended an ordination service at Ventnor in July, 1839, and at New Court Chapel, Carey Street, in November, 1840. In 1842 he preached at the opening of Aldersgate Street Chapel. I have casually come upon these records, doubtless others exist, and many more services are unrecorded. This chapter, indeed, is nothing more than a few scattered fragments to indicate that he was a brother beloved and greatly honoured ; but, as far as I know, no materials exist for a fuller account of this important and fruitful season of his life.

XVI.

Visit to Wales in 1843.

DEATHBED AND SANCTUARY, MOORLAND AND SEA.

ONCE more we can avail ourselves of the guidance of the diary—and first of all we find a very full account of a journey to Pembrokeshire in the year 1843. This is the most interesting and pathetic of all his records, and the present chapter consists entirely of extracts from his diary, with a few explanatory remarks.

“ July 20th.

“ This is on many accounts an important day to me. On it I left my house, 13, Duncan Terrace, which I had held for nearly ten years, and dismissed my servants, Bevan and Mary. Felt guilty that I had not tried to do them more *moral* good; think I have not been neglectful of their temporal happiness. Left London for Wales. Reached Bristol about 9. May the mercy of God forgive my faults up to this day, and bless this *change* to myself and others.

“ Friday, July 21st.

“ Left Bristol for Swansea. Did no good, received no good. A day lost!

“ Saturday, 22nd.

“ Reached Carmarthen, where I spent nearly seven years at college. The place much altered in its relations to me; many of my old intimate friends—nearly all—gone to the other world; others altered in person, circumstances, and character. Conversated with the Rev. D.

Davies, Pantteg, the present theological tutor; Lewis, a student in Yorkshire; and Anthony, a student at Homerton. [The Revs. J. Lewis, Tenby, and D. Anthony, B.A., Brighton.] Began to feel more than usual for the moral state of Wales; but my mind hard and burdened with painful recollections of my past negligence and unfruitfulness.

"Sunday, 23rd.

"Worshipped twice at Lammas Street Chapel. Heard, with profit, Mr. Jones, Baptist minister, in the morning; in the evening Mr. Davies, Pantteg, preached. He possesses natural talent to do great good to men. How important to *labour*, for it is never in *vain*. Spent the day with Mr. Lewis, one of the deacons, an amiable and consistent man, Mrs. Thomas, and others. On the whole, got on a little in holy thought, feeling, and desire this day.

"Monday, 24th.

"Called on several of my old acquaintances. Especially enjoyed the society of Howells, Jones (deacon), Harries (W. Methodist). Had some conversation with a few friends respecting the desirableness of establishing an *English* Independent cause at Carmarthen. Can I do anything more in the matter?

"Tuesday, 25th.

"Left Carmarthen at 4 by mail, and reached Cardigan by 10. The aspect of the town somewhat improved. A funeral was one of the first objects that attracted my attention. Found my few friends here well, and received great kindness from them all. Heard that my brother, who had been for some months unwell, was very ill. Left immediately in the hope of seeing him *alive*.

"Arrived at Park-ŷd about 8, and found my poor brother very low, apparently near death. Felt a melancholy pleasure in being permitted to see him in the flesh. Oh, how many thoughts sprang up when I saw him on his bed of death!

"26th.—My brother easier, spent most of the day with him.

"27th.—Left my brother in his weakness. Went to Cardigan to arrange with Mr. Lloyd for the Sabbath, which I had engaged to spend at the Tabernacle, Haverfordwest. Found him as amiable, pious, and zealous as ever. Oh, it is good to witness the constancy and perseverance of our best people. Returned to Coedcenlas and Park-ŷd, the scene of affliction."

Perhaps it may be well to remind the reader that Park-ŷd was the birthplace of Caleb Morris. When the father removed to Coedcenlas, his son Jacob remained at Park-ŷd and worked hard there to rear his young family. He was disposed to be somewhat careless about religion. The diary proceeds.

" 28th and 29th.

" Still watching and conversing with my brother and our family. Much gratified to find him so *penitent, anxious*, and free in his conversation respecting his eternal well being.

" Sunday, July 30th.

" I was permitted once more to worship at Penygroes, where I used to hear the Gospel in my childhood ; where I felt first the influence of religious thought and sentiment ; where I made an open profession of religion when fourteen years of age ; where I preached my second sermon, with a view to be *judged* by the Church as to my qualifications to be a *preacher* ; and where I received an unanimous ' *call* ' to exercise my humble gifts in the great work.

" Blessed be God, who has permitted me hitherto to attempt to serve Him in the Gospel. Oh, how careless, thoughtless, indolent, selfish, vain, and worthless has been my poor life since I gave myself to the holy work of the ministry. I am ashamed, and ought to mourn bitterly before God and men. Time has been wasted, talents have been hidden, self has been too much consulted and served. I feel that I need *abolition*, divine renewal and *strength of will* to do my merciful Master's work.

" I tried to give an exposition of the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. Found my *Welsh* rather rusty, not having practised it much during the last twenty years. But what a blessing to be able to speak to my own nation, in its own tongue, of the wonderful works of God !

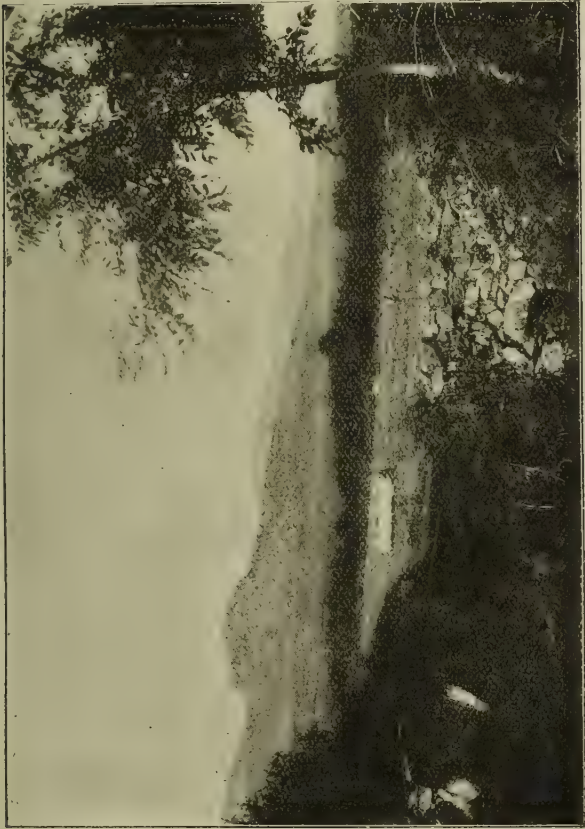
" Spent the remainder of the day at Coedcenlas with my parents and relations, being rather *indisposed*.

" Monday, 31st, and following days.

" Spent this week with my poor, sinking, dying brother."

Before coming to the next entry, it seems desirable to

explain a term found in it—namely, “Rhôs.” It is the Welsh for moorland, and is the name for the comparatively



PRESCELIY RANGE FROM THE RHÔS.

level ground at the base of Voeldrigarn and Carnalw (Echo Rock). It is a stony region, with patches of heather and

peat. Several streamlets flow through it, and along these rushes, moss, and watercress grow. The brooks form pools and lakes, where the cattle drink, and in which the sheep are washed in the shearing season. Considerable portions of the "Rhôs" have been enclosed through the diligence of the labourers, many of whom live on the little holdings created by their own industry. In one of these small houses Caleb Morris preached his first sermon. Doubtless he had spent much of his time when a boy on the moorland, and he had often crossed it on the way to the service at Brynberian. The view shows the "Rhôs" and Echo Rock, with Prescelly in the distance.

Saturday, August 5th.

"Spent the greater part of the day on the 'Rhôs.' Revisited the rude grey stones, the pure little springs, the living rivulets, and the little green spots, which kindled the poetry of my boyhood, lost till now, lost for ever. One little purling stream in particular seemed to recognise me, and after a separation of more than thirty years to address me thus: 'I am as pure, as active, as free, as unostentatious (for seldom does anyone condescend to notice me) as ever; and art thou so?' Little stream, thou condemnest, thou humblest me, thou makest me weep, though I cannot say exactly *why*.

"Oh, how I have enjoyed this solitary, reflective, melancholy walk! I have felt the reality, the subduing and *sanctifying* influence of poetry. What are the splendours and beauty of England's scenery, what are the richest specimens of its architecture, what are its proudest monuments of civilisation, science, art, and wealth, to ME, in comparison with *this barren scene*, where I began to see, to admire, to hope and to pray? Here the hand of man has done little or nothing; here the voice of man has seldom been heard—gesticulated speech, never; here the sin of man has found no incentives, has left no outward monuments. For thousands of years these bare heaths and yonder 'cairns' have remained much the same as I see them to-day. Here I feel as in the silent temple of nature, as in the presence of the Great Eternal.

"May this hour of early recollections, of sweet associations, moral

conviction and resolution, prove the effectual means of renewing my being, and making it more pleasing to the God of my life.

“What is the mysterious influence that this quiet, retired scene has thus spread over all my mental and moral sensibilities? I have felt what I can neither describe nor comprehend. How sacred is nature! How deep and durable are its impressions on the spirit of man! How conducive to goodness are all things! How infinitely great and good is God. I *feel* that the world was made for man, that man was made for God.

“*Sunday, August 6th.—Morning.*

“Visited the *Sunday-school* at Penygroes. Very few children present learning to read, but the number of adult teachers and learners very great. *This kind of Sunday-school* is unknown in England. It is admirable. The Bible is read in classes, and questions are asked by a teacher or leader, and answers are returned by each member of the class. This plan answers well; it keeps the people from wandering and idling under the name of going to ‘meeting’ to hear sermons, it promotes Biblical knowledge very effectually, it promotes freedom and communication in divine things, it secures an acquaintance with the theological and religious character of the people, and it is directly calculated to produce mutual love and mutual inspection. Any plan that binds men to the *Bible* and to *each other* must do good.

“I was delighted to see so many assembled for mutual instruction in this way. Great good has been done in this neighbourhood. How different now from what it was twenty years ago. This is making the church a *school*, as it should be.

“*Afternoon.*

“Benjamin James, of Glandwr, preached from ‘Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.’ There was a second service called ‘*cwrdd bach*’ (little meeting), at which the people were questioned as to what parts of the sermon had impressed their minds and hearts. The design of this was *not to criticise* either the preacher or the sermon, but to ascertain the devotional state of the people while hearing the discourse. The proper management of such an exercise requires great wisdom, tact, and personal knowledge of the parties interrogated. The *adult school* promotes *knowledge*, the ‘*cwrdd bach*’ promotes *devotion*. The Welsh churches do not lay so much stress on preach-

ing (exclusively almost) as the *English* do. Moreover, the religious exercises already mentioned are the best means of bringing people to appreciate and understand sermons.

"I was requested to make some general remarks on the paragraph whence the text was taken (Matt. xxv. 31-46). I tried to do so. Jesus Christ takes a deep interest in *human misery*, and is desirous to abate and extinguish it. Jesus expects His disciples to be occupied in the work. They are to do it *for Him*. He considers what is done to the miserable as done to *Himself*. 'Ye did it to Me.' Jesus will call His disciples to an account respecting this; yes, *all men*. He will reward the faithful in the work, and punish the unfaithful. Christians think too little of this because preachers think too little of it. In this they are unlike Christ. Let us bear in mind the *duty of relieving the miserable, and the sinfulness of neglecting them*. The conduct of men in these matters is made the test of character, and the basis of retribution.

"Monday, 7th.

"Spent the day with my brother. Expected him to die about 12, but he revived from the alarming fit. He expressed his hope in the mercy of God, as he had often done before, and said to me, 'Dear Caleb, dear Caleb, dear Caleb, *now* I see how differently we have spent our lives!'

"Oh, that I had spent mine better than I have! Felt shame and guilt when I heard his confession. He said, 'God has saved great sinners like me.' This, too, is *my* comfort.

"Tuesday, 8th.

"The Revs. David Rees, Llanelly; J. Davies, Glandwr; and J. Thomas [afterwards Dr. John Thomas, of Liverpool] dined with me at my father's house. Mr. Rees said he had been recently called to visit a dying sailor—a native of Newport—who, when talked to (agreeably to his own request), said, 'It is of no use to trouble me now about religious matters, *it is too late!*' Awful! What is to be thought of such a thing? He soon died!

"Went to Brynberian to the opening of that place of worship.

"In the evening, heard an admirable sermon from Mr. Lewis, of Henllan. He *labours* evidently to study and to preach; and *labour* in the Gospel—in anything good—is always *rewarded!* It is delightful to hear such a minister in Wales. God preserve and bless him!

Lewis, Brynberian
 Penryhoel
 11/X

"Had some confidential talk with the Rev. John Evans respecting his relations and difficulties in connection with his charge at Penryhoes. The prosperity of a church, under God, depends almost entirely on the pastor. I see this. I feel the solemn importance of the truth in its relation to *myself*. Oh, may God mercifully grant me *health* of body and of *soul* to labour among my own people at Fetter Lane. For several years I have done but very little good, I fear, among them. May the God who knows me, and has hitherto permitted me—the most unworthy of His servants—to remain in His work, spare me! I hope that the visit to the healthy air of Wales, and to its pious people, will fit me bodily and mentally to serve Christ at Fetter Lane.

"Wednesday, 9th.

"Attended the ordination of Mr. Lewis at Brynberian. Mr. Rees of Llanelly's introductory discourse impressed me greatly. He is an excellent preacher. It is very important to speak *freely and boldly*, as well as in a kind and devotional spirit, the things of God. I offered the ordination prayer in the Welsh language. May God hear it, and bless this good young man who is settled over this large church where, in my early days, I used frequently to hear the Word from those who are silent.

"Took tea at Tyllwyd. I must write to Mr. Davies to try to do him good. I find that he is not a Christian. May God help me to do what I can to save him."

Before proceeding to the next entry, we may pause and reflect for a moment, and also obtain another ray of light on the events of the last two days. They were great days for the district; the chapel at Brynberian was reopened, and a new pastor was ordained over churches where Henry George had laboured so successfully for fifty years. We know to-day that Caleb Morris' prayer on behalf of the young minister was abundantly answered, for Mr. Lewis proved to be a man of God in the district for over fifty years. Another ordination was to be held at Newport the same week, and in connection with these meetings many of the leaders of the Welsh Independents had come to the quiet district: Lewis,

of Henllan, the saint and philosopher ; Rees, of Llanelly, the popular preacher, social reformer, and model pastor ; Davies, of Glandŵr, the Biblical scholar ; and Mr. John Thomas, whose great work for Wales was yet to come. The presence and words of these men gave a powerful impulse to every good work.

But let us return to Coedcenlas, and place ourselves near the dinner table, in the raised parlour. There are David Rees and John Davies, John Thomas and Caleb Morris. What is the theme of the conversation ? We have seen from the reference in the diary to the dying sailor that religion and the salvation of sinners was an important matter to those who sat at the table. Let Dr. John Thomas, one of the authors of *Hanes Eglwysi Annibynol Cymru*, throw additional light on the meeting. He writes, in reference to Caleb Morris : “ We remember well that it was at the house of a relative [his father’s house], in the neighbourhood of Penygroes, we saw him for the first time. In the summer of 1843 we were accompanying Mr. Rees, of Llanelly, to the ordinations of Mr. E. Lewis, at Brynberian, and of Mr. S. Thomas, at Newport ; and as there was a long-standing friendship between Mr. Rees and Mr. Morris, when Mr. Rees heard that he was at home, he went to see him, and naturally we went also. Mr. Morris was in the house, having just returned from a visit to a sick relative [his brother], who was at death’s door. That relative had not made a public profession of religion, and it was evident that this was a cause of great anxiety to Mr. Morris ; but he had obtained much relief from a conversation with him ; and he went on to say : “ You in Wales lay too much stress on church membership, and the result is that many think that to be the sum and substance of religion.” Mr. Rees replied : “ And you in England lay too little stress on church member-

ship, and the result is that there is no importance attached to the public profession of religion." Then there arose a sharp conflict between the two, as to which of the two extremes was the most dangerous, and in connection with something which Mr. Morris said, he referred to some little bubbling spring that he had seen that morning, with the crystal stream flowing from it, and the moss and cress growing along its banks; and as he was describing these, he poured forth such a flood of glowing poetical expressions that we could see everything vividly before us. All his conversation was full of poetry." [It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader of the Meditation on the Rhôs.]

In reference to the ordination prayer Dr. Thomas writes :—

"We seldom heard anyone praying who so impressed us with the sense of devotion. We shall never forget the solemn prayer which he offered at the ordination of the Rev. E. Lewis, Brynberian. We must say that it was the nearest approach to our ideal of an ordination prayer which we ever heard. There was no noise and tumult, no flow of words, nor any attempt at eloquence, none of those things which are considered essential to catch the popular ear; but he appeared unto us like a high priest entering into the presence of God on behalf of the congregation, and commending the church and its young minister unto Him. We felt at the close that, if anyone had ever been properly ordained, Mr. Lewis had certainly been so ordained that morning, and we were told by those who knew Mr. Morris well that there was nothing exceptional in his ministration on that occasion, for his public prayers generally reached that high level."

After this short excursion, we return to the diary, and come to one of its most pathetic pages :—

"Thursday, August 10th.

"This day my brother died at 5 a.m. at Park-ŷd, where he, my sisters, and myself were born. This is the first near relative I have ever lost. What a solemn hour! The sun was pouring in through the opened window its fresh, soft, reviving light; but the spirit of

death was there filling the chamber, and revealing itself in the saddened countenances, the low whispers, the suppressed sobbings, and the anxious watching looks of relatives and sympathising friends. The agonised mother and children were weeping apart, each heart absorbed in its own bitterness, and unconscious for the time of all besides.

“And there was my poor brother, pale, emaciated, ghastly, struggling hard and alone with the last enemy. Already the last word had been uttered, the last look in material things taken, the last salutation given. His breathing was hard, but regular; his frame became very slightly agitated; the countenance grew paler; I bent forward to watch the expression of his countenance. My friend, John Picton, said: ‘I believe he is gone.’ He was gone for ever! Oh, my brother! May the impressions and purposes of this hour be as lasting as my passing life.

“My father, who is eighty-one years of age, entered the room, saw the dead, and loudly wept. We all wept. Oh, may all the family meet above! How strong is natural affection! How important to do all in our power in due time to promote the salvation of relatives! We should speak kindly and perseveringly to them. God blesses, generally, such means. How attentive and affectionate children should be to their aged parents! Let the blessing of God, the Father of all mercies, rest on the widow, Ruth Morris, and on the children, Martha, Anne, Caleb, Mary, Phoebe, Eunice.

“*Friday, 11th.*

“Spent most of the day in attempts to improve this visitation. Went in the evening to Penygroes to the ‘Society.’ This day accompanied my father to select a spot where to deposit the remains of my brother. New work. Someone will do the same for me soon. When? Who? Where? If it please God to take me while in Wales, I should like my poor mortal dust to rest in this ‘Mynwent’ (burial ground) near my relations. It is now likely that both my father and mother, who cannot be far from death, will sleep in the same enclosure. May we all as a family meet in the world of mind.

“*Saturday, 12th.*

“*Heddyw Claddwyd fy mrawd* (To-day my brother was buried). Spoke of the importance of *temperance* at the church meeting, when a poor brother was disciplined for excessive drinking. What a curse is

drunkenness to many in Wales. The temperance movement has done indirectly immense good. May those who are anxious to improve the social and moral habits of the people be encouraged. Mr. Evans is faithful, so is his son.

← *"Sunday, 13th."* *Uncle Simon*

"Spoke at the 'Table,' and at the school in the evening.

"Tuesday, 15th."

"Wrote nine letters, and conversed with poor Ruth and my family. Sad scene! *Poor Jacob gone!*"

One or two expressions in these extracts may need a word of explanation. In the course of the week before Communion Sunday, two meetings are generally held in Welsh churches. One is usually held on Friday night, and is called the "society." It is an opportunity for receiving new members, and also for the members to narrate their Christian experience. On Saturday a preparatory meeting is held, at which only church members are present. Cases of discipline are dealt with at this meeting, and the minister generally delivers an address or sermon. During the distribution of the bread and wine on the Sunday the minister addresses the communicants. This is the speaking at the "Table" mentioned in the diary. The reader will observe that his brother's death and funeral did not prevent Caleb Morris from attending religious meetings and taking part in them. Why should they? What place more fitting in the darkness of sorrow than a Christian sanctuary, and what influence so healing as Christian service?

Nearly a month has elapsed since Caleb Morris left London for renewal of health and strength, but he has had no real rest; on the contrary, his nature has been subject to a constant strain. He must seek something different from this if he is to return to London with a fresh store of energy for the winter's work. Hence we are pleased to notice that

on Wednesday, the 16th, he leaves for Haverfordwest. He was a great favourite at the Tabernacle, and he had many true friends there ; so he seldom or never came to Wales without visiting the town at which he received part of his education, and where his early religious impressions were deepened and intensified. Having arrived at Haverfordwest, he writes :—

“ Was most kindly received by my very dear friends, Mr. Lloyd and his excellent family. Felt grateful that we were permitted once more, after a separation of six years, to meet in health, comfort, and with hearts anxious still to cleave to the Cross and cause of Jesus. This meeting brought to mind my past defections of heart, life, and ministry. Blessed be that patient, long-suffering, forgiving God, who has not cast me out of His Church, His work, His heart. Oh, that I could love much, for I have been much forgiven.”

“ *Sunday, August 20th.*

“ Preached at the Tabernacle, morning and evening. The congregations large and attentive. Oh, what a poor organ of God am I ! I am not what I ought to be, might be, nor, I fear, what I was once. I have not cultivated myself for God. My voice, speech, manner, presence, intellect, spirit, are far inferior to what God and men and conscience demand. I am a barren fig tree, little improved by the culture and care of the Divine proprietor. I feel that I am too prone to leave things as I find them. I forget that I have a *mission* to every congregation, family, and person to whom Providence introduces me. I profess myself to be a reformer under Jesus, and therefore to be wiser and holier than the mass of beings with whom I have to do. I ought to be above them in real excellence as I am above them in *name*. I ought to *govern* men’s minds and feelings and doings, and not be governed by every thing and person about me. A minister of Christ should have *boldness* and *decision* blended with real humility and love. If he rules not in men’s minds and lives, he is neither what God nor what men expect him to be. It is necessary that a minister should make time, the intercourse and etiquette of friendship, the daily arrangement of business, the body, the will—the inward man and the outward world, obedient to himself as their master. God told man as soon as He had created him that he was to

rule—rule all around him. Man is destined and constituted to rule for God and by God. He should do nothing in his own name and for his own name. My thoughts, my words, my looks, my all should be the ministers of my will. My will should be the minister of God."

We next find him at Milford, with the Rev. W. Warlow and his family. Together they sail on the magnificent haven, and Caleb Morris writes: "What a glorious creation is the sea! Its vastness and activity are both the products and emblems of the Great Spirit. The sight and the influence of it kindle the spirit, brace the nerves, and invigorate the whole system of man." He inspects the largest ship ever built at Milford, and dines with friends, but is much troubled because he left them *without social prayer*.

On Sunday, September 3rd, he preaches again at the Tabernacle, Haverfordwest, morning and evening, and also at the Baptist Chapel in the afternoon. Concerning this service he writes: "Many hundreds went away because there was no room for them. The congregation seemed affected. May God cause the service to be of permanent benefit."

The following week he receives an invitation from Wm. Rees, Esq., lawyer and magistrate, to spend a few days at his summer residence in Broadhaven, the favourite seaside resort of the people of Haverfordwest. He calls it "an enchanting little place." The quietness of the spot, the salubrious air, the grand view of ocean, rocks, and cliffs were to him refreshing and invigorating. The fine stretch of sands—a mile long and half a mile broad—the clear blue sea, into which no fresh water stream or rivulet flows, the sloping hills that shelter it, north, south, and east, together with the quaint old-fashioned whitewashed houses, all combined to delight him. He writes:—

"The bathing here seems to agree with my constitution. It gives

briskness, vigour, and animation to my whole frame. How very greatly our mental energy and moral activity depend on the presence and influence of material objects. I wonder at my own folly in having so greatly neglected such scenes as this. I have lost much by my neglect of God's works. His seas and His lands were made to be seen, and to be looked upon as signs of His invisible beauty.

"I have neither read nor studied much since my arrival here. To the pleasures of conversing with intelligent and kind friends, of bathing in the sea, climbing the rocks, strolling through the fields, lounging on sofas, and looking with half-closed eyes over old newspapers and drawing-room books—to such sensuous pleasures as these I have sacrificed the gratification of severe studies. This is best, perhaps, as I have come hither for recreating the body, and not for informing the soul. Yet it is a dangerous thing to leave the mind to be unemployed, or employed only in the service of the senses for any time and under any pretence whatever.

The co-activity of body and mind is necessary to the health and vigour of each. The body must be cared for in order that it may serve the spirit; it must have its *rights*; moderate rest, moderate nourishment, and moderate exercise it must have; but if the body is to be active in *obeying* the soul, the soul also must be active in *ruling* the body."

As the Sunday approached he became anxious about the Sunday services. The entry for Saturday is important, for it throws light upon his general method of preparation for the pulpit:—

"*Saturday, 9th.*

"Spent the whole of the day in a state of drowsiness. Tried to prepare my mind and heart for the holy services of the morrow; but failed. I begin to fancy that I feel indisposed on every Saturday by the *law of periodical influence*. On account of hard study on a Saturday, and the moral anxiety that attends it, I have for years felt *unwell* on *that* day of the week. Perhaps this habit of body and mind has created the weekly depression to which I am so subject towards the latter part of the week. Little do I understand the complex laws that rule my complex system. Resolve to prepare for the Sunday *before* the Saturday, and to devote the last day of the week to recreation and other exercises which shall tend to invigorate the 'natural man.'

The soul cannot work unless its *organ* be in a good condition. Attention should be given to the nerves, spirits, *voice*, and general *tone* of the bodily organism."

I do not know whether he kept the above resolution. It was a great pity he had not formed it and carried it out years earlier ; for it is certain that the weekly strain on Saturday had injured his constitution and deepened his natural gloom.

His host at the Haven was a Baptist, and on the Sunday he wrote :—

"Preached in the afternoon at the Baptist place, a neat little building which has been erected at the expense of my friend, Mr. Rees, to a full congregation from 'Occupy till I come.' Spoke with freedom and, I trust, with some desire to be the humble means of doing good to the people. After the sermon, administered the Lord's Supper to the *Baptist Church*. Never before, I understand, was such a thing seen in Wales. The absence or the rarity of the practice is not very honourable either to the creed or to the charity of the Welsh Dissenting Churches. It is far otherwise, it is foolish, wicked, injurious, that the *Baptists* and *Independents*, instead of *helping* and *loving* one another, should be quarrelling and manifesting a persecuting spirit. I hope, however, that better views and better feelings and practices are about to be introduced among the orthodox denominations, not only in Wales, but all over Christendom. This was the first time for me to enjoy the holy pleasure of administering the supper to a Baptist Church, I hope it will not be the last, for I have experienced great delight in this hour of Christian fellowship. Resolve by the help of Jesus not to allow myself to be tempted by the foolish bigotry of either the 'immersers' or the 'sprinklers' to feel or act uncharitably towards my Baptist brethren.

"It is *love* only that can bind and bless the disciples of Jesus. 'Meetings for union,' wherever held, can do but little good. Union must be an intelligent, *spontaneous*, humble thing, not addicted to self-praise, self-devotion, or self-seeking. It must be the product, expression, and consummation of individual piety—the piety of light and love. The true nature and model of Christian *oneness* described by Jesus in the 17th chapter of John. It is such a union as *subsists between Jesus and His Father*. This is not union in *faith, worship, or*

mode of operation, but in moral character, will, and design. Real union must and will show itself. Where it is not seen it does not exist. May the Spirit of Jesus fill the hearts of His followers, then shall they be one, as the Son and the Father are one !"

Caleb Morris was equally pained when he witnessed any signs of narrowness among the Independents. A few Sundays after this he writes : "Attempted to dissuade the school at Penygroes from having a catechism on Baptism in its polemical bearing. Strange that people should like so much to quarrel ! How little is the Spirit of Christ felt and exhibited by His disciples !" Since his day we have moved a little away from these comparative trifles ; but, alas ! there is yet far too much wrangling over forms and ceremonies while millions are perishing through sin and misery.

At this time the Rebecca Riots were creating a great stir in Pembrokeshire. They were primarily directed against the exorbitant and vexatious tolls demanded at the turnpike gates. Parties of strong men, disguised in various ways, often in the garb of women, would assemble in the darkness of the night, beat the toll-keeper, take the gate off its hinges and shatter it. So serious did the matter become that the aid of the military had to be invoked, and the county was in danger of being severely punished for rowdyism and rebellion. The ministers of the county met frequently to consider the solemn aspect of affairs. They sympathised with the people, for they knew what hardships were inflicted on them ; at the same time, they could not approve of the violent methods adopted for seeking to remove the grievances.

The following occurrence, narrated by the Rev. F. Fox Thomas, of Reigate, is typical of what often took place :—

"When I was engaged in preparatory studies at Narberth, Rebecca came and smashed one of the toll-gates. This brought soldiers to the town ; but Rebecca was not to be daunted by soldiers, and she was determined to smash another gate in spite of them. One dark night

Rebecca
Riots

a bonfire was lighted near the workhouse, which stood on a height about one mile away. The cry, 'Rebecca is burning down the workhouse,' rang through the town. The soldiers mounted their steeds and galloped off to the scene of the fire. Rebecca laughed, saw her chance, advanced to the gate, tied the hands and legs of the anathematising toll-keeper, deposited him in an adjoining field, shivered the gate, and vanished like mist."

Caleb Morris was present at a great meeting held in Haverfordwest on the subject, at which all ministers were asked to seek Divine guidance in the matter and exhort their churches. A meeting was held soon after at Penygroes Chapel, at which Caleb Morris spoke for an hour and a half. He sought to dissuade the people from violence, and urged them to struggle for their rights in a Christian spirit. Though he disapproved of the form of the agitation, he evidently sympathised with the people rather than with the authorities, and in reference to the movement he writes: "May this be the beginning of good for Wales." In connection with these riots he further remarks :—

"The mental and moral activity of the Welsh people is in advance of their material condition. Their spiritual happiness is greater than their temporal comforts. They have much elasticity of character, and attempts to repress it only increase it. The politics of Wales are aristocratic; its religion is democratic. But now Wales is on the move; it is in a state of expansion. Beccaism, bad though it be, is an expression of inward development. It is a sign that the reign of immobility is passing away. Numbness and inactivity in civil matters are gone. Beccaism has made people of all classes think of their individual and social interests, and a new era has begun. There is a power at work—may it be wisely guided and directed to noble ends! There is great need for reform; let us work and pray for our fatherland."

Since that time a wonderful development has taken place in Wales. The Rebecca movement ended in a fiasco, but the people had been aroused, and did not fall back to sleep again. The great national awakening, however, did not



take place until 1868, when the whole Principality was stirred by the proposal to disestablish the Irish Church. Since then Wales has voted solidly for progress and reform, and continues to plead for peace and liberty, educational advancement, and religious equality.

Caleb Morris's long visit to his native country is drawing to a close, and once more he turns his face towards the great city. On the Sunday he writes : " Last Sabbath in Wales ! O Lord ! forgive and bless ! " And on the following Thursday we find the entry :—

" Left my home and my dear relations. Felt a good deal. My beloved father accompanied me to Cardigan, where I took the mail for Carmarthen. Shall I ever see my parents again on earth ? Lord keep them in the path to heaven. Comfort them in their old age. Dispose me and their servants to be kind to them. Hear my prayers for them, hear theirs for me. Let us all meet at last in our eternal home, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

NARBERTH
FETTER LANE

14

XVII.

The Guide and Inspirer of the Young.

AS soon as Caleb Morris had been received a church member, at the age of fourteen, he began to instruct the people in religious truth. While in Wales he worked hard to establish and develop Sunday Schools in the Narberth district, and during his ministry at Fetter Lane he paid special attention to the training of the young. In a report issued in 1844, we read :—

“The Sunday Schools were never so prosperous as at this time. They are chiefly *religious in aims and offices*. The education of the children of the poor—of all children—should have a religious character. Its aims, materials, administration, and spirit, all should be religious. The love of God should be its fountain, the Bible its law, and nothing lower than the redemption of the soul its ultimate end. It is *religious culture* that nourishes the intellect, checks youthful passions, builds up conscience, opens the eye of the spirit to duty and devotion, sows the seed of good character, prepares for both worlds, and unites with God the child, the man, the immortal being.

“The number of children educated on the Sabbath is more than 300, under the care of nearly 40 teachers. Your Committee desire to be thankful to God for the great benefits which He has mercifully dispensed through the agency of these schools. Many who now occupy useful and honourable positions in society had little or no instruction but what they received in the Fetter Lane Sunday Schools.”

Caleb Morris took real interest in the Sunday Schools.

He also conducted a Junior and Senior Biblical School for the young, and encouraged the "Christian Instruction Society." One of the scholars who attended these schools is still living, Mr. Robert Dyer, a time-keeper at Mr. Hudson's works in Liverpool. The Rev. W. Thomas, of Bootle, Liverpool, has kindly interviewed him, and says of him :—

"He is now eighty years of age, and has been a total abstainer, an advocate of Disestablishment, and a member of the peace party for over fifty years. He has a good library, and possesses some knowledge of Greek, Hebrew, and Syriac. He attributes his devotion to these and kindred studies to the impulse received from Caleb Morris."

Mr. Dyer writes :—

"When I first recollect Caleb Morris, I could not have been more than eight years of age. At that time he used to visit the Sunday-school about once a month. On one occasion my teacher brought him to me in consequence of a question I had asked, a question which he thought above my age. Mr. Morris took me aside and talked with me, and ever afterwards was interested in my progress.

"He was in the habit of catechising the scholars in the chapel periodically, and on one occasion, when I was answering rather freely, he asked a difficult question which I was unable to answer. He afterwards told me he was not surprised at my failure, and he advised me strongly to learn to read God's word in the languages in which it was originally written. To help me along he lent me books from his library, and I used to go on Monday mornings to his house to receive lessons from him. Later on he added that I should also learn German, saying that I should then be fully furnished as a theologian, adding: 'The English will never write books like the Germans, they are too eager to get money to become a studious nation.'

"In his preaching he took advantage of what he called the Biblical School, which was a class he conducted as he would a class of college students. In dealing with a subject in the pulpit, he would often say, 'We considered that in the Biblical School a few weeks ago, therefore, I assume that you understand it.' He expected us to take notes, and used to say that he should like to see all his congregation with paper and pencil, 'because what was worth hearing was worth

remembering'; and that it was impossible to remember everything which one desired without some aids to memory.

"As regards his manner of preaching, the pulpit was on a level with the vestry, and was shut off from it by folding doors, which were generally open when he preached. He had on a gown of superior material and make, with very large sleeves, a stiff, upright collar around his neck, with a very broad band falling on his chest. At the beginning of his sermon, he stood near the folding doors, but as he built up his argument, he gradually advanced towards the front of the pulpit; and, then as he brought forward point by point, he took hold of the corner of his handkerchief, and raised or lowered it according to the course of his thoughts; and as he approached the climax, he stood erect, showing his full height and stretching out his arms with the large sleeves of the gown. Then he would gradually move back and go on in a more even style, and again rise to a grand climax. He was a strenuous advocate of action in speaking; and I have never seen such striking and appropriate action as his when in his most powerful and moving moods. As he became stouter he often leaned over the pulpit, and seemed to be addressing especially the people just below.

"He was fond of taking a striking phrase as the theme of a sermon, such as 'The First Sight of the Cross,' and sometimes he would preach a course of sermons on a subject like 'The Lord's Prayer.' In reference to the long prayer, it was really long; but his prayers were the most beautiful, heartfelt, and reverential I ever heard."

The report already referred to makes mention of the British schools connected with Fetter Lane Church, which were established in the year 1839. The motives which led to their establishment is indicated in the report: "The natural teachers of children, unquestionably, are the parents; but as thousands of parents in the wider and darker circles of society have themselves neither the time, the talent, nor always the disposition to teach their own offspring, duty, interest, and love call on others to be helpers or substitutes in the work." Nearly *fourteen hundred children* had been admitted into the schools since their formation, and the average attendance in 1844 was 180 boys and 130 girls.

The cost to the church amounted to about £130 a year, in addition to the heavy outlay at the beginning. For over ten years this educational work was carried on, and thus while many were talking much and doing nothing in the matter of education, the church at Fetter Lane, under the guidance and inspiration of its minister, was taking its share in the important work of developing the intelligence and training the character of the rising generation.

The preaching of Caleb Morris was also a strong educative and inspiring influence, and had great fascination for the young. Mrs. Adeney, of Clapham (*see* page 127), writes:—

“ I well remember, after his settling at Fetter Lane, how eagerly I assented, when a girl, to an occasional invitation from my father, in the absence of our pastor, Dr. Leifchild, ‘ Would you like to go with me and hear Caleb Morris to-night ? ’ and how I used to listen with rapt attention to our friend in the old-fashioned chapel. Though there are so many years since Mr. Morris left London, and thirty-nine years since my father passed away, the name of ‘ Caleb Morris ’ is always precious, and any reference to him which I occasionally see in the religious newspapers brings up many sacred memories of both. His portrait hangs up in the same room with my husband and father, and he shares in the love and reverence I owe to them—all now in glory.”

Miss Diplock, of Hastings, has kindly granted me the use of two of her mother’s note-books, in which she had preserved portions of the sermons and prayers of her favourite preachers. Caleb Morris was especially precious to her, for she was converted under his ministry at Fetter Lane. Up to the end of her life she would repeat many of his sentences, and often mingled his prayers with her own. She published a little book, “ *Fragrant Memories*,” in which there are many extracts from Caleb Morris’ prayers and sermons.

His power over thoughtful young men and students for

the ministry was unique. We have already referred to the magnetic influence which he exerted over David Thomas (of Stockwell) at Narberth and in London, and there is abundant evidence that this was nothing exceptional.

Griffith Hughes, a student of Hackney College, writes in 1836 :—

"I am enjoying the privileges of the Gospel in all their fulness, purity of doctrine, depth of thought, and riches of eloquence. The chapels are numerous and the opportunities are very many. I generally go to hear the Rev. Caleb Morris, whose ministry I feel to be very vital, searching, and solemn, full of the depth of divinity and the riches of the Gospel, which are set forth in all their sweetness and glory. Often the congregation breaks forth into tears, and the silence of the audience is very remarkable. His spirit is so full of heaven that he often prays for half-an-hour. The last communion Sunday the service began at half-part ten and lasted till half-past one, and yet I did not feel I had been in the chapel half-an-hour. I go to hear him a distance of four miles, though there are many chapels nearer."

The Rev. D. Griffith, of Bethel, Carnarvon, writes to say that, in the year 1841, he and several other students, including Thomas Nicholas (afterwards Dr. Nicholas), were present at the ordination in Liverpool of Mr. Appleford, a member of Fetter Lane Church, and Caleb Morris offered the ordination prayer. Other prominent men, such as Dr. Raffles, took part in the services, but none of them impressed these young men as the minister of Fetter Lane did. "He stood erect, under the pulpit, with his coat buttoned and his right hand laid on his breast. His dignified and solemn aspect was most impressive. He prayed for about half-an-hour; it was a very striking and never-to-be-forgotten prayer."

Writing from Coward College, on the 23rd of January, 1843, Mr. H. R. Reynolds (afterwards Dr. Reynolds, of Cheshunt) says: "I enjoyed last Sunday extremely. Heard

my father's sermon at Cheshunt

Caleb Morris preach a divine sermon in the morning, and heard Binney preach in the evening the most intensely glorious sermon that I have ever heard from him." He and Binney were the ideal preachers of the students of those days. The Rev. D. Anthony, B.A., of Brighton, writes to say that Thomas Binney and Caleb Morris were the inspiration and delight of his student days, and he refers particularly to the wonderful charm of Caleb Morris's prayers. Professor Burdett, of Haverfordwest Baptist College, once said to the Rev. B. Thomas, of Narberth (Myfyr Emlyn): "When I was a student in Stepney College, all the students used to go to hear Caleb Morris, and we were delighted with him. I seldom heard his equal when he was at his best."

Rev. P. W. Darnton, B.A., of Hendon, who was baptized by Caleb Morris, and whose father and mother were members of Fetter Lane, writes:—

"When I was a student at Homerton I used to call on Mr. Morris and have breakfast with him occasionally; and I well remember the walks afterwards in the direction of the college and the difficulty I had in getting up to time, owing to his habit of standing still (often in the middle of the road) to emphasise some point on which he was insisting. I have never met a man who so combined intellectual force with absolute simplicity and unworldliness. He was a child in all worldly matters; but a sage and a poet in soul."

The Rev. J. H. Poulter, of Wimbledon, writes:—

"I became a member of Fetter Lane in the early forties. During those years, when occasionally in London for a Sunday, it was my good fortune to hear him at times; and sometimes it was not my good fortune, as I supposed, to find myself taking part in the service in response to a request from the vestry. On week days I occasionally spent some time with him, either as his guest at the Terrace, or as his companion or hearer in his suburban strolls, especially on Hampstead Heath. He was a wonderful talker."

The Rev. John Lewis, of Tenby, writes:—

"Almost from my childhood the name Caleb Morris was a house-

X
I know
him at
Chilton
House
He
published
a new
translation
in Modern Speech

hold word to me. He was one of the model preachers of the age, a preacher specially to preachers, as well as to thoughtful and cultured young men who needed a guide and friend to help them to stand against the evils and temptations of their London life. I have myself known some who, through his ministry, were fortified against the dangers of sin and infidelity, and who afterwards became able ministers of Jesus Christ.

“I never knew anyone who had such power over young men. If they had any intellectual or moral capacity, it was certain to be developed under the quickening touch of his hand. After listening some hours to his profound and yet versatile talk, one’s whole nature was stirred, enlarged, and greatly enriched. In his later years he reminded his friends—by his absorption in his favourite topics, and by the subtle, deep insight into the foundation of things, which rivetted the attention of his silent and admiring listeners—of Samuel Taylor Coleridge as described by his biographers. Whether in public or private, he spoke with an unction and a pathos which, aided by his deep, quivering voice, and an exquisitely tender expression, thrilled those who heard him.”

The Rev. Robert Davey, of Streatham, to whom I am greatly indebted for the great readiness with which he has helped me, writes :—

“I first heard the great preacher in the year 1837 at the opening of a new chapel in a small country town. The sermon was from one of his favourite texts: Romans x. 1-4. It was a never-to-be-forgotten crisis in my life. The grand and majestic appearance of the preacher in the pulpit—the magnetic tones of his voice, changing with every varying feeling as he unfolded his theme—the countenance beaming with spiritual light which glowed within—are as vivid in my recollection to-day, as when I heard and gazed with delight over sixty years ago. Five years afterwards I was admitted as a student into Homerton College, and one of my longed-for privileges was to be a frequent hearer of one who had so deeply impressed me. In this I was frequently disappointed, as Mr. Morris’ health began about that time to decline, so that he was often unable to preach. But his powers as a preacher were even then manifest from the numbers of people who would assemble outside the chapel, watching to see if he entered the pulpit. If he did, there was an inrush for vacant seats.

The people were not attracted by a noble building, for a more dismal structure than Fetter Lane Chapel could not be conceived ; nor did the splendour of the music act as a spell to draw, for there was neither instrument nor choir. The sole power was in the preacher. And what was the secret of that power ? His great *personality*. That was made up of many elements, matchless powers of thought, feeling and sympathy ; and these were woven into the beautiful texture of a Christ-like life.

“A few young men (students) belonged to what might be called an inner circle of disciples, whose affection he won by his untiring devotion to guide and quicken their minds and hearts by his fresh and living thoughts. We took down his sermons as we could, and lent them to each other to copy. To this group belonged the Rev. S. Palmer Davies, B.A. ; the Rev. W. Farrer, B.A., LL.B. ; the Rev. T. W. Chignell, of Exeter ; and others.

“These sermons would not be to those who did not know Mr. Morris what they are to those who did, for they are like the dried flower to the living one while full of fragrance. I can, after fifty years, fill the words and sentences with the very life and soul of the preacher. His whole being was on fire, and that fire was conveyed through every word.

“He was a seer. He was one of the first to hail the dawn of a new and brighter day.”

Mr. Davey also remarks : “The sermons of all preachers at that time were stiff, formal, and on the lines of theological tradition. Caleb Morris broke through all that, and spoke in language fresh from the divine life within him, and unencumbered with the forms of scholastic theology. The thoughts which are now familiar were regarded with suspicion when first uttered by him. To him largely belongs the merit of preparing the minds of his countrymen to receive them.”

Of the persons mentioned by Mr. Davey, two still remain—one is the Rev. W. Farrer, who is vividly remembered by all New College students for his genial kindness and the transparent sincerity of his Christian character. I regret that, owing to the infirmities of advancing age, he has not

been able to write his reminiscences, but he informs me that he acted as one of the amanuenses in preparing the sermon, the "Servant of the Age" for the Press, and says that there are very few persons for whom he had such reverence and esteem as for Caleb Morris. The other is the Rev. T. W. Chignell, who has sent me very interesting reminiscences ; but he emphasises the statement that they are altogether inadequate to express the hold which the memory of Caleb Morris has on his heart and imagination. He writes :—

"I entered Old Homerton College when I was eighteen ; that was in 1843. Caleb Morris was on the Committee, and in his dread hands, with the rest, hung the chance of my admission. That was the first sight I had of him.

"I suddenly became an ardent admirer of Thomas Binney's preaching ; his manliness, his naturalness, his power to paint a picture, his healthy earnestness overmastered me.

"One Sunday I went to hear Caleb Morris preach at Fetter Lane. His handsome form and face, his head of black hair that curled naturally and overspread his head without any parting, made him a striking figure. He prayed extemporaneously, as he always did. The first sentences transported me: 'He that cometh to Thee must believe that Thou art ; how can we doubt that Thou art. We hear Thee in every wind, we see Thee everywhere.' And on the prayer flowed as a mountain torrent. I was chained to him from that hour. The music and intensity of the voice, the imaginative power, the poetry, and, above all, the vivid religiousness of that soul, took possession of me, and I soon became an intimate friend.

"I was young and inexperienced, but my affinity for his nature drew me to him. I was always welcome to his house. We often went to Hampstead Heath ; it was his favourite haunt. I never missed a service. After his Monday evening service, I used to walk home with him. He was specially splendid on those Monday evenings. He had one prayer ; and then starting from some chapter in the Bible, he allowed his mind to wander into the finest meditations. He was the most eloquent speaker I ever heard. Binney had rugged, picturesque eloquence, exquisitely splendid ; but Caleb Morris lost

himself in the depth of ideas and in a mountain river of passionate, musical, and poetical speech. How often did he carry me off my feet, and made tears stream from my eyes at the pure beauty of his word and thought, his poetic and religious fire.

“Binney and Caleb Morris were religious giants; they were head and shoulders above all the preachers, and they recognised each other's greatness. Binney would meet Caleb Morris on Saturday and say, ‘Caleb, I have only one subject for to-morrow; tell me another.’ Then Caleb would suggest one, and tell him how to treat it, until Binney would say, ‘No more, or it won't be my own.’”

In his memoir of Thomas Binney in “Pulpit Memorials,” Edward White speaks of the sympathy, tenderness, and poetry of the pastor of the Weigh House Chapel, and says: “The effect on numbers of the younger sort was electrical, and not a few writers and preachers of the present generation acknowledge that they owe some of the best life of their lives to the early teaching of Mr. Binney.”

Similarly it has been said of Caleb Morris, “His charming personality and his pulpit ministration had a magnetic influence over a large class of thoughtful young persons who were wont to throng Fetter Lane when he was in the prime of his powers.”

As we read these glowing descriptions we feel aggrieved that so little remains to enable us to appreciate his charm as a preacher. Except the sermon already referred to, he published none of his discourses. Some scores of outlines, transferred from notes taken by his hearers, have appeared in the *Homilist* and the *Preacher's Lantern*, of which a list will be given at the close; but though these set him before us as a clear and suggestive thinker, they are very defective as examples of his pulpit power. We have the skeleton, but the warm, living soul is absent. I have been much interested in Mrs. Diplock's note-book, and I feel that the extracts in it bring the great preacher before me more vividly than the

published outlines. They are only brief notes, but to the writer they would call up the preacher in all his fascination, just as a few sentences in a note-book will bring before us a grand view upon which we once gazed with delight. They cannot do this for strangers, yet the glimpses they give help us to realise something of the attraction which the preacher had for the earnest souls of his generation. The following selection is fairly typical :—

“My dear young friends,—Are you in earnest about religion? Is it the business of your life? There are some Christians who never appear to be in earnest. They do not show to all around them that they are Christians, and when they come to die, no poor are weeping because they lose a benefactor, and they sink to the grave unbeloved and unlamented. They *do* rise to heaven, but they are ‘saved so as by fire.’ Oh, my young friends, aim high and seek for the *abundant entrance* into the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ!”

“We have time, we have talents, we have energies, but we want heart. The apostles gave their hearts to their work. Jesus Christ gives His heart to His work, and the great God Himself gives His heart to His work. Oh, Lord, give us hearts to work for Thee.”

“Our Saviour, after speaking to His people of the fact that the fields were white already to the harvest, beautifully turned the minds of His disciples to the *fields of minds* that were awaiting moral culture. I would not be presumptuous, but I believe that the great God’s mind and heart and affections are fixed upon this one supreme work—the training of the human mind in this world in order that it may rise and rise and rise to the throne of God Himself.”

“When you feel a panting for knowledge, foster it; when you feel anxious for the salvation of the world, cherish it; when you feel an ardent desire for more eminent piety, let it not go; fall down on your knees, take your Bible and pray over it, until your desires grow stronger and stronger.”

“‘To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God.’ Overcome! My dear friends, are you resisting evil? Are you striving against sin? If you are, remember every time you resist you are overcoming, and rising nearer and nearer to heaven, immortality, and God.”

“Social religion is nothing but an instrument in the hand of God

to promote personal religion. If our minds are not made better by the means of grace, these are of no use to us. There is great danger lest we mistake the means for the end, and think that religion consists in joining the church and partaking of the Lord's Supper, while these are only *means* to help us Godward. Let us devote a part of our time to hold converse with God in secret; until this be seriously and honestly done, it is not likely that men will derive much good from outward institutions."

"Never attend here, never come to this sanctuary without first entreating a blessing to fall on the preacher. Pray much for your minister. I sometimes wish that the private Christians in our assemblies would for one Sabbath stand in the place of their pastor; this I think would show them how much we need the prayers of our people."

"Do not think that your work is over when you join the church. You are then only coming to school in order to increase in knowledge, in wisdom, and in goodness. A disciple is a learner; if you are not a learner, you are not a Christian."

"Never neglect to pray to God; prayer is our strength, prayer is our light, prayer is our guide. It is in prayer that heart meets heart, that the heart meets God."

"Where does the minister take his sermon? First, to the mercy-seat, to entreat a blessing upon it; next, to the pulpit, to proclaim it to the people; and then to the fountain, to have it cleansed from all pollution."

"When the believer finds his confidence shaken, let him cast a glance to Calvary."

"Do you doubt Christ's willingness to save? You may as well doubt that He was a babe in Bethlehem, you may as well doubt that He ever prayed on the mountains of Galilee, you may as well doubt that He sweat great drops of blood in the garden of Gethsemane, you may as well doubt that He died of a broken heart on Calvary. I would sooner doubt the kindness of my tenderest friend, I would sooner doubt the affection of my father and my mother, I would sooner doubt my own conversion than doubt Christ's willingness to save. It is worthy of all acceptation that Christ came into the world to save. But to save what? To save money? To save a nation? To save a kingdom? To save *sinners*. Give Christ sinners, and you give gems for the Saviour's crown."

"Is Christ at the head of Europe? Alas! No. Is He at the head

of Britain? We fear not. Is He in the midst of our best scientific institutions? No. He is, perhaps, in some obscure corner, hid in the heart of some poor disciple. Where is Christ now? In the *midst* of the throne. Is He in the Church? We hope so. But look at some churches; they are shut up and deserted. Why? Because Christ was not in their midst. That man who comes to seek any other object than Christ in the Church has not Christ in his heart. Is Christ in our hearts? That is the question. Oh, it is delightful when we say to men, 'What are you come for? What do you want?' to hear them say, 'We would see Jesus; we want to hear His voice.' "

"If you are a Christian, wherever you go, Christ goes with you; wherever you are, Christ is."

"Conscience is writing down constantly, and sealing up, and at the Judgment Day the books will be opened. Belshazzar went on sinning against God. Conscience was writing, but did not speak until the handwriting came upon the wall. Then Conscience spoke. Judas was for a long time thinking of selling his Master for a small sum of money. Conscience was writing, but did not speak; and when he had betrayed his Master, Conscience spoke to the wretch, and he said: 'I cannot bear my life, I must hang myself.' "

"Herod caused the death of the best man in the world at that time. Conscience wrote all the circumstances, noticed the evening, the dance, the entertainment, the time, the place; and when Christ came, Herod was alarmed. Conscience spoke and said: 'This is John. He is risen from the dead.' Oh my fellow sinner, my beloved brother, listen to Conscience. What is it that increases the flames of hell? What is it that kindles the heat there? Conscience. Conscience is alive there, and Conscience originates prayer even in perdition. 'Father Abraham, send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue.' "

"A man says he is ashamed of his sins, but he calls them *faults*, *errors*, *follies*, *little sins*. Little sins! By those sins he is aiming at God's throne, at God's sceptre, at God's dominion, at God's very essence."

"'Among whom ye shine as lights in the world!' There is a beautiful allusion in these words to the lights placed at the mouth of the harbour to guide and direct the mariner on the ocean to the desired port. So Christians ought to be lights to those around them. Ah, many who are now playing their golden harps above can look

down and say : ' There is the individual who brought me here. I was on the ocean, tempest-tossed, almost sinking, but I saw a dim light ; I followed it, and it grew brighter and brighter, until at last it convinced me, it converted me, it saved me. It was my mother, who is still in the church on the earth ; my father, whom I left a little while ago.' "

" I pity that Christian who cannot point to one individual and say : ' Through my feeble light shining that soul was brought to the Saviour.' Mothers, have you told your daughters of Jesus ? Fathers, do you ever speak to your children of a Saviour ? Sunday-school teachers, are you leading your scholars to the foot of the Cross ? Oh, if you have led one soul there, a crown is placed upon your brow of greater value than all earth's richest treasures. Wear it, wear it. I entreat you to wear it, and by and by you and the soul saved shall together cast your crowns at the feet of the Redeemer's throne."

" ' Let that mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus.' My brethren, what would you think of that person who loved you for your wealth and your influence, and thought nothing about your mind ? And shall we love the Lord Jesus for the influence of His Spirit, and for His death on the Cross, and not think of His mind ? Some Christians speak of the doctrines, the miracles, and the sufferings of Jesus ; but if you say anything to them of His mind, they do not listen, and you can never get them to say a word about it."

" The world may glory in its affluence, its influence, and its external splendours, but we glory in Christ, in His temper, in His mind, in all He said and did and suffered here on earth. We glory in His cross. Peace comes from the cross. He thought of us when on earth. He is now in heaven ; there He reigns, there He rules, there He thinks of us still."

" Look up ! that glorious sun is under the control of Christ. Look down, that grave is subject to His sway. Christ hath the keys of death, and until He turn the key we cannot die."

" I know not under what circumstances I may die ; no one may be near me, my father and mother, my brothers and sisters may not be there, but Christ will ; my minister, my kind friend, my endeared companion may not be there, but Christ will ; the smiles of friendship and the prayers of piety may not be there, but Christ will be present. And He will watch my sleeping ashes and take care of my spirit, trembling, lingering on the brink of an unknown world, fearing,

doubting whether it ever had any interest in Christ, and He will carry it up to the throne of God."

"To look for ever and ever on the effects of mercy, love, and wisdom constitutes the heaven of the redeemed."

"Christians, you all have a cross, but you have not the shame; Christ had both, and He endured the one and despised the other."

"Our religion is valuable, just in proportion as it is intelligent, just in proportion as it takes hold of the soul of man and raises it up to the mind of God."

"Are you in the habit of praying? There is no need that you should fall on your knees, no need to suspend the conversation, no need to break off from your vocation, no need to put on a grave and solemn look. The heart of the Christian will be continually panting after God. What is the testimony of your bedrooms, of your houses, of your offices, of the streets through which you pass? Remember, my friends, thoughts are words to the great Eternal, feelings are actions in His sight."

"When you retire to your closet unseen by mortal eyes, remember 'God is here'; when you come up to the sanctuary, think 'God is here before me'; and when you go into the company of the gay and worldly you can look around and say, 'God makes one of this company.'"

"Amidst all the trials, anxieties, and vicissitudes of this vale of tears, how sweet, how delightful to remember that we have one friend who feels for us and sympathises with us, and that friend is our Father and our God. Yes, Thou art our Father. We are Thy children, we love Thee as our Father; Thou lovest us as Thy children. We have seen God in prayer, we would see Him now. Now, Lord, hear our prayers, accept our praises, and up to this moment may the sins of this whole congregation be blotted out in the blood of Christ; and then Thou wilt take us to Thy throne above where we shall see the Saviour, and through the Saviour we shall see God. Amen."

"We have prayed and have been answered. We pray now, and will pray till death, and when we shall be called to part with our relatives and friends, and our dear brothers and sisters in the church, may those who surround our dying bed pray. May they pray when we are going under the cold stream of Jordan, and may we be answered through the prevalent and successful prayers of our Elder Brother, Jesus Christ, Thy dear Son, who died to save us from our sins."

"We would not forget in the presence of God to-day our afflicted friends. Some are tried in their worldly circumstances; some are tried in their bodies; some are tried in their spirits; some in their relations and connections; we bring them all to the mercy-seat, we commend them to the God of compassion and love."

"Bless those that purpose travelling, who are about to leave us and who have been united with us in church fellowship. Sustain their piety, guard their devotion, and may they receive, and be the instruments of doing great good."

"Bless our country. Look in love upon the throne. The king and queen do Thou bless with wisdom from above, and with meetness for eternity; prepare them for crowns that die not."

"Give us a greater spirit of love for other Christians. They are weak, so are we; they have defects, so have we; if they have been unkind to us, oh how unkind we have been to them!"

"In retiring to rest, may we lay our heads on our pillows, at peace with God, at peace with conscience, at peace with the world, at peace with all except with sin, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen."

"Be with us, O God, during this day; be with us in praying; be with us in singing; be with us while looking towards the light of Thy truth; and when we meet around Thy table, to remember our dear Redeemer; give us calm, holy fellowship with each other, through Jesus Christ."

"We desire to enter into the rest of the Sabbath to-day; we feel that we want rest; we want rest for our minds; we want rest for our hearts; and, blessed be Thy name, we know where to look for it, for Thou hast taught us. We know where to seek shelter; we find refuge for our souls in remembering Christ at this table. We leave our prayers there; we leave our sorrows and our anxieties with Him."

"Oh, our Father, we throw ourselves at Thy feet; our Father, raise us up; forgive us, and permit us to hold fellowship with Thee."

"We have been eating together; we are going to drink together. We utter our sorrows, we sing and rejoice together; we love Christ, and because we love Him we speak of Him. We bless Thee, O God, for Thy promises. These souls of ours shall never die, but shall live for ever. We believe the promise. These spirits of ours which are now defiled shall be purified and raised to life and immortality. Keep our consciences tender, our hearts right, our affections warm, our spirits pure, for the sake of Jesus Christ Thy Son."

“ 'Tis Christ we want, for without Christ we have no hope, and with Christ we have no fear. Oh, give us Christ to be formed in us the hope of eternal glory. Oh, for communion with God ; Oh, for fellowship with heaven ; Oh for a taste of the glory that shall be revealed in us.”

“ Infinite God, we cannot be happy without Thy friendship, our home is at Thy feet ; our heaven is Thy smile. Spirit of power, Spirit of holiness. Spirit of love, take these hearts, wash them, purify them, and lead them to Thyself.”

“ O God, pardon the imperfections of the service ; wash these spirits before Thee in the blood of Jesus Christ, which cleanseth from all sin. O God, protect them as they are advancing onward to their home. We lean upon Thee as we journey through the desert ; graciously permit us to lean upon Thine arm when we come to the swellings of death, until we rise to the possession of the inheritance of eternal life.”

“ Let us trust Him, and whatever is dark and mysterious now will soon be light ; and we shall find that God is love, and that He has only tried us to perfect our character and bring us to Himself.”

XVIII.

Church and Home.

WHEN the year 1843 was passing out of sight, and 1844 was dawning, Caleb Morris took up his diary and wrote :—

“December 31st (20 minutes before 12).—God has crowned this year with His loving kindness. My sins of omission and commission have been very great. But where sin hath abounded, grace hath much more abounded. God be thanked that I am in this world of mercies, and not in a state of punishment; that I am in the Church, and not in the seat of the scornful; that I have not given up, and have not been driven from the holy, delightful, responsible office of the Christian ministry; that it is the desire and purpose of my heart to cleave to the Lord rather than enjoy the pleasures of sin which are only for the moment. The law of life in Christ has made me free—is making me free from the law of sin and death. I feel freedom, inward freedom, to renew my dedication to God, and to His great work. But I have so often found out by bitter experience the weakness, the wickedness of my own heart, that I dare not trust myself. I trust in the living God.

“Blessed be God! I am spared to see the first hour of the year 1844. May God hear the poor but sincere prayers I have just tried to offer to Him. May He enable me to forsake my wrong habits of mind and life. What they are He knoweth. May He aid me in my office, and help me to study, to preach, to watch over the flock, and do good to the souls of men. I trust in Him. He will not put me to shame.

“I purpose to be more methodical in my reading (I must read the old divines again), in my preparations for the pulpit, and in my

pastoral visitations. I must not give up my freedom and independence in forming my opinions on public movements and measures, and in aiding or discouraging them as my conscience bids me. I must be lower before God, and higher before men. I must choose my ends, and fearlessly use right means to reach them. My great want is a greater conformity to Jesus. I must study his life and temper more closely than I have hitherto done. I solemnly renew my dedication of my whole self to Him ; may He receive me ! ”

After this consecration he set to work with great zeal and determination. The new year began on a Monday, and he was in a prayer-meeting at Fetter Lane at seven o'clock in the morning, when he delivered an address on secret prayer. He breakfasted with Mr. Muston, one of the deacons, and prayed “with solemnity of mind with the family.” In the course of the day he wrote many letters of commendation, and prepared for the evening service ; there was a large attendance, and he spoke on *outward* and *inward* religion. On Tuesday morning he was at another prayer-meeting at seven, when the lecture-room was full. He breakfasted with one of the members, and went on a round of visitations. He records the resignation and cheerfulness which he witnessed in the midst of great suffering, and is grateful for these evidences of the power of religion. He seeks to comfort a sorrowing soul that had lost mother, sister, and brother, and rejoices to find her determined to go on in the ways of God. He meets a questionable character, and speaks to him candidly :—

“ Impressed on his mind the importance of straightforwardness, honesty, and plain dealing, in order to secure the blessing of God and the confidence of man. He has been removing from church to church clandestinely, without frankly stating all the truth respecting his mode of life. This will not do. Yet I hope the man will be restored and established in the way of God. But what abominations are carried on in London in the name of religion, and by the aid—unintentional aid—of professors ! ”

Chapel-keeper & Precentor

He thinks much on the responsibilities of the minister, and writes :—

“ Impressed how the private and public life and habits of ministers are criticised and fully discussed by all kinds and ranks of people. This should teach me to watch and pray—to be holy and exemplary in all things—to *be right*, and to trust my reputation to God. A bad man bearing the name of minister is one of the most hopeless and wicked characters. Thought, from facts now before me, that attempts to injure God’s ministers never go unpunished. The first false step of M—— was an attempt to injure the minister of G—— and divide the Church ; ever since he has been wrong in life, mind, and all.”

He spends a day in the lecture hall to converse with the members of the congregation. He meets the trustees of the *Evangelical Magazine*, and spends the time from eleven to six in their company. Of this he remarks : “ *Too long ; must learn to shorten all my social interviews ; this is very important in many ways.*” These facts show that he was attentive to all the branches of the work of the ministry ; but above all things he gave himself to study and preaching. Yet, however much a minister may desire to give himself “ to prayer and to the ministry of the Word,” he cannot escape altogether the serving of tables.

In the minutes of the deacons’ meetings there are evidences that Fetter Lane Church was not free from thorny subjects. The office of chapel-keeper gave considerable trouble to the diaconate ; but the constant source of trouble was the psalmody. All were agreed that an improvement in this part of the worship was desirable ; to realise the wish was quite a different matter. One precentor after another was appointed ; his place on the gallery was fixed, choir practices were arranged, and deacons were appointed to see that these were properly conducted and closed punctually, but the result was very unsatisfactory.

Had Caleb Morris's health been good, this would not have mattered so much, since he had for nearly twenty years drawn crowded audiences without the aid of a bright musical service, but it was becoming increasingly clear that the repeated illnesses, and the constant strain of over twenty years of passionate preaching, had seriously injured his sensitive constitution. As far back as 1842 we have intimations of his desire to resign the pastorate ; however, the people would not hear of it. After his visit to Wales in 1843, he was able to render several months of unbroken service, but in the year 1845 we find him again the victim of bodily weakness and mental depression.

As usual, he goes down to Wales for renewal of strength, and visits the old familiar places, the only change being that this time he goes *via* Liverpool. He arrives at Haverfordwest at three o'clock on a Sunday morning, and preaches twice on the same day. He complains of restless nights and disturbing dreams ; still he is bent on praying and preaching. He writes :

"It is communion with God that chiefly renders my communion with man sincere, grave, and amiable. What we are with our Father in secret, we become to his children in our public intercourse with them. Secret prayer is both the soul's health and helmet. What a wonder that I spend not more of the passing moments in fellowship with the Infinite—the infinite reality, beauty, life !"

After returning from a pastoral meeting, he writes : "I must preach on the Apocalyptic Churches immediately after my return to my own church." He carried out this resolve, and the sermons made a great impression. There are more notes of them extant than of any of his sermons. Brief outlines of the series have appeared in the "Homilist," and very much fuller extracts obtained from the comparison of several MSS. were published in the Welsh volume. Since

Narberth

that time I have obtained more extensive reports still of some of them.

He refers to an interview which he had with Principal Griffiths, of Brecon. Both in 1844 and in 1846 he visited Brecon College along with Dr. Wm. Smith, of Highbury College, as a deputation from the Congregational Fund Board, and examined the students in Biblical criticism, Mental Philosophy, and Theology. He thus showed that his interest in the College continued, although he had not seen his way to become its Principal.

He was in great request at ordination services. He records that he attended the ordination of Mr. Lloyd, at Milford, when he offered the ordination prayer. He was present also at the ordination of Mr. Williams, as the pastor of Albany Church, Haverfordwest, and addressed the church from 2 Cor. iii. 21, when he preached an hour and three-quarters.

He had not lost his love for his first church at Narberth, and during his visit he preached to a large congregation from his old pulpit. Like other preachers, he had his favourite sermons, and these changed with the seasons. On this journey he appears to have been under the spell of three sermons in particular—the sermon referred to already; another from Hosea vi. 2, “On the Duty of Framing our Doings for Godliness”; and a third “On the Commencement of an Active Course for Christ.” After preaching the last sermon, he wrote: “Oh that I could begin anew to work for Christ.”

The dominant note of his diary remains unchanged, as the following extract will show:—

“It is a great blessing to be conscious that *love of souls* predominates over *love of praise* in the holy work of preaching. To seek applause in *anything* fetters the soul. My visit to Narberth reminds

me of the past, and calls me to labour for the future. My day is fast going down !”

There are not wanting signs that he was becoming very dissatisfied with the religious thought and practices of the time. He is moving forward toward a more spiritual view of religion, and feels the inadequacy of the popular theology. He sees the folly of relegating the judgment to some distant unknown date, while forgetting that a real judgment is constantly taking place. He writes :—

“The law of recompense is one of the most certain and solemn in the Divine government. The indulgence of criminal habits leads to penury, mental prostration, social disgrace, and moral death.”

He protests against making the Old Testament the standard of Christianity, and writes :—

“The Mosaic institution is the humblest, lowest, that God ever instituted. It was a prison, a bondage ; and yet this is made the model of Christianity !”

And referring to a conversation with a friend, he says :—

“He sees and speaks freely of the defects of our present mode of religionising, but knows not how to reform it.”

It was the period when John Henry Newman seceded to Rome, and when the Evangelical Alliance was formed. Caleb Morris had much sympathy with the intellectual struggles of Newman, but lamented his weakness in seeking to find rest in the dogmatic authority of a Church that frowned on the sacred rights of reason. He had much in common with the founders of the Evangelical Alliance, but was greatly pained at the narrowness and bigotry displayed by many of its advocates. Thus he stood almost alone. This was doubtless a great trial to him in the time of his declining strength ; yet his preaching power seems to have remained undiminished.

Were we to judge from the notes of the sermons that have come down to us, we should say that some of his finest discourses belonged to this period. He continued to be in request as a preacher; and we find him preaching at Orsett and Harlington, Ventnor and Shanklin. He also preached at the opening services of Kingsland Chapel, Islington. But, alas! he often failed to keep his engagements, and a substitute had to be obtained at the last moment, at great inconvenience. When able to go, he did not spare himself, but astonished the people by his fertility of thought and passionate earnestness.

The Rev. John Lewis, of Tenby, recalling his visit to Banbury, in the month of May, 1846, says:—

“ On the eve of my leaving Wales for an English College, his last words to me were: ‘Farewell, the Lord be with you; I hope to live to preach at your ordination.’ He did live to realise his hope, and his sermon was long held in remembrance. It was based on the text, ‘All things are yours.’ My revered tutor, the Rev. Walter Scott, of Airedale College, declared that, with one exception—namely, Robert Hall’s great sermon on the text ‘He that winneth souls is wise’—it was the greatest ordination sermon he had ever heard. Not only could he preach grandly himself, but he could also admire the efforts of others. He spoke in very high terms of the charge delivered to me by my venerated tutor, and of the sermon of the Rev. John Morris [afterwards Dr. Morris, the Principal of Brecon College]. It was delightful to see the real brotherhood of these noble souls.”

While devoting himself to the service of the Church of Christ he did not neglect his duties in the home circle. It is true that he had not entered into the tenderest family relationship, and did not possess a home of his own; yet he always took great interest in family life, and was very affectionate and kind towards his relatives. He always showed a special fondness for his father and mother, a fondness which became deeper as the years passed. He was

warmly attached to his sister Mattie, and made her son Caleb Gwion the object of his special care. Indeed, he was a benevolent and generous uncle, a sort of father in fact, to all his nephews and nieces. At the period of his history which we have now reached there are many evidences of his devotion to those who were united to him by ties of natural kinship. How suggestive are the following simple entries which are found in the diary :—

“Went through Fishguard to Coedcenlas. My dear father was waiting for me at Eglwysrw. Called on my sister Martha on the way ‘home.’ Found my old mother in better health than usual. Slept once more at Coedcenlas. Spent the following day in climbing Voeldrigarn with my nephew, Caleb Gwion, and in conversing with my parents. To them and to me a day of great delight. . . . Left Coedcenlas, my aged parents and relatives once more for London. May God bless with holy, peaceful minds, and with agreeable circumstances, my aged parents! May the spirit of grace and supplication rest on them! O God breathe fresh life into their hearts, and make them ready to be gathered into Thy garner.”

Caleb Gwion, his nephew, the eldest son of his sister Mattie, until he was about twenty-five years of age, was content to remain in his native neighbourhood, joining in its simple life and activities; but about the year 1842 he felt drawn towards the Christian ministry. Naturally he consulted his uncle about such an important matter; but apparently he received no definite guidance from him at first. In November, 1842, the uncle writes: “Go on as well as you can; we will first think, and then act. May God guide us. Pray much and watch much and think much what you are about—to *live properly* is the great work.”

Probably one of the reasons which caused Caleb Morris to hesitate in the matter was the late age at which his nephew was beginning the work, and his defective preliminary training; but when it was decided that he should prepare for

the ministry he helped him willingly and effectively. Sometimes he found fault with him, and he was very exacting about correspondence ; but on the whole he treated him with great affection and generosity. Mrs. Gwion, of Milford, has kindly permitted me to see and make use of the letters from Caleb Morris to his nephew, which have been preserved.

It may facilitate the understanding of the following letters if I say that Caleb Gwion went to Cardigan for his preparatory studies, and from there to Carmarthen and Brecon. His father's name was Henry, and the family lived at Penralltfach. Caleb Morris's youngest sister, Hannah, occupied Penrhiw, and the widow of his brother Jacob and her young family remained at Park-ŷd. His aged father and mother were still at Coedcenlas.

“ 9, Upper Terrace, Hampstead, nr. London.

“ December 17, 1843.

“ **MY DEAR CALEB**,—It is long since I wrote to you, but you should not allow that to occasion you to neglect writing to me. Whether I directly answer you or not, you should write regularly. That would give you good exercise, teach you the habit of punctuality, afford me great pleasure, and therefore be in itself a good thing. Let me, therefore, beg of you to write me a few lines, either in English or in Welsh, every fortnight. Don't forget this. Make the resolution, keep to it, and ask God to help you to do little things well. If you cannot write so correctly and so well as you desire, still let not that deter you from attempting to do your best ; and if you try to do your best, I shall not—I ought not—to find fault with you. I know the disadvantages under which you have laboured ; I wish you to overcome them as far as possible, and promise not to criticise your correspondence with me. Try to improve every day, and you will soon make astonishing progress.

“ With your past efforts I am greatly pleased. You have been diligent and faithful. Continue your exertions, and you will get on ; that will gratify me, and what is infinitely more, will please God and secure His merciful blessing.

"Now write as soon as you can. Tell me freely what you are doing; what you think of your Tutor (which I will keep to myself), and how you like Cardigan. Tell me also all you think desirable for me to know respecting Penralltfach, Park-ŷd. Penrhiw, and especially Coedcenlas.

"I had a *long* letter from your brother Morris a few weeks ago, which pleased me greatly. Why don't *you*, like him, write *long letters*? You always send me *short notes*. In this you should not imitate me; I have more correspondence than you, and therefore *must* be short in my communications with some of them. Take a large sheet next time and fill it.

"But oh, my dear Caleb, take care to pray much to God in secret; watch every day, every hour, every minute of your life. Be particular—very particular—as to your habits, your manner of spending your precious time; as to the books which you read (don't read without trying to understand, and to treasure up in your *memory* what you read), and especially as to the company you keep.

"Do you belong to the Temperance or the Total Abstinence Society? Don't think lightly of these institutions. Young men in Wales should connect themselves with them; and defend them modestly, humbly, and consistently.

"Be what you think right, and never feel ashamed to declare what you are. Never get into the habit of condemning others, especially ministers. Speak well of all so far as you can do so conscientiously. Don't make strangers your friends. Keep your secrets to yourself. Yet do not cherish a cold, distant, suspecting, gloomy temper. Rejoice in the Lord. Study the life of Jesus by reading and prayer. Don't trust yourself. You are weak and sinful. Ask God to help you, daily, or you will *fall*, disgrace religion, and ruin yourself for ever. Write soon.

"Yours affectionately,

"CALEB MORRIS."

On February 5th, 1844, he sends a gift to him, at Cardigan, and also to his mother, saying:—

"The other part you will at once hand over privately to your mother for helping Morris, or whatever she likes, only let it be for *educating her children*. I'll try to help her again. Get Morris at once to school; he is losing time. I cannot tell you *anything* now about your future plans, we must *think and pray* about it."

On November 26th, 1844, he writes :—

“ Hoping that you will be very careful and good, I send you £5. I can ill spare it just now, but I want you to be encouraged in what is good. You need not take the trouble of spending it very quickly. You must mind to be economical on every account. Take great care of yourself. God bless you. Pray for me. “ C. M.”

The following letter was written in Welsh to Caleb Gwion's mother and Caleb Morris' favourite sister. It loses something in translation. The epithet “*fach*” is a Welsh term of endearment, which I cannot translate. The Simon Evans referred to was the son of John Evans, Caleb Morris' lifelong friend, and had just succeeded his father in the pastorate of Penygroes. Later on he succeeded him as pastor of Hebron and Nebo. He was a zealous moral reformer, and an uncompromising foe to intemperance and impurity. During the early years of his ministry he aroused much opposition by his attacks on popular sins, but long ere his death he was universally honoured as a true and faithful servant of God.

“ 22, Claremont-square, Pentonville,
“ March 24, '45.

“ MATTIE FACH,—I hope you are better than you were. How is the foot? While we are here we must suffer in some form; we shall soon have clean souls and spiritual bodies. Let us be patient for a short hour. An *eternity* of peace with JESUS and like JESUS will be our gracious portion before long. You and I are *rapidly* drawing nigh to the land of eternal bliss.

“ I thank you for telling me so fully what you think about Caleb. I am glad to hear that he is getting on. May God *keep* him! Pray much for him. I hope to pray more for him in the future than I have done in the past. I hope to pray more for *myself*. Oh, pray for me more and more, my dear sister.

“ Try to think well and *speak* well concerning Simon Evans. You will suffer the most if you fail to do this. He is anxious to do good. I understand the young people in the district; support him, pray for

him. Your own children will be benefited thereby. It is a great evil not to honour *everyone* who seeks to do good, especially a minister.

“Do keep your children at school. I shall still bear you in mind. You have been a good mother, a good wife, a good sister, a good daughter. Keep on, Mattie *fach* ! I am enjoying good health and all other good things. Oh, that I could be more grateful to God ! I am a sinner ; yet religion is my delight, my heaven. Remember me to Henry—the people of Coedcenlas, Park-ŷd, and Penrhiw. I shall be *with* you ere long. Write very soon. Your letters always do me good. Good night to you, Mattie *fach*, and to all the family.—C. M.”

In the autumn of 1845 Caleb Gwion entered Brecon College, and he was to meet his uncle at Carmarthen that they might travel together to Brecon. Through some miscalculation the nephew was not there when the coach arrived, and Caleb Morris became very angry. He says in his diary that the incident spoiled his temper, rest, and conversation. As he leaves his nephew at Brecon, he prays on his behalf. “May God keep him from sin, pride, falseness, mistakes, and all evil influences ; give the spirit, aim, and power of Christ to him, that he may improve in all things and do good in the world.” On the following Monday he writes to him from London, mingling kindness with reproof, and says, among other things :—

“If you will tell me what books you want, perhaps I may be able to get them for you. Tell me all, in perfect confidence, and with unreserved freedom respecting yourself, your work, trials, and success. I shall be always glad to hear from you. Do not make writing a burden. Any fault I’ll forgive and correct. Begin and you will finish ; avoid the sin of putting off present duty.”

The following letters need no explanatory comments :—

“Claremont Square, Pentonville,

“Jan. 12, ’46.

“MY DEAR CALEB,—Two things have hitherto kept me from writing to you. First, the supposition that you had left, or were about to

leave Brecon for the holidays; and, secondly, my own *illness*. For more than a fortnight I was confined to my room (I was not able to rest in bed) by a severe attack of inflammation in my side; but by the skilful and kind treatment of Mr. Edwards, one of my deacons—under the Providence of God—I was restored.

“O that this sudden and severe visitation may teach me to be more entirely and spiritually dedicated to the welfare of men, the work of Christ, and my own purification. Soon must we leave this world of evil, so full of means and motives to produce good. I am now quite well, but feel a little fatigued after the labours of yesterday. Where are you? How do you get on? Do you want a little help in the form of money? Tell me by return of post if you can; and I’ll write directly again. Watch, pray!

“Yours affectionately,

“CALEB MORRIS.”

*Believe me
Dear Caleb
Yours affectionately
Caleb Morris.*

FACSIMILE OF HANDWRITING IN 1846.

“DEAR CALEB,—Now you begin to be a good boy. Do you not feel already more comfortable? Determine to write regularly, however short you may find it necessary to make your letters. Yet take care to acquire habits of accuracy in *all* things; in the use of language, the logical order of thought, and even in the formation of paragraphs,

sentences, words and *letters*. As there are only a *few* letters in the language, each should be *carefully formed*. Why do you convert P into a monster. Look at the ugly creature which I enclose for your review. Once before I pointed this error out, did I not? Don't imitate *my* blunders. You are only beginning, *I* am an old *transgressor*, almost, perhaps, beyond the possibility of recovery. Take warning then, and write your letters as they should be written. Yet avoid stiffness and the schoolboy style. Accuracy first, then ease.

"A little care will do wonders. *Clearness* is a great virtue in the use of *signs* as well as sentiments. Now is your best time to get good habits. *You have got on exceedingly well*. Fear not, and you will do very well in future. Trust the powers God has given you, and be cheerful and thankful.

"Let me know all—good and bad—in relation to the college and yourself; but pray God to help you to speak kindly (or not at all) and to *think kindly* of all with whom you have to do. There is a great deal of envy, jealousy, and unkindness in our sinful, selfish hearts. It is our duty—it is high virtue—'to love our neighbours as ourselves.' You may write your secrets (although the fewer you have the better) in Welsh,

"Believe me, dear Caleb,

"Yours affectionately,

"CALEB MORRIS."

"Claremont Square, Sept. 28, '46.

"MY DEAR CALEB,—I thank you for your last note. I am very pleased that you have learned to say, 'I have done wrong and confess it.' Mind, when you commit an error, not to go on defending it, but at once confess it and ask pardon. This is right, noble, and prevents great evils. Speak truth; confess your faults. Unless we feel, acknowledge, and resolutely fight against our own faults we shall never get rid of them. 1 John i. 8-10. But how consoling to you, and to all sinful men like ourselves, is the truth contained in 1 John ii. 1, 2.

"Letter-writing is not pleasant to you, nor is it to me; but, my dear Caleb, we must remember that what is pleasant is often wrong, and what is unpleasant is often right. *Pleasure* must be *renounced*. *Duty* must be revered. *Self-denial* is one of the truest signs and loveliest ornaments of the Christian religion. Write to me, not as to a severe critic, but as to an affectionate relative always glad to hear

from you, and always ready to overlook any errors which you may commit. Considering your past disadvantages, I wonder your attainments are so respectable as they are. By patient and persevering efforts you may yet do wonders. You now write better letters than I could have written when a student at Carmarthen.

"I am glad that you have written to your relations. Write to them often. It will comfort them; gratify me; improve yourself; and what is infinitely more, it will honour the worthy name of Him whom we all profess.

"What can we do for poor Martha Park-yd? Think and tell me. It is now too late in the season, I fear, for her to try 'Newport Bay.' Write family secrets *yn Gymraeg* (in Welsh); other things in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, or English."

"Claremont Square,

"January 29, 1847.

"DEAR CALEB,—Many thanks for your letter. It pleased me greatly. Its fulness, ease, and earliness comforted me. You have got back to your own handwriting too, I see; that is right. Don't use more than one style of penmanship, and let that be clear, clean, and spontaneously characteristic.

"Go on trusting in God and *commanding* yourself, and you may become a fine specimen of the progressiveness of man. Mind the spiritual. It is that which glorifies and saves us. Mind not to give up secret prayer till you feel *that* God is nigh—a kind of inspiration comes upon us when alone with God. I am still improving. I hope to begin to preach about the end of the month.

"Your affectionate Uncle,

"C. M."

"Claremont Square,

"Feb. 3, '47.

"MY DEAR CALEB,—I will not trouble you now with the causes of my not writing last week; but it is right that I should refer to it, lest you should think I consider the making of promises and the non-fulfilment of promises as matters of little consequence. It is quite the contrary. Oh, yes; and I regret that I was not taught this thing more fully twenty years ago. If I had it would have saved me from much censure, pain, and guilt. But let my sad experience be, dear Caleb, a warning to you. If you promise to do anything, fulfil

your promise at *any and all costs*, or assign a reason, or say that there is a reason for the apparent inconsistency. *Don't forget this ; oh, no, never !* One of God's most glorious attributes is that He is *faithful to His promise*. If He does not fulfil His promise, or threatening, He gives an adequate reason. I am better, but have not yet preached."

"C.M."

The following letter exhibits many of the features of his correspondence with his nephew, and may therefore fitly close this selection :—

"MY DEAR CALEB,—I reached home comfortably at 5 a.m. yesterday. I have preached to-day twice from Luke vi. 10 and from John ii. 11.

"I have been more serious, and, I trust more holy, to-day than I have for a long time. Oh, for more of the spirit of God in our hearts, life, and sermons. I have to preach this week three times from home. Pray that I may do some good to men. Our work is tremendously solemn ; let us watch, pray, and live in God.

"Don't treat writing to me as a matter of feeling but of duty. It is as much a duty to write a letter when due as to make a sermon. Get into good habits, and resolve to retain them in this tempting, evil world. Send me all news about yourself. Adhere to teetotalism, Take care of your health, bodily and mental. Farewell, my very dear boy.

"C. M."

XIX.

Last Years of His Ministry.

WE have already alluded to the repeated failures of health which were shattering his constitution and paralysing his ministry. As he grew older the attacks became more frequent and persistent, and his power to resist them waxed feebler year by year. But even during the declining years there were wonderful outbursts of pulpit power ; and when unable to preach he became a kind of Socrates, and exerted great influence by his conversations. The writer of the article in the *Patriot* for August 17th, 1865, says of him :—

“One of his greatest gifts was conversation, and, perhaps more than in any other way, he embodied in his conversations the results of his thinking. His conversational power was very remarkable, almost Coleridgian—a thousand times more valuable than most people’s sermons. To young men especially he would pour out the riches of his thoughtful mind in a rich monologue, helped by an occasional question, and many a minister would testify that an hour’s conversation with Caleb Morris was more beneficial than a day’s reading. It was dangerous to walk with him in the street ; so absorbed would he become in his conversation that every twenty yards he would stop, turn right round upon you, and button-hole you there, utterly oblivious of the passing crowd. In many men he sowed the seeds of their best fruit, and quickened the impulses of their chief work.”

The following extracts from the diary will show how seriously he took this social intercourse :—

“Every conversation, however short and formal, should have an aim, spirit, and truthfulness. Oh, that I had a more direct, steady, devout, humble aim to get divine good, and do divine good to others in my intercourse with men.”

“Conversation not satisfactory. It wanted conscious sympathy, unity of matter and aim, and, above all, devoutness of heart.”

“There are some subjects which should not be discussed in the company of even the best of men. They leave a restlessness behind them. It is better not to dwell on the faults of anybody, especially the faults of preachers. Let me not speak about my *own* sermons, that no one may have occasion to say, ‘Full of himself.’”

The diary for this period abounds with references to conversations. He names seven persons who had visited him in one day, and mentions the topics of conversation ; and the experience of that day seems to have been nothing exceptional—sometimes, indeed, the number exceeded a dozen. Occasionally he felt that too much of his energy was spent in this way, and he writes :—

“Less time must be devoted to converse, even with those who *have something to say*. The excitement exhausts, and therefore unfits for vigorous, calm thinking. How very injurious all stimulating alcoholic drinks must be.”

It is not possible now to identify most of those who took part in these colloquies, for many of the names are only briefly indicated. One of his constant visitors was the Rev. J. Young, M.A., author of “The Christ of History.” The Rev. Robert Davey informs me that this book was very largely suggested by the conversations with Caleb Morris. The following entry corroborates Mr. Davey’s statement :—

“I made my first visit this day to 7, Lonsdale Square, the house of my friend the Rev. John Young, A.M., of Albion Chapel. His attention and his attendance have been those of a brother during the

whole of my illness. He is a Presbyterian, and I am a Congregationalist; but our communion is most free, confidential, and, I hope, religious. I have none in my own 'sect' with whom I do so *fully* and *fearlessly* commune. We are one. Oh, may God render my fellowship with him, which death, if nothing else, will soon terminate, a mutual blessing to each of us! This kind of union imposes a solemn responsibility on each. May we help each other in the truth and grace of our Lord. Mr. Young is sincere, warm, and free in his friendship. The duties and defects of friendship are little talked or thought of in the light of Christianity. I now feel the importance of religious friendship more than I ever did."

During the whole of one day they talk about Christ, and the conversation moves around "His Superiority to Human Infirmities," "His Original Communion with God," "His Consciousness of His own Perfections," "His Faith in His own Triumphs."

Another constant visitor was Mr. J. D. Morell, the author of "The Philosophy of Religion" and of a book on the Philosophy of Europe. It has been said that much of these books was due to Caleb Morris. I think such an assertion is unfair if taken in its literal sense; but if it simply means that the author derived much help and inspiration from his conversations with Caleb Morris, that is almost certainly in strict accordance with truth.

One of the visitors named in the diary is the Rev. B. Brown, and among the subjects mentioned in the entry is "Eternal Punishment: Is it believed by the orthodox? Is it taught in the Bible?" Was this the Rev. Baldwin Brown? Mr. Allon—probably the Rev. Henry Allon, of Union Chapel—Mr. Chignell, and Mr. Davies, of Clapton Park, and scores of other names occur in the diary. Evidently his house was a centre for the meeting of brethren.

More important than the names of the visitors are the subjects discussed. They were very diverse and miscel-

laneous. Some of them bore on themes already familiar to us from his diary, such as :—

“Is not letter-writing an instrument as important in religion as in business? A large portion of the New Testament is in the form of letters. Paul was the best letter-writer in the world.”

“Discourses, like clothes, if worn long and without change, become to look shabby.”

“An improvement in the hearers is the testimonial of ministers, and their joy.”

“As there is no *physical* wealth without labour, so there can be no *mental* wealth without industry. ‘In all labour there is profit.’ Two things are required for a good sermon—materials and mechanism, thoughts and form, the collection of matter and construction. Both require patient and persevering labour.”

“Praying is a wonderful work! How little real praying there is among Christians! Praying is ‘speaking to God.’ It is the meeting of God and man, His child, in a secret place, where no third person can be present, in the holy of holies of the mind. I can, may, am invited to be in God’s company. Oh, what a privilege! Father of my mind, draw me to Thee!”

“The basis of all the universe is *spirit*—pure, simple, living perfect; and that spirit is God, God—nature—man; a deep and real analogy pervades all, from the atom to God.”

Sometimes the talk became very discursive. We find entries as follows :—

“Talked a little about medicine, gigs, horse exercise, famine, fevers, sudden death, shortness of life, eternity, and the corn trade.”

Among the subjects mentioned are :—

“The Gift of Tongues—Is Neander’s theory correct? This subject should be examined thoroughly. Christ’s intercession; colleges; theological periodicals; the ignorant hatred of some ministers to philosophy; the inwardness of religion; kindness; the blindness of well-meaning but weak-minded friendship; the dietetic laws of Moses in Leviticus; the badness of our Colonial administration; the desirableness, difficulty, and duty of acquiring a *good style* for the pulpit; heartless love; the greatness of John the Baptist; the

impropriety of dinners at ordinations—a gross practice; the evils of ostentation in conversation.”

In the years 1846 and 1847 he devoted much time to reading. A list of the books which attracted his attention at this period is preserved in his diary. He calls them “Books recently read, and from which I have got some good. Some of them have supplied me with strengthening meals and others with healing medicine.” Philosophical books occupy the first place. He mentions and criticises Dugald Stewart’s Philosophical Essays, Sir Thomas Browne’s works, the writings of Jouffroy and Cousin, and Theodore Parker on “The Religious Elements in Man.” He refers to Kant and Fichte, Schelling and Hegel, Michelet and Comte, Upham and Tappan. He has a note on Thales, and records the reading of lives of Descartes and Leibnitz. He also alludes to the Transcendentalists in America and Great Britain, naming Allcott, Emerson, and Carlyle. Ethics evidently engaged his close attention, for he criticises the divisions of ethics then current, and suggests a fourfold division of general ethics based on the *objects* of duties: God, self, society and animals. He also sketches a course of six sermons on ethics.

Other books mentioned are Parsons on Education; Swaine on Education; Lives of Augustine, Barrow, and Whiston; Jeremy Taylor’s works; “The Future Seen Through the Past,” by Alfred Morris, of Holloway, of which he says “very good.” There are many allusions to Harris’s “Preadamite Earth.”

Mr. Chignell’s references to his studies confirm and supplement the above lists: “He loved Locke and Bacon, and the newest science. He admired Humboldt and Darwin; this was before Darwin published the ‘Origin of Species.’ Philosophy rather than poetry was

his favourite reading; yet he revered Tennyson, and said to me once: 'How little has he written, and what an impression he has created; what force he has thrown into a few words.' But he made fun at times of some of his sentimental lines. He read Mrs. Barrett Browning's 'Aurora Leigh' during one of his holidays on the Welsh mountains, and praised it excessively; but he never quite felt for a poet the reverence he paid to philosophers, to Lord Bacon especially."

In his diary for another period there are references to Byron and Wordsworth, and he gives a long list of books on history which he was reading.

He did not forget his Bible amid his miscellaneous reading. We have such entries as the following: "Genesis i. and ii. subjects of meditation"; and there are repeated references to the Gospels:—

"Read for my personal good the first part of Mark's Gospel. New view of the glory of Christ's divine life. . . . Spent five or six hours in studying the Gospels. The character of Christ did not open in its divine glories for a *long time* to the disciples—the *witnesses* of it; nor will it to us—the *readers* of it. We must leave *all* and follow Him. We must hearken to all His sayings. We must go with Him from town to town and mountain to mountain, or across the sea through all the perils of the tempest. We must, like the twelve, be *with* Him in order to apprehend and appreciate His glory. Oh, may we know Christ and be conformed to His image!"

Amid all this mental activity his bodily weakness often troubled him. For two months at the beginning of 1847 he was confined to his room. After referring gratefully to his recovery, he asks:—

"Has my soul got on in knowledge, holiness, and joy? Too little. Man is a mysterious being—related to heaven and hell, angels and devils, dead matter and the living God."

He preached for the first time after his illness on

February 28th, 1847, on "The Prayer of Pretence and the Prayer of Reality," based on Matthew vi. 5-8. At the Monday evening service he delivered an address on "Life's Dark Voyages," based on Mark vi. 47-54. On these Monday evenings, as Paxton Hood observes, "treasures of glowing and amazing wealth were unfolded. The attendance was small, and the man was free; the terrors of the pulpit did not make him afraid; and students and ministers were wont to find their way into the service, to be refreshed perhaps with as rich a variety of exalted thought and feeling as could have been found anywhere in the British Empire." On the following Sunday he preached on "All True Christians Die with Christ and Rise with Christ." An outline of the sermon is to be found in the *Preachers' Lantern*, Vol. I., pp. 527-531. On Monday evening he spoke on "The Fall of Satan." He contemplates a course of sermons on "The Emotions of Jesus," and looks forward to renewed activity in the service of Christ. But, alas! his health was becoming more and more precarious; several Sundays would elapse without a sermon from him; and those who came from a distance to hear him were frequently disappointed. As a result the congregation dwindled; but a few Sundays of constant preaching would fill again the vacant seats.

It was probably at this time* that the Rev. A. J. Morris wrote a sketch of a service at Fetter Lane which appeared in the *English Independent*, and was incorporated in Dr. Waddington's *Congregational History*. Indeed, this sketch, with two sneering remarks—one as prologue and the other as epilogue, is all the author thought fit to insert concerning

* The sketch appeared, as the Rev. T. G. Crippen, of the Congregational Library, kindly informs me, in the *English Independent*, of 19th November, 1868—the same number which contains the obituary of the Rev. A. J. Morris, that is nearly twenty years after Caleb Morris had left Fetter Lane. Where it had been in the interval, I do not know.

him. Twenty years of splendid service are entirely ignored, and an unsympathetic account of a Sunday visit to Fetter Lane during the period of Caleb Morris's ill-health has to do duty for history. If Congregational history is written in this way, is it wonderful that our thoughtful young people have no enthusiasm for Congregationalism? When shall we have a Congregational history worthy of the name, a history that will deal in a broad spirit with all workers, and not be the mere mouthpiece of narrow officialism?

The sketch as reproduced is as follows :—

“ The building which, like a mystery, could be well seen only from the inside. It is unquestionably modern, yet has a feeling of antiquity. It is a place of worship, but more fitted to promote the spirit of devotion by the function of a furnace than a fire, by trial than by genial heat. The lower portion of the building is perhaps half filled with persons, mostly men, and in good part ministers in full or partial development, rather strong-minded and stronger-bodied too; no worshippers of any parochial system, for they evidently live not ‘hard by the synagogue,’ but have come afar, as the Queen of Sheba, to ‘hear the wisdom of Solomon,’ and without forgetting either that ‘a greater than Solomon is here.’ You ask of one the preacher’s name, and whether he is expected to preach this morning, to which you receive a somewhat enigmatical reply, in a tone and with a look almost equally expressive of surprise, despondency, and fun—suggestive, on the whole, of the unwisdom of uninspired predictions. You wait, and, after sundry anxious peerings from the vestry door, and one or two interviews with clerical-looking members of the congregation on the part of deacons in search of a substitute, the pastor enters the pulpit—a man you would look at a second time wherever seen, with features once handsome, and better than handsome now, and a deep forehead and expressive eye, full of thought and gentleness. The singing over, of which we will only say that—the joke is Bishop Blomfield’s—it might be in fulfilment of the prophecy, ‘The songs of the temple shall be howlings in that day’—for our minister has little sense of poetry and less of music, strange to say, considering his reverent devoutness of spirit, fondness for illustration, passionate

sensibility to natural beauty, and that we have seen him burst into tears while gazing on a morning sun—the singing over, a chapter is read, naturally, seriously, chastely; and then a prayer is not ‘offered,’ but *prayed*. It is not a theological lecture to the Deity, nor, while a supplication in form, a soliloquy in fact, but such as becomes a creature and a child addressing a wise, and holy, and loving Maker and Father. There is no straining for originality, no introduction of irrelevant and unsuitable topics, yet it is singularly full and varied. In thought and words it is simple, solemn, and his own. After another illustration of the Prophet Amos, the text is read out. Very probably you never noticed the text before—possibly did not know there was such a text. You soon feel, whatever other impression is made, that this man takes nothing for granted. Whatever else he is, he is himself. One of his infirmities is that he must seek real novelty, and hence he is tempted to make it, if he cannot find it. He had a yearning, which grew to be morbid, and in its connections, excessive, for reality and essence, and a corresponding distaste for forms of every kind. For many years he had not preached, perhaps, more than once in two or three of the Sunday services, and, when he has, no one, not he himself, could have predicted it; and as it has been said of a living potentate that he is such a liar that you cannot believe even the *opposite* of what he says, so our friend was so irregular you could not depend even on his irregularity. And then he had a morbid shrinking from all the ordinary methods of attracting attention. While most are afraid of failing, he was afraid of succeeding, as some men count success. He was not adapted for the pastorate. He lacked method everywhere, except in thought; and as to Coleridge, it is said that anything became impossible as soon as it was presented to him in the shape of a duty, so to our friend, everything that was necessary was out of the question. He was not a man of business, and could not well work with others, except upon conditions not always to be realised. He thought out thoroughly everything that he had to do with; he knew that others did not, and most could not, hence he was ‘impracticable.’ Besides which, be it said, his nervous system was too nicely hung to bear the shock of much of the world’s friction. But he could teach as few others. He loved it, he was qualified for it, and *if he could have been placed in fitting circumstances*, and could have been left entirely free, would have been a prince of teachers.”

The author of the History closes the notice with the remark :—

“ With so little of the practical in his nature, it was difficult to find the exact position for a genius so peculiar. ‘ The fitting circumstances,’ at any rate, did not exist in the busy world of London.”

The only sufficient answer to such a description lies in the facts which have been recorded in the preceding pages. The so-called joke about the singing is as unfair as it is clumsy. The readers know that many efforts had been made to improve the psalmody ; apparently they had not been very successful, but is the minister always responsible for the singing ? Besides, æsthetic persons are always condemning the singing of the Nonconformists. In denying to Caleb Morris the sense of poetry, the writer betrays his lack of insight ; assertions about the difficulty of working with him are very largely imaginary. But granting all his depreciations, which cannot be done without sacrificing truth, Caleb Morris still stands forth as a unique teacher who could draw *thinking men* to hear him, and to find strength and healing, help and inspiration, in his preaching and praying. In reference to the parting sneer of the historian, it is sufficient to say that *facts* prove that London could appreciate him. He drew larger congregations to Fetter Lane than anyone had ever done before him, and no one has been able to draw like congregations after him. He did this, moreover, not for a brief period, but for *over twenty years*. The members declared solemnly in 1838 that more members had been added to the church during his ministry than during any corresponding period in the history of the church. Over sixty members were received the following year, and for several years afterwards there were constant accessions to the church, as is proved, not by vague statements, but by the detailed records in the deacons’ minutes ; and even after

his irregularity had become serious owing to bodily and nervous weakness, the church—mindful of his marvellous ministry, and conscious of his unique spiritual power—refused more than once to accept his resignation. Surely members who had worked with him for many years are more reliable witnesses than a casual visitor who is anxious to write a smart sketch, and even than a Congregational historian who thinks he can do justice to a brother by merely inserting such a sketch, adding one or two disparaging expressions, and passing over in complete silence the devoted service of twenty years !

In the month of July, 1847, he sent in his resignation of the pastorate of the church. On the 22nd of July a special church meeting was held, Mr. Edwards presiding, at which the following three resolutions were unanimously adopted :—

First resolution, moved by Mr. Muston, and seconded by Mr. Walton :—

“That the resignation of our beloved pastor, the Rev. Caleb Morris, be *not* accepted till every effort shall have been made for the re-establishment of his health.”

Second resolution, moved by Mr. Harrison, and seconded by Mr. Spark :—

“That Messrs. Griffin, Baugh, and one of the deacons be requested to acknowledge the receipt of the resignation tendered by the Rev. Caleb Morris to the church assembling at Fetter Lane, and to report to him the proceedings of the church thereupon.”

Third resolution, moved by Mr. Griffin and seconded by Mr. Baugh :—

“That, as an expression of our sympathy with our respected pastor, and of gratitude and affection for his past efficient teaching, it has been recommended by not a few of the members that contributions be made for defraying the expenses of his journey on the Continent.”

The last resolution was carried into effect, and the trip to

the Continent was made towards the end of the summer. The notes in the diary on this trip are few in comparison. The first was written at Geneva on September the 17th :—

“ Geneva ; still no letters from England. Read the English papers. The great subject of the day is the Pope ; he is an object of popular sympathy throughout nearly all the States of Europe. This is a new thing in the earth. The orthodox people here complain of the intolerance of the rationalistic divines of the Established Church. Since the martyrdom of Servetus the tables are turned. A good title for a book would be, ‘ A Liberal Christian in Search of a Liberal Church.’ ”

From Geneva he went by boat to Lausanne, and thence by “ diligence ” to Yverdon, on the Lake Neûchatel, where he visited the schools at which Pestalozzi had taught. He remarks :—

“ It is said that his system was a failure, but how can that be when his system has been adopted to some extent all over the world ? Poor Pestalozzi lived not in vain, but for a great and eternal purpose.”

He goes thence to Neûchatel and Bienne and Basle. Of the latter part of the route he says :—

“ The scenery inexpressibly grand and sublime. I felt it more than anything else in Switzerland. I could have wept, or sung, or danced, so great was my excitement ; however, I deemed it well to keep self-possession.”

At Basle he met Baptist Noel and heard him preach. At Geneva he had partaken of the Lord’s Supper with him in the Episcopal Church. Concerning this he writes :—

“ I am no member of the Evangelical Alliance, because it is, in my judgment, based on an exclusive, intolerant, uncharitable basis ; but I love heartily all free and godly men, and can unite anywhere with such in the worship of God. I had fellowship ; I took the *Communion* with Baptist Noel at the ‘ table.’ ”

Of Baptist Noel’s sermon at Basle he writes : “ It was an admirable sermon—plain, full of high principles, very pious in tendency, and delivered with great beauty and simplicity.”

Of the churches at Basle he remarks : " The attendance in them all was *very small*, consisting chiefly of women."

There is no record of the rest of the journey, but there is a short meditation showing that he was ever mindful of his work as a minister :—

" All strength of character depends on moral purity and self-conscious consistency. It is of no use trying to make others holy and happy unless my own life is *pre-eminently* holy. I need and profess to have more knowledge, more love to God and men than average people, and unless I am so, what right have I to preach to others ? I look to Thee, O most Holy and merciful God, for fresh supplies of grace."

There are several stories current about this visit to the Continent. The Rev. J. Lloyd James, of March, says that Caleb Morris had as his companion an enthusiastic Welshman, and that one evening in an hotel on the Rhine they spoke Welsh. A lady took great interest in their conversation, and after a while said to them : " Excuse me, gentlemen, there are over twenty years since I heard that language, and I had never expected to hear it again." It was found that the lady was a native of Narberth, and had been received into church membership by Caleb Morris. She had removed from Narberth to London, and had there met the German who had become her husband, and who was then the proprietor of the hotel. Naturally her joy was very great at seeing the pastor of her early days, and one who could speak her native tongue.

Another form of the story is that the lady had fallen in love with Caleb Morris in her youth, and that the meeting was not of a very pleasant kind. A third story says that Caleb Morris met the daughter of a celebrated London Congregationalist during the journey, and that he almost fell in love with her. A fourth story relates that Caleb Morris noticed a dignified gentleman in a railway train, and

at last ventured to address him in English, saying that he was not able to speak German. The gentleman replied in good English, and before the close of the conversation Caleb Morris found that he was one of the University professors, and that he knew not only English, but also Welsh. I do not feel able to decide how many of the above stories are original and how many of them are variants on the same theme. Three of them relate to ladies, and three mention the Welsh language. But the London lady did not speak Welsh, hence it seems necessary to suppose that two ladies were concerned. Possibly one of the stories in which a lady is mentioned may have arisen from a blending of the other two. Then the story in reference to the German professor seems quite distinct. I am quite aware that, on the tendency theory, it might be asserted that all the references to Welsh are additions made by enthusiastic Welshmen in order to glorify the Welsh language. My faith in tendency theories and the derivation of variants from one common source, in accordance with the canons of the higher criticism, has been much shaken of late, and I have no infallible solution to offer of the problem presented by these stories.

After his return from the Continent, Caleb Morris went down to Pembrokeshire, as the following letter will show :—

“To the Rev. J. Davies, Clapton.

“Coedcenlas Farm, Eglwyswtw, near Cardigan,

“December 9th, 1847.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—That day when we parted at Ramsgate something was said about correspondence. Was it you or I that was to write first?

“I have made it the rule of my friendship correspondence to write only to those who shall have favoured me first. By yielding this sort of priority to my friends, I give them an opportunity to prove before the world their practical attachment to the *voluntary principle* in epistolary correspondence as well as in religious institutions. For

I am quite convinced that in most things that principle is the most agreeable, though not always the most energetic. But wise men can distinguish easily enough between the essential nature and the accidental action of any great principle, whether good or bad. But postponing for the present the advocacy of the voluntary principle in *things general*, I only repeat my admiration of its power when put forth by any correspondent of mine, and that without anything like compulsion on my part. For to ask one to answer me is, in spirit, if not in fact, to put him under the obligation to do so. And what would that be in the eye of sound philosophy but to tempt him to act on the *compulsory principle*. Such inconsistency would then become a virtual denial of willingness in epistolary ethics, and would naturally lead to the practical renunciation of willingness in ecclesiastical ethics. Here, then, as a Dissenter from principle I offer you this freewill tribute of respect and love. And if you should be tempted to say, 'Why, he in a manner compels me, forces me to answer him, and is therefore inconsistent with his own boasted theory of willingness,' then, with all due respect to your learning and character, my dear sir, I must say that you are not a fair polemic, and that the sooner we drop the controversy the better for both parties and for the *cause*.

"Is not all this nonsense, dear Davies, *à la mode* of much of the stuff which just now fills the articles and correspondence of some of our *religious journals* in reference to educational and other matters?"

"Voluntary principle—the word accursed! I was to write something; my pen ran on without a pause; I finished the article, and said '*There*.'"

"To be serious, I wish some of our brethren were a little less forward, less noisy, than they are in promoting the cause of Him of whom it was once said, 'He shall not cry, nor cause his voice to be heard in the street.' Still I wish to be charitable, for these friends would quote against me, 'If we held our peace, the very stones would speak.' My reply to that would be, 'Then try the experiment.' Pardon this much ado about nothing, as Mr. Dunn says of Mr. Brock in the *Patriot*, in a correspondence about Government aid, &c. I had no idea of going on in this way when I began.

"Dear Davies, I am now in Wales, after having wandered for nearly four months among strange people in Holland, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and other places. It is agreeable enough to see once more the land of our fathers, the scenes of my childhood, and my

father's house. My parents, though old in age, one eighty-six, the other only eighty, became rather fresh in feeling at the sight of the returning lad. These aged people are wonderfully well, but feel that the time draws nigh, when they hope to be reborn for another world, a world where evil never enters, where life never fades. Myself, also, am well and hearty. Numberless mercies daily, sometimes unexpectedly, fall on my humble path. Oh that I had strength of heart to turn them to motives for higher service, into instruments of wider usefulness. I know this to be my greatest want; it is, I trust, my strongest wish. To live, is to live with God; more and more do I feel this to be true.

“ ‘ I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.’ ”

You know Welsh?

“ ‘ O am ga’l rhodio er ei glod,
Ac iddo bellach fyw;
A phob anadliad elo’ ma’s,
I ganmol gras fy Nuw.’ ”

After preaching in Welsh last Sunday where I first opened my mouth for Christ about thirty years ago, I sang from my heart this prayer; and it was sweeter to my taste, depend upon it, than the richest chanting in Cologne Cathedral. There is something in Welsh religion that kindles and rekindles one's piety. I have declared my intention to recommence my work at Fetter Lane on the first Sunday in the coming year. My heart is there, my hopes are there; but the will of God be done.

“ ‘ Mi nesaf atat eto ’nes,
Pa les im’ ddigaloni,
Mae son am danat yn mhob man
Yn codi’r *gwan* i fynu.’ ”

“ I will not now intrude a sketch of my history on the Continent; but, when we meet, if encouraged, I'll tell you a little about Geneva, the Sonderbund, the war, Calvin's pulpit, Mont Blanc, the Jesuits, and the decree of the Canton de Vaud (the Place of Liberty) to put down the Independents. And this would be agreeable enough to me for many reasons, especially as I have been preserved, almost miraculously, from the temptation through which, lamentable to say,

many a dear brother of ours has grievously *fallen*—I mean the fiery temptation to publish my '*Continental Tour*.' The trial came upon me one day ; I manfully resisted. The tempter vanished ; there is to be *no book*.

"I met Baptist Noel many times in Switzerland. He is going to publish a lecture, I see, to young men about the Free Church in the Vaud. *Mal apropos*, just as the *State* is going to bind the *Free Church*.

"I have troubled you with such a mixture of things, such a heap of circumstances, to which I have made *myself* the grand centre, that I begin to feel ashamed. You will never read all this, therefore I shall trouble only myself. And yet, trouble it has not been, but pleasure, to fancy myself in fellowship with one for whom I have sincere and growing affection, especially after so long a separation.

"Ah ! since we parted in August many, very many, have left the world. Poor Davies, my successor at Narberth ! He began there when I began at Fetter Lane ; we were just the same age. His work is ended, perhaps ours soon will be. All things tell us, if we would but listen, that the final law of all is the *one supreme will*. That will governs all the works of the world for one end—inexpressibly good, overwhelmingly sublime—the raising of the will of humanity into eternal unison with the will of Divinity.

"Offer my best regards to Mrs. Davies, and my love to all your sweet, precious children ; but they have forgotten me, perhaps. You must, if you please, write me here directly a *letter* if you can, or a line if you can't.

"Affectionately yours,

"CALEB MORRIS."

I have not attempted to translate the simple Welsh hymns which he quotes. One is a prayer for strength to walk in God's ways and to live for His glory, so that every breath may proclaim the praises of divine grace. The other is an expression of the heart's resolve to draw nearer to the God who encourages the despondent, and is known everywhere as the all-helpful One who lifts up the weak.

The reference to the religious press is in harmony with more than one remark in his Diary. He evidently had no high opinion of the denominational press of his day,

Caleb Morris
Brecon

especially the cheaper periodicals. He writes on one occasion—

“What our theological periodicals want is analytical power, logical skill, and, above all, a manly fortitude to speak the truth about persons and things, all in love.”

“Speaking truth in love” was not a very strong feature of some of the papers of the day, such as the *Christian Banner*, under the editorship of Dr. Campbell. This bellicose editor and minister doubtless had many good points, and, according to his light, sought to serve his age and his denomination; but when one remembers his onslaught on Dr. Samuel Davidson, of Lancashire College, and the part which he took in the “Rivulet” controversy, the attitude of Caleb Morris towards part of the religious press of the period is not to be wondered at.

In the beginning of 1848 he returned to London, and for a few months preached with remarkable power. It was an exciting period. The Revolution in France was receiving great attention in England, and Caleb Morris referred to it in his sermons more than once. One of his most striking sermons, “The voice of God in the vicissitudes of humanity,” belongs to this period. It has been said that Frederick William Robertson, of Brighton, heard him preach about this time, and that he was struck with the brilliancy of his thought and the beauty of his eloquence. I mention the rumour, but am not able to confirm it or deny it.

From the reports of the discourses that have been preserved, it is evident that he still retained his wondrous pulpit power; but it was only a Michaelmas summer, the mists of autumn and the storms of winter were drawing nigh. In 1848 he paid another visit to Wales; and on the 29th of May, 1849, he attended the ordination of his nephew, Caleb Gwion, as minister of Plough Chapel, Brecon.

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There was a very long correspondence between uncle and nephew before this important event. Caleb Morris did not want to leave London before the May Meetings were over. The Church at Fetter Lane had also decided to give him an assistant, and a minister had come to preach on trial during the month of May. Moreover, he intended to go down to Wales later on in the summer, and wanted to save another journey. But the nephew and the Brecon people persisted in adhering to the date which they had chosen, and Caleb Morris, at great inconvenience to himself, was present at the services. A selection from his letters to his nephew on this occasion will make clear his views about the ordination service.

“Myddelton Square,

“May 10th, 1849.

“It has appeared to me very desirable that you should get some stranger to give you the ‘charge.’ I have always declined this work. I don’t believe in it, and therefore cannot speak. And it seems to me, dear Caleb, *indelicate, wrong*, that *I* should charge you before a public assembly. I have taken the fullest freedom in giving you already many a charge, as you know, and I love you so much that I am likely to give you some more, but then it must be *private*. The most needful counsels should not be public. This is my feeling, and I have always expressed it. I once thought of breaking the rule in your case. I am driven, however, on reflection, to *persevering conformity*.

“But who will undertake this? *Not tutors*, because they are at home, and the Brecon people can get their services on more common occasions.

“I think Mr. Evans (Penygroes), *your pastor*, should be the man. I suppose he would not object? I should much like this on every account. Will you write to him at once, and *press him urgently to comply with your request and my own*? Then I would take the ‘*prayer*,’ and something else, perhaps. Now let me entreat you at once to settle this matter by allowing *me* to ‘ordain you’ by prayer and imposition of hands. My mind will then be at ease. Let us seek wisdom to plan wisely. Just now I am not well in body or mind. I

Heath
J E Evans
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have an *assistant* on probation here; I am rather anxious on that account. Write a line directly about the service to me.

"Your affectionate old uncle,

"C. M."

In subsequent letters he wrote :—

"Are you not altogether wrong in thinking so much and *making* so much of this public service? These public meetings are the *Ritualism*, the *Popery* of Dissent. Oh for a more *quiet* mode of dedicating ourselves to God's work !

"If I were to be ordained now I would make it *very select*, very private, very devotional—i.e., very conducive to *real*, inward, lasting good. Oh, my dear Caleb, don't let these matters of *form* turn away your heart and thoughts from God! Mind to seek and secure the presence of the Spirit of God for the day. Indeed, this *little* trouble *should* lead you to pray for light and power from *above*. Don't lean on me, or men; be humble, be sincere, be good-tempered, be straightforward, be constant in prayer, watchful in life, faithful to the end."

His wishes were carried out; he offered the ordination prayer, and also read and prayed at the afternoon service. There he met, for the last time on earth, his friend and comrade, John Evans, of Penygroes, who delivered the charge to the young minister, whom he had received into church membership and helped towards the Christian ministry. John Evans's work was almost done, for on the 3rd of October he died suddenly, while attending the ordination of his son-in-law, the Rev. Joseph Morris, at Narberth. Caleb Morris's public ministry was also drawing to a close, although he was destined to remain many years on the plains of Moab before crossing to the heavenly Canaan.

The attempt to secure an assistant for Caleb Morris was not successful, and, as his health did not improve, he felt bound to send in again his resignation. The people clung to him tenaciously, and during the last two years they had, at great sacrifice, cleared the whole of the debt that

had accumulated in connection with the day-schools. The wrench was very severe, but it had become inevitable ; and in writing to the church he begged the members not to press him to continue the oversight of the church. The account given in the *Patriot* for Monday, November 19th, 1849, was as follows :—

“ The Rev. Caleb Morris has resigned the pastorate of Fetter Lane Chapel on account of frequent interruptions in his health. On Thursday evening a special meeting was held, when the deacons stated that they had ascertained from their beloved pastor that his determination had not been hastily formed, but had been arrived at in obedience to what he believed to be the will of God, and that, therefore, his duty was plain not to yield to any effort that might be made in order to induce him to alter his resolution. In these circumstances, the deacons had prepared a resolution accepting the resignation of a pastor who had faithfully served them for more than twenty-two years, which resolution was reluctantly, though unanimously, carried, and a committee consisting of the deacons and three other gentlemen was appointed to draw up a suitable and affectionate letter in the name of the church in reply to Mr. Morris's letter of resignation, which reply they will present to him as a deputation, together with the resolution accepting his relinquishment of the pastoral charge.”

For the subsequent history of Fetter Lane I must refer the reader to the “*Memorials of the Church*,” by Mr. Arthur Pye-Smith. Finally the chapel was sold, and the Church removed to Leyton ; thus it and the other two churches so often mentioned in this volume—Weigh House and Court Chapel, have left Central London for the larger London which has gathered around the ancient City. May it at Leyton continue the good work done at Fetter Lane under a long succession of noble ministers, not the least of whom was the seer, Caleb Morris.

After an interval of rest he felt better, and was induced to preach for a few months at Eccleston Chapel, Eccleston Square. This chapel had been built at the sole expense of

Seth Smith, Esq., a member of the church of Dr. Morrison, of Chelsea. It had been opened on the 11th of October, 1848, and would accommodate about 1,200 worshippers.

From his letters to his nephew, it is evident that Caleb Morris was very reluctant to undertake the work. Mr. Chignell also says that he hesitated long before accepting the charge, saying, "If I go there I must keep in the foreground all that is of least interest to me, and in the background all that to me is most vital and dear." His ministry at Eccleston was nothing more than a short episode in his history; but there are still some who remember it with gratitude and reverence.

Mr. W. L. Lovegrove, for sixty-three years a member, and many years a deacon, of the Hounslow Congregational Church, attended his ministry for a short time at Fetter Lane, and for a longer time at Eccleston Chapel. He took rough notes of his sermons, and says :—

"It was not easy to take down his words, for his utterances were gems. Many sentences were complete in themselves, and sparkling with thought. Once, in discussing the right use of time, he stopped suddenly and asked, 'What is time? It is just one beat of the great pendulum of eternity.' In describing Christ's dignity, he spoke of Him 'as seated on the Throne of universal dominion, the only visible organ of the great invisible God.'

"It was his special attractiveness in setting forth the hidden treasures of thought in the written Word which led me and so many others to find in him a rare teacher. He was without question a profound thinker, and his pulpit expositions were singularly fresh and striking, while his method was simple and natural. Like most great thinkers, there was often a fulness which could not be exhausted, and postponement was inevitable. This seldom created surprise, for the discourses were extempore, and the opening thoughts rarely failed to contribute a sermon.

"To estimate his mental acumen, his clear and penetrating vision, the breadth and fulness of his gaze into the boundless expanse of Christian truth was a privilege granted only to those who attended

his ministry. His sermons were marked by an originality of construction entirely his own.

“He was in a pre-eminent degree a minister of the New Testament. I believe the vast majority of his discourses were based on passages from that source. He held distinctive thoughts on the fulness of the four Gospels, and their sufficiency for the instruction of the world in Christian truth till the end of time. In the same way he maintained that a Christ-sent minister has but one line to follow, that of revealing Christ’s teaching to the world. ‘If the church,’ he said, ‘owned no more Scripture than the four Gospels, they contain enough to occupy the profoundest student for a lifetime.’”

Mr. Lovegrove has asked me to emphasise the stress which he laid on the Gospels. Such an attitude is very common nowadays, at least in theory; but fifty years ago it was rare. Its more exact import I shall discuss in the chapter on Caleb Morris as a thinker.

After his retirement from Eccleston Chapel, his admirers came to his private house at Mecklenburg Square on Sundays to listen to his teaching. The Rev. H. Fox Thomas, who has just been called away to his reward, says of these services:—

“About eighty well-read men and women would attend. The devotional part of the service was conducted by one of the audience. His sermons on these occasions were well thought out, and delivered with much power. At the close he invited questions or remarks on the text, or on the subject treated. At times he would question the hearers on past sermons, and if they did not show their knowledge of the same he would preach them over again. He once said to a friend, ‘I must be in the Apostolic Succession, for I preach in a private house.’ The friend playfully replied, ‘That is a mistake; the Apostles went from house to house, you continue preaching in one and the same house.’”

The value set on these services is attested by the fact that notes of several of the discourses delivered have been preserved. But this private service eventually proved too

much for him ; it drifted to a catechetical exercise or a desultory discussion, and had to be discontinued. His nervous system was completely deranged, and he became more and more the prey of gloomy thoughts. There were, however, bright intervals, and his conversation on such occasions was full of charm and inspiration.

That such a man was incapacitated so early in life, at a period when there was so much need of spiritual teachers—a period of which Dr. Dale says : “ All faith in religion and philosophy seems to have been lost ; there is a loud and earnest cry for some teacher to arise and lead men to a nobler and better way ”—is to us very puzzling.

Some would blame Caleb Morris severely, and say that he ought to have overcome his despondent moods. It must be granted at once that, had he done so, he would have stood forth as a stronger character ; but it is very unjust to forget the splendid services which he had rendered for nearly thirty years—services which most men would not be able to render in many times that number of years. We should also bear in mind that the failure was bodily and physical, rather than mental and moral, though it is not possible perhaps to separate these parts of the human personality. The repeated illnesses which he had gone through had undermined his strength ; and, at last, he failed to overcome the sad tendencies which he had inherited from his mother.

It is strange how cold and unsympathetic some people can be towards nervous ailments. If a man is down with a fever, they are keen and warm in their sympathy ; but if he is a prey to mental depression, they are inclined to sneer, and say that he is to blame, though he be as helpless as the man who is struck down by a sudden fever. I do not desire to canonise Caleb Morris ; I have sought to set him before the reader as he was, without concealing his defects or

exaggerating his virtues, feeling that he has only to be known in order to be loved and revered, and I should not have made the above observations were it not for the harsh and unfair judgments passed on him by men who have never known anything about nervous weakness and natural timidity.

Nearly all the notices I have seen concerning him omit altogether the early period of his splendid ministry, and deal only with his declining years. What if his great contemporary, Thomas Binney, had been treated in the same way? Edward White, in his memoir of Thomas Binney, writes :—

“It not seldom happens that large growths begin to decay soon, and this is strikingly seen when the growth is both physical and spiritual, and the life that has gone to form it has spent its strength with over intensity in its earlier days. Such was the case with this remarkable man. The latter of the two generations with whom he lived has often silently wondered at the histories told of his early manhood, and has sometimes even complained of his indecision, his timidity, his excessive candour on all sides, his lack of nerve for combat when conflict was necessary; of the loose texture of his thinking, and even of his style; of the secularity of tone which spread itself here and there over his later writings, and the increasing dominance of peculiarities of address, which took away something from the dignity and authority of his influence over the church and the nation. There was little room for such criticism at the time of the accession of Queen Victoria.”

After tracing his influence on politics and religion, Edward White adds :—

“But men who are enjoying the fruit of arduous toils and sacrifices do not always know who were their benefactors, and thoughtlessly complain of the decayed energy which is the penalty of early and extraordinary self-devotion.”

Wise and just words ! Doubtless Caleb Morris also was a victim to the over-intensity and extraordinary devotion of his earlier days; and in his case this was aggravated by a

series of illnesses and an over-sensitive constitution ; but unfortunately little or no allowance for this has been made in the notices which have appeared concerning him. It may have been due to ignorance ; but this volume, if it does nothing else, will make it impossible for any fair-minded man to deal with Caleb Morris in the future as he has been dealt with in Dr. Waddington's *Congregational History*.

The notice in the *Patriot* for August 17th, 1865, is the most fair and discriminating that I have seen ; a few quotations will suffice to indicate its character :—

“ Had Mr. Morris continued in the full exercise of his Metropolitan ministry, few men would have been more missed or lamented. As thinker, philosopher, and preacher, he was a man of no common order. Endowed with very great gifts, he was also afflicted with that nervous sensibility which is often their accompaniment, and sometimes their cause, and which in him, as in too many, grew to a morbid consciousness that at length disqualified him from preaching. A throat affection gave colour to his nervous apprehension, and the prospect of the Sunday service often so appalled him that he would be up by six o'clock on Sunday morning scouring the Metropolis in search of a substitute, who, of course, had to encounter the disappointed looks of his expectant people and often their rapid disappearance.

“ Minds like his are exquisite in their sense of suffering, even when there may be no adequate outward occasion ; rougher minds may not interpret their experience.

“ In many ways men serve their generation, and fulfil their destiny. Let not the man of unresting hand, and hastening step, and unquivering nerve judge the man of quiet thought, and conversational power, and shrinking sensitiveness. Peace to his noble heart, and blessings on his fragrant memory ! ”

Dr. Thomas, of Stockwell, writing of his failure to keep his engagements, says :—

“ I have been a victim to his disappointments more than once. It is true that he would always send a substitute, or rather, someone to stand in his place, for he was one of those rare spirits who must

always do their own work. But what was the cause of his unpunctuality? Not any disregard to the morality of engagements; but the conditions of his health and the moods of his soul. He lived in the world of thought; he did not count time by 'figures on a dial,' but by succession of ideas. You cannot always get great men to eat, drink, speak, and live by your chronometers."

Notwithstanding repeated disappointments during the last years of his ministry, his church clung to him with passionate attachment. He was one of those rare souls which exercise an irresistible power over the minds and hearts of men. As I think of him I am often reminded of an experience which my sister and myself had among the mountains of Switzerland. We had climbed, one day, to the summit of the Lauberhorn, in order to obtain a view of the surrounding heights. It was somewhat cloudy, and though we could see many of the grand peaks, we waited hour after hour without having a glimpse of the Jungfrau. We had almost given up in despair when the clouds were suddenly rent asunder, and the glory of that beautiful mountain burst on our enraptured sight. We remember the other heights, but there is a unique charm associated with the memory of the mountain that tried our patience so long. Caleb Morris could not be depended on like the multitude of his less talented brethren, and he often caused sore disappointment to many; but when he did appear, his sermons and prayers opened heaven, and caused the spiritual world to shine forth with a splendour and beauty which thrilled the souls of men, and the memory of such occasions became sources of perpetual inspiration and abiding delight.

XX.

Eventide.

THE closing years of life are often full of temptations, especially to those who have filled public positions and have stood high in the estimation of their fellows. When such persons are compelled to retire into comparative obscurity, they are apt to think the world ungrateful, and to fancy, with the Patriarch of old, that all things are against them. Caleb Morris had to exchange the prominent place which he held in London for the retirement of a quiet country life, and if he had manifested a little peevishness and bitterness, we should not have been disposed to judge him harshly ; but there is no need for any leniency of judgment in this respect, for the eventide of his life was marked by much tenderness and spiritual beauty. This is all the more remarkable when we think of his natural melancholy, and also of the absence of those family connections which are the sources of so much comfort to many in their declining days. He had no wife to cheer him ; no children in whose interests he could lose himself and find delight ; yet there was no murmuring sadness as the night drew nigh.

Here, perhaps, is the most suitable place to say something about his abstinence from marriage. He has been blamed

by most for this. The writer in the *Patriot*, already referred to, says :—

“A wise and affectionate wife, or a family to direct his thoughts and demand his care, would no doubt have had a very healthful influence upon him.”

The Rev. P. W. Darnton, B.A., writes :—

“It was well for him that he had so good a friend as old Miss Mead, with whom he lived as a son with his mother. It would have been better if he had a wise and affectionate wife.”

Caleb Morris himself appears to have been of the same opinion. The Rev. T. W. Chignell represents him as saying on this matter : “I have broken one of God’s great laws, and I must expect to suffer for it.” I have been told that he always advised young ministers to get married before they passed the prime of life ; and a reminiscence sent me by Mr. Simon Picton, of Hirwain, sets forth his general views on the subject of marriage. Preaching at Penygroes, in the year 1854, he addressed himself particularly to the young, and said :—

“Young people, do not trifle with love, for it is a precious feeling implanted by God in the heart of every man and woman. A lady in London asked me one day, ‘Why don’t you get married, Mr. Morris?’ I replied by asking, ‘What lady would take me?’ and she said ‘There is my sister, who drives her carriage and pair ; she would willingly share her lot with you.’”

Then putting his hand upon his breast, he said :—

“I could not think of it, because I had no love to offer her. I lost that heavenly spark in my youth, and I can never find it again.”

There is no reliable information about this loss of love. Rumour says that he was crossed in love, and had also the misfortune to be loved by someone whose love he could not reciprocate. Whether he was to blame or not cannot now be

decided ; no one acquainted with his ways could think that he acted dishonourably in the matter. Indeed, he does not accuse himself of this, and the reader knows that he did not spare himself if he had committed the smallest sin. The probability, therefore, is that he had been unfortunate in early life, and did not feel disposed to remedy the misfortune when he had advanced in years. In the Welsh volume I ventured to question the opinion so generally expressed that marriage would have saved him from his despondency and gloom, and I am still fully convinced that the tendency to melancholy was so ingrained in his nature, as it was in his mother's before him, that no change of conditions would have remedied it, and I cannot conceive that any influence would have long succeeded, where his intense religious convictions had failed. Moreover, one shudders to think what the result would have been if he had contracted an unsuitable alliance. Caleb Morris was an extraordinary man, and such men are seldom a success in the domestic circle. Doubtless, he was right in warning others against following his example, but, considering all things, I am disposed to think that he was one of the men destined by Providence to go through the world solitary and alone.

Let it not be thought, however, that he was a stranger to the hallowing influence of womanhood. Quite the contrary. His chivalry towards women is attested by his diary and those who knew him. In one place he designates God as "the Father and lover of holy womanhood," and among the women of his congregation he found some of his most devoted helpers ; when his health failed, and he was driven from public life, his lonely retirement was illumined by their sympathy and generosity. He had not been very careful in money matters, but he was saved from any pecuniary anxiety by the thoughtfulness of the noble women who had been inspired

by his ministry ; and he had not only enough, but a superabundance, which enabled him to continue his generosity up to the time of his death, and also to bequeath something to relatives to whom he was devotedly attached.

The course of his life for a few years after he resigned the ministry cannot be traced in detail ; we know that his aged mother died in the year 1852, when he doubtless visited the old home. The next few years were probably spent in various places, and devoted to reading and conversation.

The Rev. T. W. Chignell had an important interview with him in 1854, but that will come in more appropriately in the chapter on him as a thinker. Referring to that occasion, Mr. Chignell says, " At the same time he took down a large, prettily-framed portrait of Humboldt, and gave it to me, saying, ' It will make you think of me and my home.' " Mr. Chignell speaks of him with unbounded enthusiasm :—

" He was a kingly man, the beau ideal of a gentleman. He was sweetness to the child, of handsome chivalry and sensitive reverence towards woman. He had the burning soul of a friend, and loved men and all that belongs to man with a life-long devotion. His whole nature was one flame of beauty, the beauty of mountain and sky, and of passionate love for the happiness and civilisation of every child of man. One day I looked with him on the new Royal Exchange ; he stood in awe before it and exclaimed, ' One more footprint of civilisation ! ' Nothing was base or small in his sight ; all the ways of nature and of God were sweet and acceptable unto him. He was boundlessly generous ; the bounty of summer was his. He had all his life long the enthusiasm of youth. He was natural and unconventional as a child. He smote every violation of freedom ; intolerance and oppression instantly evoked the lightning flash of his anger. Yet his sympathy was of the keenest, his affection was soft as a mother's love to her children. His life was a following of his Divine leader Christ ; the fulness of God filled him, the vision of God in all things ever attended him. He lived in God—in the bosom of his Father. ' I in Thee and Thou in me ' expresses his hourly existence."

At the close of the year 1855 he wrote to his nephew, but the place whence the letter was written is not named :—

“To C. Gwion.

“The last day ! of 1855.

“MY DEAREST CALEB,—On *special* days our human hearts go spontaneously to those who are nearest to us—nearest by natural or by spiritual sympathy. You are by *blood* and by *spirit* my nearest and dearest relative on earth—as such I love you, care for you, and commune with you, *mentally* or *bodily*, all my days. *Immediately* we cannot meet—you are there and I am here—but *mediately* (by paper and ink) we can draw our hearts together every month, every week, and even oftener. What a blessing is the *postal* institution.

“I am in good *health*, though not in circumstances, either *physical* or *social*, peculiarly favourable to health and strength.

“I think to-night (31st December, 1855) of the PAST. All that I feel can be stated in a few words: *I am sinful, but God is merciful*. May God be merciful to me a sinner ! But we are saved by *hope*, and that is all the *future*. Let us, dearest Caleb, begin the year, 1856, with a determination to ‘WATCH AND PRAY.’ Let it be the *best* year should we live it through.

“Let us make it a matter of *conscience* to pray for one another that we—both of us—may spend the year *with* God and *for* God. Don’t forget me ; I will not forget you. May God in tender mercy remember us both.

“To this word, dictated by the return of the season, return a direct reply.

“Most affectionately yours,

“C. M.”

His last diary, which is very fragmentary, begins :—

“1856, March 29th, Saturday.—Left town for Coedcenlas. Dr. Young accompanied me to the train. Remained at Narberth Road Station that night. Visited Narberth. Heard Mr. Morris in the evening. X

“Monday.—Reached Coedcenlas. Found my father weak.”

The next five Sundays he attended the services at Pen-y-groes, and preached on three of them. He remarks :
“Unless preachers can command the senses of the hearers || X

This is Rev. J. Morris.

Father

they cannot command their souls," and asks, "How can the *bodily devoutness* of Catholics be established in Protestant, and especially in Nonconformist, Churches."

The diary contains several meditations on portions of the Scriptures, and particularly on the Acts of the Apostles, which was ever a favourite book with him. We find not a few entries indicating the stress which he laid on the harmony of Christianity with reason. He was evidently displeased with the type of worship which prevailed in Nonconformist churches. He writes: "Public prayers are often declarations of faith intruded on God. Too long, eloquent, wordy, and criminatory of classes of men." On Sunday evening, May 11th, he spoke at the prayer-meeting at Penygroes, concerning which he writes: "Wished to do good strongly, but felt uncomfortable." In June he visited the "Cymanfa" at Henllan, and writes:—

"There were no signs of moral power working in the minds and ministrations of the preachers, so as to *move* the assembly to listen, believe, and fear. The *reverence and zeal* which in former times attended such gatherings were almost *totally absent*. It is complained that there are no 'Cymanfa' preachers now in Wales. Why? Is this a sign of good or of evil?"

His brethren endeavoured to induce him to speak at the Conference in Henllan, but he was in no mood for talking, and, on being pressed to say something, replied: "It is one thing to say something, it is another to have something to say."

He visits Newport and receives much kindness, and he writes of one of his brethren: "Liked his spirit and his views as a minister." One day he is unusually depressed, and writes: "Reviewed the past with humiliation and pain." The next he is bright and hopeful, and writes: "Spent the day in reading and writing. I must now,

having once more full health, begin to work in earnest for the good of men."

He feels the need of reform in the method and substance of preaching, and writes :—

"The Judgment is preached much in the same way as if men cried over the country, 'The Judge is coming! the assizes draw nigh; the court will sit. Prepare for it!' What a motive to social morality! Why don't preachers say, 'The Judgment is come; the Judge is trying your cases; God is judging, in men and about men.'"

He is very severe on what he calls "manufacturing sermons for shows and exhibitions," instead of using them as instruments for cultivating the Church, "the husbandry of God."

He is pained at the power exerted in Churches by narrow and persecuting men, who tyrannise over the rights of reason and crush the Divine liberties of men; and longs for a better type of church life. He looks upon church membership as the highest type of friendship, and writes :—

"*Friendship*, founded on knowledge and elective love, sustained by service and sacrifice, guarded by jealousy and valour, and consecrated by the Holy Spirit to the worship and triumph of truth, love, and beauty, is at once the rarest and strongest power in the world. What but this sort of friendship can be the meaning and the essence of church fellowship?"

He is greatly impressed with the importance of society. He writes :—

"Man is the creator, and in turn the creation of institutions. Man, and not men, should be our study, and the end of all institutions, civil and sacred. Man cannot live alone—loneliness is the first thing which God pronounced not good. Man's wants, his perils, his heart's hopes, and all the laws of his being bind him to society. He instinctively leans on it for support. His infancy requires a nurse, his youth a guide, his old age a comforter. Combination is necessary for men; it is the shield that guards them from their common

enemies ; it is the source that supplies their common wants ; it is the power that perfects their common bliss. In society there can be no equality. Among the trees of the forest, the beasts of the wilderness, and the stars of heaven there are gradations. This is an universal ordinance."

The following letter is interesting as indicating his manner of life at this period :—

"Coedcenlas, July, 1856.

"MY DEAR CALEB,—I ought to have written sooner. The trueness of my love to you wanted to satisfy itself by writing a letter full of varied materials. The collection of these materials required *time*. The time for doing so has been from day to day encroached upon—I may say, almost wasted—by little things and little persons, and the consequence has been *delay*. Here there is, therefore, another lesson for you and for me on the danger and curse of *procrastination*. Beware !

"As an apology for my long silence I might plead, argue, and reason very plausibly, and very logically too. I might say that I had been for weeks busily superintending new buildings, horticultural improvements, extensive sewerage, and pavement repairs ; that I have been attending the consecration of chapels (Blaenffos), 'Cymanfa'r plant' (the children's festival), and sundry meetings of all sorts at Penygroes ; that for health, I have been out of doors in the day and in bed (betimes) at night, and, above all, that my professional duties as an eminent doctor from 'town' has been occupying a considerable portion of my precious time ; and that thus there has been little or no time left for any correspondence except what was absolutely necessary and instantly urgent.

"I might, I say, with such varied materials as these, construct a very respectable apology for my delay. But that would neither satisfy you, nor exculpate me in my conscience ; and to write as though I sincerely believed it *would do so* would only foster the cowardly, base, wicked spirit of *falsity* in the writer and reader. I will, therefore, with manly humility, confess my fault, and hope that you will, with 'divine generosity,' freely forgive it. Let us resolve, for the future, to crush all tendencies to procrastination *in the bud*. *Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well and at once*. A clear head, a pure, humble heart, a *mighty will*, may God grant us !"

The kind of life indicated by the above letter is in harmony with the accounts which I have received from my father, and from other persons in the neighbourhood.

He had paid great attention to the diseases of the human body and to the various remedies proposed for them. In his diary he remarks, "Medical knowledge is useful *and ornamental for ministers*. In the quiet district of Voeldrigarn there was no resident doctor ; the nearest medical man lived eight miles away, and Caleb Morris was frequently consulted in cases of illness. He also took interest in house and lake, farm and garden, and in general lived among his neighbours as a country gentleman.

He was very generous to the poor and the distressed. One day he went to the house of a poor widow who had a large family. Her son had just come home from service, suffering from weakness. The doctor had ordered him to the seaside, but he had no money, and his mother could not help him. When Caleb Morris understood the position, he sent him off at once, putting a gold piece into his hand and undertaking to procure all that was necessary for the restoration of his health. This was only one instance of the kindly help which he was constantly rendering.

He was very fond of encouraging the children to be polite. The good custom then prevailed in Pembrokeshire—and I am glad to think that it has not quite disappeared—for the children, in going to or coming from school, to greet all they met with a "good morning" or a "good evening." Caleb Morris met a group of children one day, and they all greeted him in a becoming manner. As he was giving pennies to them he noticed that the cap of one of the boys was somewhat worn. He asked the boy what he had done to his cap ; the boy blushed for shame ; but the other boys said : "He is taking off his cap to everybody, sir." This

pleased Caleb Morris greatly, and there is no need to say that the lad received an extra gift and an encouraging word.

His niece, Hannah Gwion, kept house for him at Coedcenlas, and she had orders not to allow any child to leave the place without a copper. My father's house was then only a field's breadth from Coedcenlas, and many a penny did I receive from Hannah Gwion. But after a time she noticed that I never took the penny away. She told her uncle, and he said : " Well, put the pennies aside. I will find out what it means." When he met my father, he said to him : " What a strange boy you have, Stephen ; he doesn't like money ! What does it mean ? " My father was not in the secret, but one day Caleb Morris came over to my mother, and brought with him the pennies which I had left on the sofa at Coedcenlas. He then found out that I had committed a great crime one day in bringing a small piece of shining anthracite coal from Coedcenlas. Such a thing was not to be found at Park-gwyn, and I was too young to know that I was doing anything wrong in taking it home ; but my dear mother was very angry, made me take it back at once, and warned me not to bring anything from Coedcenlas again. That accounted for my behaviour in reference to the pennies. When he heard the story he was delighted, and, putting his hand on my head, said, " I hope, my boy, you will grow up to be as honest as your mother."

He took much interest in farming and gardening, and was a close observer of nature ; any violation of nature's laws he severely condemned. The farmers sometimes induced hens to brood over duck's eggs ; and one day Caleb Morris observed a hen followed by a troop of ducklings ; eventually the young ducks went into the water, and the hen had to remain, anxious and querulous at the water's edge until her brood chose to return. As he watched what was

taking place, he cried out impatiently, "Why will men break nature's laws?"

He was very fond of riding and mountain climbing. The white mare of Coedcenlas was a familiar sight throughout the district. She knew her master well, and was obedient to his very nod. She would fly along at his bidding, and stop immediately at his command. Other people found her almost unmanageable; but at the sound of his voice she became quiet as a lamb.

Voeldrigarn was his favourite hill, and he would often ascend its slopes. During his many illnesses he had found renewal of health and hope in its bracing air and broad outlook; he tried the strength of his voice between its cairns, and if the people below could say that they had heard him he was cheered, for his nervousness always affected his voice, and when that returned to its normal state he was on the way to recovery. It is said that during his holiday visits he would take his long pipes (churchwardens) to the top of the mount and enjoy a smoke as he gazed around, and that his last work before leaving for London was to lay the pipes aside and say, "There, I shall not have another smoke ere I come to Coedcenlas again."

The pipe provided him with much solace and amusement during his years of retirement; he walked round the garden thinking and meditating as the smoke ascended, and some of his smartest sayings were uttered as he played with his toy.

Many stories are told of his absent-mindedness. One day he went to a railway station, and when he asked for a ticket he found that he had no money in his pocket. The ticket clerk asked him for his name, but he, putting on his most dignified aspect, replied: "If my appearance does not con-

vince you that I am an honest man, I must return home.' The appeal was irresistible. Many a time he found himself in a similar plight, even in London, but his striking, noble face always carried conviction into the heart of the conductors, and he was very careful never to forfeit the confidence thus called forth.

He did not neglect the serious occupations of his former life. The notes in the diary about reading show that he had not lost his old love for philosophy. He mentions particularly Butler's "Philosophy," Maurice's "Mediæval Philosophy," and Dr. Fleming's "Vocabulary of Philosophy." He interests himself in books on Botany, Geology, and Geography, and shows his acquaintance with the works of Charles Darwin and Herbert Spencer. The reformers, especially John Calvin, engaged his attention, and he thought much on Comparative Religion. He read "The Confessions of an Opium-Eater," by Thomas de Quincey; "Jane Eyre," by Charlotte Brontë, and many biographies, among others that of Handel. He followed the educational and political movements of the day at home and abroad. His mind continued fresh and vigorous, and when he was in a bright mood, it was a delight and an inspiration to listen to him; but suddenly, in a moment as it were, he would be overwhelmed by one of his gloomy attacks.

His influence on the young was elevating and inspiring. He filled them with enthusiasm for all that was noble and lofty. He warned them seriously against all that was questionable in taste and morality. After listening to a story that bordered on impropriety, he found an opportunity of speaking privately to the one who had narrated it, and said to him, "Never tell that story again, I beseech you." He laid stress on acting from principle in everything, and on looking through the shams and shows of religion to its

heart and essence. This brought him into conflict at times with the current opinions of the religious community. At Penygroes there was at one time great excitement because the daughter of a Unitarian had been received into church membership and had partaken of the Lord's Supper. Concerning the incident he writes :

“ A symbol of friendship, the Lord's Supper, made the occasion of bitter strife. Children in malice ; men in understanding. So Paul ; the reverse here — children in understanding ; men in malice. Shame ! ”

His kindness to students was proverbial, and his conversations with them were full of wisdom and inspiration. The Welsh theological student has to go round the churches during the summer vacation to collect for his college. This is not always a pleasant experience, and he sometimes meets with rebuffs and disappointments. In after-life he forgets these ; but he ever cherishes the memory of those who helped him cheerfully on such occasions. I must content myself with giving a few instances out of many of Caleb Morris's treatment of young ministerial students. Dr. Pan Jones, of Mostyn, writes :—

“ I saw Caleb Morris only once, but that once was enough to endear him to me for ever. I was on a collecting tour on behalf of Bala College, and had come to Penygroes. As I was preaching I noticed a very striking person sitting near the door, and listening attentively. At the close of the service he came forward, shook hands with me, and said, ‘ I have not seen you before, but I listened with great pleasure to your sermon.’ When I understood that I was speaking to Caleb Morris, I was thunderstruck ; then he took me by the arm and said, ‘ I remember when I was a young preacher like you ; take courage and do your best.’ When he understood I intended to go to Germany, he put his hand in his pocket and gave me five shillings, saying, ‘ That is all I have with me.’ But he soon saw a chance of borrowing a sovereign, and gave it me instead of the crown piece. When I came to the neighbourhood again he was too ill to be

seen, but I shall never forget his inspiring words and generous action."

The Rev. W. Gilbert Evans, Bridgend, bears witness to the wonderful charm which his conversation had for him when a young student. He was struck with the sublimity and spirituality of his thoughts. He seemed to look into the heart of things, and expressed what he saw in language that was full of poetry and passion. One Sunday morning Mr. Evans was preaching at Penygroes, and at the close of the service Caleb Morris went on to him and began to pour forth his floods of eloquence on preaching and cognate themes. When the farmer who was taking the student to dinner had almost lost his temper, Caleb Morris told the young preacher "Come to Coedcenlas to-morrow." He went, and walked with him in garden and field; every few yards Caleb Morris would stop in order to emphasise some truth. Even at the table he soon forgot all about the dinner, as he was carried along by the current of his thoughts; then he would suddenly stop and say, "Oh, dear me, let me help you to something"; but soon again he would be lost in the contemplation and exposition of truth. At the close of the day's conversation he put his hand in his pocket, and handed a sovereign to the student, with the remark, "Here is a mite for you to show I am in earnest."

Two things never failed to attract his sympathy—viz., intelligence and modesty; on the other hand, dulness, and, above all things, conceit and pride were intolerable to him. He sought to inspire all students with lofty ideals, but they were at the same time practicable ideals. He urged them to be honest in thought and speech. He impressed upon them the need of having a definite aim in every sermon, and warned them against preaching grand sermons without asking whether they were suited to the needs of the people.

He was not extravagant in his demands upon preachers and teachers. He told Mr. Evans, among other things, "If I have thought or feeling in a sermon I am quite content." Ministers and students who did not know him trembled at the very mention of his name, but after they had been with him for a few hours they looked upon him as their best friend.

Two other instances must be mentioned. The Rev. J. M. Prytherch, of Wern, preached one Sunday evening at the Plough Chapel, Brecon, while a student at the Brecon College. He saw Caleb Morris at the service, and felt very uncomfortable. He noticed that he did not go out with the rest, but waited in the aisle for the young preacher, who approached him with fear and trembling; but there was no need for terror. Caleb Morris invited him to supper, and set before him the importance and glory of the work of the ministry with such power and enthusiasm as to fill him with an intense longing to be a worthy minister of Jesus Christ.

In the biography of Dr. Herber Evans, by the Rev. H. Elvet Lewis, we have the story of Herber Evans' first English sermon, as related by himself :

"About the year 1859 we were in Pembrokeshire collecting towards Brecon College. We had never attempted to preach in English till we reached Tenby on that journey; but it was necessary to face the whole service there in the *iaith fain* [English], as there was no Welsh cause in the town. We had translated one of our Welsh sermons; but the thought of the devotional service was a heavy load, and we were afraid the sermon might take wings and leave us too. But our comfort was that Tenby at the time was without a minister, and our chief fear was the fear of a preacher. When on the lowest step mounting the pulpit, I could see a portly, striking man coming in and sitting by the door. It did not require much insight to make out that he was *somebody*, and I was foolish enough to turn back and ask who he was. The deacon replied, not without surprise, 'Don't you know who he is? That is the famous Caleb Morris.' Our feelings

can be imagined—preaching in English for the first time in our life before the prince of London preachers in his day. But at the close of the service he came on to us kindly, and invited us to spend the next day with him in his lodgings; and we shall never forget the feast we enjoyed in his company. He was a man of brilliant genius—one of the greatest preachers that Wales has nursed; but the great man is the quickest to recognise the smallest grain of talent in another—he is sure to perceive it and recognise it. . . . The recollection of our experience with Caleb Morris has assisted us often to preach in the hearing of many a great man after him, and we record our experience for the benefit of our younger brethren.”

There was something very remarkable in his conversation. Many adjectives have been applied to it, such as brilliant, chaste, suggestive, soul-subduing, electrifying, magnetic. Its force lay in its manner as well as its matter. I have been repeatedly told that he had a marvellous power of expression. The changes of his countenance as he spoke were very striking. Generally his face was like a beautiful placid lake amid hills and trees—the smile that played on it was exquisitely charming; but when he was moved by anger and indignation his aspect became terrible in its grandeur and majesty. His musical voice was equally at his command, so that apart from the freshness of his ideas it was a pure delight to hear him talk. As Hazlitt said of Coleridge, “He talked on for ever, and you wished him to talk on for ever.”

His ideals of the work of the ministry were also grand and lofty, and he impressed upon all aspirants to the sacred office the need of devoting all their energies to the holy work. He warned them against aiming at passing popularity. To the Rev. W. Davies, of Llandilo (then at Cardigan), he said: “Preach to the few, and the few will preach to the many.” To the Rev. B. Thomas, of Narberth, Myfyr Emlyn, he said: “Never try to please the crowd. It is better to please and receive the approval of seven wise men than to obtain the

applause of a crowd of seven hundred, for the seven will be right, and in the end they will convert the seven hundred to their way of thinking."

It is quite possible to press unduly sayings like the above ; but surely they are more in harmony with the teaching of Christ and His Apostles than the advice which we constantly hear about bringing the Gospel down to the level of the people. Should we not rather demand their best thought, and refuse to pander to their spiritual deadness and indifference ? Nobody left him unmoved, and those who had the privilege to enjoy his company are at a loss to find words to express their admiration. Here are some of the epithets applied to him : "A man of God," "A glorious 'man,'" "An angel of a man," "The best man I ever knew."

Great preachers are often poor listeners, but Caleb Morris was not so. In reading his diaries nothing has struck me more than his appreciation of the services of his brethren. The only kind of preacher that he could not tolerate was the bombastic man, puffed up with conceit, anxious to show himself, but oblivious of the great aim of preaching. Naturally, he could not expect much that was fresh and new in a quiet country chapel like Penygroes, but more than once he remarks of the sermons preached there "Very good." My father once said to him, "Mr. Morris, you must find our services very dull ; how, then, do you come so regularly ?" and the reply was "Yes, Stephen, they are sometimes dull, but I generally get a fragment of truth or a glow of feeling, and even if I do not get anything I like to see you all, and to feel that I am worshipping with you."

After the service he generally engaged in a long conversation with the most intelligent members of the congregation, and ofttimes he was seen in the graveyard, or on the road, or

in the field with a group of attentive listeners around him drinking in his wonderful words, and the discourse after leaving the chapel was often more impressive and influential than the sermon from the pulpit.

I have a vivid recollection of some of the conversations on the road, not that I understood them, but for quite another reason. Between Penygroes and Coedcenlas there is a narrow road with high hedges. My father and Mr. Stephen Rees, Felinuchaf, generally walked with Caleb Morris from the service, as they had to pass Coedcenlas on their way home. They would often spend an hour or more to walk half a mile. Every few steps the great man would stop, lean upon his staff, and tap it against the ground to emphasise his points. Sometimes he would stand erect and whirl his staff in the air with great rapidity and majesty. I was only a lad learning my letters, and found the waiting tedious. I tried to pass away the time by looking for birds' nests or picking strawberries and bilberries, or even climbing after nuts and crab-apples. When none of these were to be found I tried to amuse myself with throwing stones. I had a dim consciousness that this was not proper work for Sundays, but I was a restless boy, and what was I to do? Caleb Morris and his companions were too much occupied with their arguments to frown on me; and, when occasionally I ventured to approach father and say, "Oh, come now, father!" I could not always gain their attention. What would I not give now if I were allowed to listen again to those wonderful expositions of truth!

Generally he avoided preaching, but occasionally he was induced to take part in the public service, and the more thoughtful souls would have a rare feast. The only inconvenience was that he allowed himself to be bound by no time limit. This sometimes gave rise to awkward

situations; but those who were really anxious to be instructed were glad to make any sacrifice in order to enjoy his spiritual teaching. Mr. Simon Picton says that one Sunday morning he expounded the third chapter of the Acts of the Apostles at Penygroes from nine o'clock to half-past twelve. The majority were delighted, but one man, Owen Twm Griffith, was very indignant. He sat on the gallery, with his three sheep-dogs. He had come not so much to worship and to hear the Word of God, as to announce, after the service, outside the chapel, a public event which was to take place the following week. He was due also at Bethabara, the Baptist chapel in the parish, to make a similar announcement. Caleb Morris's long exposition had spoiled his plans, and his language after the service was anything but reverent, but the great mass of the people had been lifted into the presence of God, and had received special help and inspiration to take up again life's duties and cares.

He would not definitely engage beforehand to preach on any occasion, but there were no special meetings belonging to any denomination in the district which he did not attend, if his health permitted. Often he would not take any part, but sometimes he would consent to read and pray, and whenever he did this those who knew him prepared themselves for a religious feast. The old people still talk about his reading and praying at a Baptist "Cymanfa," held at Bethel. He read the passage concerning Ananias and Sapphira, in the Acts of the Apostles, making comments as he went along. He brought the scenes so vividly before the vast audience, and denounced so terribly the sin of falsehood, especially of religious falsehood—lying to the Holy Ghost, that the people were filled with indignation against untruthfulness, and nothing that was said during

the meetings produced such an impression as that exposition, followed by his wonderful prayer.

At these meetings he assumed no airs of superiority, but placed himself on a level with his brethren. The Baptist ministers seem to have been specially fond of him, and once at least tried to get the better of him in respect to baptism. He was walking arm-in-arm with one of the leading Baptist ministers at the Blaenyffos Association, and when they came near the platform, where the crowd was very thick, he said to his Baptist friend, "You go on, they know you, and I will follow. "Will you follow me always?" his friend asked, hinting at baptism by immersion. "I will always follow you while you go *upwards*," was the reply.

The people at Penygroes received the greatest share of his religious teaching. On Sunday evenings he would often speak at the prayer-meeting, and bring the treasures of the revealed Word before the people to their astonishment and delight. When he was unable to attend the meetings at Penygroes, he sometimes held a service on Sunday evening at Coedcenlas. People walked a distance of five miles or more to hear him on such occasions. He would stand at the door of the raised parlour with a round table and Bible in front of him. The audience would be behind him and around him in the parlour, in front of him in the large kitchen, and would also throng the porch, staircase, and any side room that was available. On such occasions he would sometimes preach very long—too long for youngsters like myself. Once, at least, I fell asleep, as Eutychus did when Paul prolonged his preaching at Troas, and I fell down over the staircase. Fortunately the place was so crowded with people that I received no hurt. I can only hope that I did not seriously disturb the meeting. I am afraid I may have spoiled one

of the points of the great preacher, and I cannot remember that I ever asked his forgiveness. However, I do not expect he will be very severe on me for my youthful indifference when we meet in the world beyond.

He preached at the re-opening services of the chapel at Narberth, which were held on October the 4th and 5th, 1859. Mr. D. Meyler, of Swansea, whose father was converted under the ministry of Caleb Morris, writes in reference to the sermon preached on that occasion :—

“It was a wonderful discourse. One of its striking passages was in reference to the building not made with hands. He gave a beautiful description of man’s hand, and what it had done, and then said, ‘God’s work is grander, a building not made with hands.’ The congregation was spell-bound. Once or twice during the discourse he stopped, and the people, thinking he was going to finish, cried, ‘Go on!’ and he spoke for an hour and a-half with marvellous power.”

Mr. Meyler also mentions the interesting fact that he took the chair when Henry Richard delivered a lecture at Narberth. Henry Richard had not then become widely known as the Apostle of Peace, but evidently Caleb Morris honoured him ; and when the lecturer said at the close that he was afraid that the lecture had been “dry,” “No, not ‘dry,’ but ‘high,’” was the chairman’s remark.

The chapel at Penygroes was renovated in the years 1859 and 1860, and was re-opened on August 21st and 22nd, 1860. Caleb Morris took great interest in the work, and contributed liberally towards the cost. That is the first form of the chapel of which I have distinct recollection, and I shall never forget some of the experiences which I had in it. The children were in the habit of repeating verses on Sunday evenings ; my dear mother had carefully taught me one during the week, but, alas, when the time came for telling it on Sunday evening the verse had gone, and even

now I can remember how bitterly I wept. Caleb Morris was not present, but heard of it, and the next time he saw me he encouraged me to try again, saying that his memory often failed him.

While the chapel was in course of reconstruction Caleb Morris's father passed away at the great age of one hundred, and was buried close to the northern wall of the chapel. When asked to go and see his father laid in the coffin he refused, saying, "I wish to remember my father as he was when alive." He had watched over his declining years with exceptional tenderness and sympathy. He loved his mother tenderly, but it was his father that called forth all the reverence and affection of his rich nature. One earthly link after another was broken, and he felt increasingly the loneliness of life. One of his last entries in the diary is on the past and the future :—

"Our fellowship, which was enjoyed for many years, was not *buried*, but *sown* in the past. All that was divine and vital both in our social converse and in our public worship is still living, though hidden for a while beneath the surface. The love that first drew each of us to God, and afterwards made us one in Him, will live and abide for ever, and we may be sure that it will abundantly yield the fruits of peace and gladness in the covenanted harvest of the future. Necessity, as well as mercy, hides from mortals the never-ending Future; but since God, whom no one hath seen, nor can see, dwelleth there, that Future is not *darkness*, but only a 'light which no man can approach unto.' By faith let us endure as seeing Him who is invisible. With pious heart and steady step let us walk onward; the clouds and darkness which are now so much dreaded will vanish from our path, we shall see God and reign in fulness of life."

Another entry runs :—

"The shortness of individual life (in contradistinction to the life of the race) is an evidence and effect of divine benevolence. Sixty years.

on an average in the darkness of earth do men spend ; soon 'I shall know even as I am known.'"

The last leaf in the diary is dated February 9th, 1861, and contains the sketch of a sermon on Phil. i. 9-10 :—

"And this I pray, that your love may abound yet more and more in knowledge and in all judgment ; that ye may approve things that are excellent, that ye may be sincere and without offence till the day of Christ."

He uses the Greek terms, thus showing that his love of the Greek Testament continued to the end. It is probable that the above sermon was prepared for one of the Sunday evening meetings at Coedcenlas. After this the diary gives us no help.

From letters to his nephew, Caleb Gwion, who had removed from Brecon to Milford, we learn that he was in Tenby in June, 1861, and was much troubled by his teeth, and the unpunctuality of the dentist, or "toothman," as he calls him. He says :—

"So I have spent another precious Sunday in silence, and I do not now see the least probability of being able to *gratify myself* by preaching next Sunday for you or to yours."

The following is an extract from one of his last letters which have come under my notice :—

"Coedcenlas, Nov. 5, 1861.

"DEAR CALEB,—Among the many reasons of the long, long, very long delay, has been the purpose of seeing you face to face at Milford. We have had here three great meetings, at each of which I had to take a part, and just now I can't leave home because of the rain and cold. Soon I may yet run down to Milford. It does me good to go about a little—good for soul and body."

In 1862 he preached at Merthyr, along with Dr. Thomas, of Stockwell, at the ordination of Mr. Warlow Davies, M.A. ; and the Rev. P. W. Darnton, B.A. ; writes : "He came to my ordination at Newport in 1862 or 1863, and refused to

do anything but read the Scriptures, and then began to expound the Scriptures, and continued to do so for an hour, while good Dr. Halley, who was to give the charge, was waiting impatiently for his turn."

There are other records of his prolonging his remarks beyond the wishes of the people. Once at Penygroes he spoke on a missionary occasion far beyond the allotted time, and the people were becoming restless, when the Rev. Daniel Davies, of Cardigan, who knew him well, said, "Let us pray," and brought the meeting to a close.

On another occasion, at Haverfordwest, he quoted a verse of a hymn with great force, and the leader of the singing, either purposely or through inadvertence, arose, struck up the tune, and the sermon was suddenly terminated.

But, generally, the people were afraid that he would come to an end, and if they saw signs that he was coming to a close they would cry out, "Go on ! Go on !"

In the year 1862 he spent some weeks with the Rev. John Davies, of Libanus, Pontygof, who had been a schoolmaster at Penygroes before he devoted himself to the ministry. He would not promise to preach, and, when asked, would always say to the young minister, "You prepare"; but when the Sunday came he would read, pray, and expound, and everybody was delighted. At this time he stayed with Dr. W. T. Edwards, J.P., of Cardiff, nephew of Mr. Edwards, surgeon, to whom we have had repeated references in the diary. Above all things, Dr. Edwards was impressed with his conduct of family prayer. For a long time afterwards even the servants talked about his wonderful prayers.

Mr. Simon Picton, of Hirwain, writes :—

"In the year 1863 I spent five weeks in my old home at Maesgwyn, and Caleb Morris asked me to come up to Coedcenlas to help him to put his library in order. In the library there were two cases of

manuscripts containing notes of his sermons by two London ladies. One day he took them in his hand and said, 'Mind that you burn them after my death, lest some fool get hold of them and publish them.' "

The reason for this command is seen in the notes which he has made on the cover. He designates them as imperfect, incomplete, worthless. Imperfect and incomplete they doubtless are, but worthless they are not. They were not burnt. Caleb Gwion preserved them, and the Rev. David Jones, the minister of Penygroes at the time, who became the husband of Joyce, the youngest sister of Caleb Gwion, copied many of them. Some of the volumes in the handwriting of the ladies, and some of the copies made by the Rev. David Jones, have come into my hands, others have gone astray. I have not yet shown myself a fool by publishing any of the outlines, but I feel that to publish some of them would not be at all an act of folly, though they would necessarily be very inadequate representations of the sermons as preached.

Mr. Simon Picton adds :—

" One morning he was very depressed, and would hardly speak to me as I arranged and dusted the books. Presently he turned to me and said, ' I had a dream last night. I was in a large chapel, in London filled with ladies and gentlemen, among them were several Members of Parliament. We had been singing, then I read a chapter and afterwards prayed, and the effort was so great that I forgot where my text was. They were singing before the sermon, but the text would not come to me, and the strain on my nerves was so great that I awoke and was delighted to find myself in bed at Coedocenas.' Then, putting his hands on my shoulders, he said: ' It was only what really happened repeatedly to me in London.' "

In 1865 the centenary of the church at Penygroes was celebrated. Caleb Morris was very anxious to be present at the meeting, but was too feeble to go. His strength was

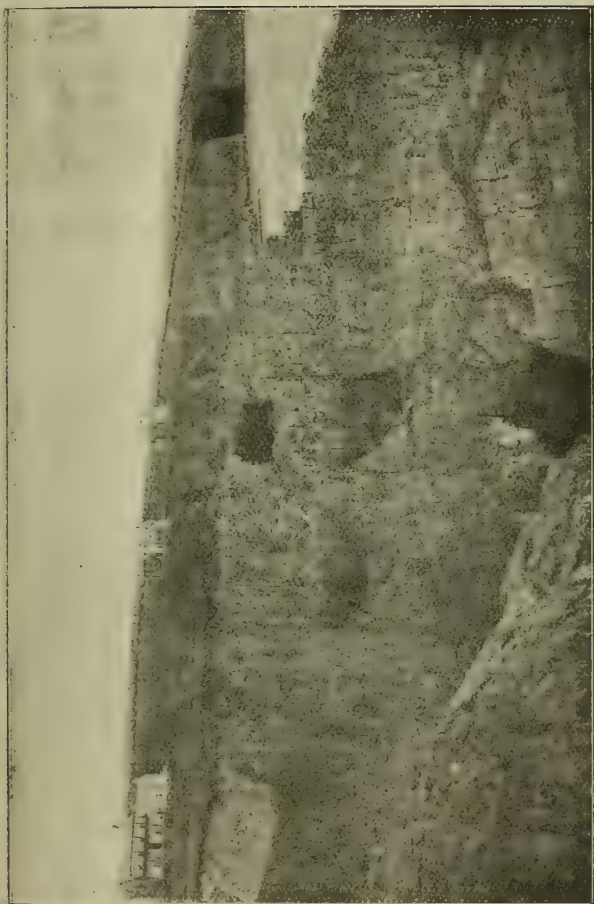
rapidly ebbing away. He had spent much of his time of late at Gwbert, on the Cardigan Bar, where he was destined to breathe his last. It would have seemed fitting for him to have passed away at Coedcenlas, but God had ordained it otherwise.

The end came suddenly. He was paralysed, and kept to his bed three days only, the last two he was unable to speak, and on Wednesday morning, July 26th, 1865, his great soul left the bounds of time for the realms of eternity. Myfyr Emlyn, who wrote an elegy to him, taunts Cardigan Bar, famous for its rough seas and shipwrecks, with having exceeded all its former cruelties in taking away his beloved teacher Caleb Morris. Then he suddenly changes the key, and says it was not so, for it was on a fair summer's day, when the sea was smooth and the waves were gently striking the chords of the rocks, that his friend was removed. The music of the sea was but a lullaby to soothe the child of God asleep. He did not sink, but floated over the ocean to the eternal home of pure and noble souls. I will not spoil the lines by attempting to translate them, but their leading thoughts and the scene of Caleb Morris's death inevitably call to mind Tennyson's swan song, "Crossing the Bar."

" Sunset and evening star,
 And one clear call for me !
 And may there be no moaning of the bar,
 When I put out to sea,

 But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
 Too full for sound and foam,
 When that which drew from out the boundless deep
 Turns again home.

 Twilight and evening bell,
 And after that the dark !
 And may there be no sadness of farewell,
 When I embark ;



VIEW OF GWBERT, ON THE CARDIGAN BAY.

Uncle Simon at CB's funeral

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For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar."

His mortal remains were taken to his native parish and buried on Monday, July 31st, near the spot where his father and mother had been laid to rest. The funeral service was conducted by his dear friends and brethren, the Rev. E. Lewis, Brynberian; the Rev. Simon Evans, Hebron; the Rev. Daniel Davies, Cardigan; and the Rev. John Davies, Glandwr. The address was delivered by the friend who had known him the longest—viz., the Rev. John Davies, Glandwr. There was a great concourse of people, notwithstanding the wet day. According to an opinion which was once very prevalent in the district, a rainy day for a funeral was a token of divine approval—the heavens wept tears of sorrow at the loss of the departed. We may not share in that opinion, but we cannot doubt that Caleb Morris was one of God's elect, and that he went to the home of eternal love, to which he had been looking forward with such intense longing all his life. A monument was erected over his grave by his admirers, and the inscription on it was written by Mr. Davies, Solicitor, Cardigan, who had known him since they were lads together at the Grammar School, Cardigan. The epitaph is as follows:—

" Underneath

" Rests the body of

" THE REV. CALEB MORRIS.

Born at Park-ŷd, near Voeldrigarn, in 1800. Ordained from the Presbyterian College, Carmarthen, at Narberth, in 1823. Removed to London in 1827. Retired to Coedcenlas Isaf in this Parish in 1856, and died the 26th of July, 1865.

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“AS A PREACHER

He was distinguished by natural talents and acquirements rarely equalled.

“AS A MAN

He was admired and beloved for guileless simplicity of heart and lofty elevation of sentiment ; for a noble ardour in the cause of truth, rendered more impressive by natural gentleness of disposition ; for unaffected deference to the worth of others and a modest estimate of himself.”



MONUMENT OVER THE GRAVE OF CALEB MORRIS IN PENYGREOES BURIAL GROUND.

On the other side of the monument is found the epitaph of his father and mother :—

“STEPHEN MORRIS,

“Coedcenlas Isaf,

“Who died the 14th of March, 1860. Aged 100 years.

“MARY,

“HIS WIFE,

“Who died the 12th of December, 1852. Aged 86 years.”

At his brother's death he had expressed the wish that his body should rest in this enclosure. To him, as to many others, it was a hallowed spot. There he had first felt the powers of the spiritual world ; there he had made public profession of the Christian faith ; there he had in the solitude of the night frequently poured forth his soul unto God ; there he had been called by the Church of Christ to consecrate himself to the ministry of the Gospel ; there he had joined again and again with the simple, pious people around in plaintive song and passionate prayer ; there he had taken bread and wine in memory of his Lord ; there he had witnessed the consecration of children in baptism ; there he had listened to the vow of love made in the presence of God and men ; there he had wept beside the coffins of father, mother, and brother ; there he had looked into the cold grave and, by the eye of faith, had seen in it the lamp of hope kindled by Him who brought life and incorruption into light through the Gospel ; there he, too, must rest after all his toil and labour, his struggling and striving, after all his sorrows and raptures, his trials and triumphs. Yes ; but as he himself taught us, only the mortal part remains there ; the soul is risen, the spirit has ascended to heaven, immortality, and God.

XXI.

The Student and Thinker.

IN the foregoing chapters the main incidents in Caleb Morris's history have been recorded, and the quotations from the diary have revealed the character of his inner experiences ; it therefore seems unnecessary to add anything more on these matters. The reader can draw his own conclusions about him as a man and a Christian, as a minister and pastor, without any further guidance from the writer of this biography.

But there are two important aspects of his life which have received very inadequate treatment ; at most we have had only occasional glimpses at them, and it appears to me very desirable to deal with them more fully in the concluding chapters of the volume. Hence I propose in this chapter to indicate his position as a thinker, and in the next to set forth his characteristics as a preacher.

All are agreed that these were the provinces in which he was pre-eminent, and it would be impossible to form a true picture of him without a clear idea of his distinctive features as a thinker and preacher. Dr. David Thomas calls him the unrivalled thinker and preacher of his age. All may not feel disposed to endorse that estimate, and it is quite possible that the fascination which Caleb Morris had for him from the days of his youth may have led him to over-estimate somewhat his achievements and excellences ; still the corroborative evidence is so strong that we cannot for a moment doubt that he was in both respects an extraordinary man. After chronicling the chief incidents of his life, Dr. David

Thomas asks, "Who shall chronicle the facts of his *mental* life? The biography of his mind, could it be written, would be of priceless value to all earnest thinkers."

But the task would be one of extreme difficulty in the case of one who wrote so little. He himself remarks, "How little we can know of the hearts of our fellow-men!" Yet I think the preceding pages have given a fairly full account of the movements of his inner life. To trace the development of his thinking, from the narrow Calvinism in which he was reared, to the liberal views of his later days, is, however, impossible; but perhaps some indication of the character of his mind may be given. This is surely very desirable, for as Thomas Jones, of Swansea, used to say, "We cannot know a man by reading the incidents of his life; we must come in contact with the power of his thoughts." And Caleb Morris himself said: "It is impossible to understand the external history of any rational being without a knowledge of the history of his mind." He also says: "The mind of man has its favourite walks and ways," and some of these we may perhaps be able to trace.

I have designated the chapter "The Student and Thinker" in order to suggest that he did not disregard what other people had thought before him. He was not so foolish as to suppose that true originality consists in ignorance of other people's opinions. Such originality is generally of very little value. We are stimulated to think our best thoughts by coming in contact with great thinkers, and the labours of others should form the starting-point for a further advance. We have already seen that Caleb Morris was a wide reader, and that his favourite studies were philosophy and science, history and biography, and, above all things, the Bible, especially the New Testament.

The Rev. T. W. Chignell says of him: "He served his age as a great thinker. Nothing new, nothing deep, nothing

real in the religious thinking of his time ever escaped his attention or failed to awake his sympathy. He saluted the coming of a new time. He feared not to fall on sleep ; he caught the radiance of the rising morn of the new age.

“ His excess of religiousness made him in sympathy with all the religions of the world, but the books of the Bible stood at the top, and were mountains in his eyes. He was very fond of the 139th Psalm ; ‘ Whither shall I go from Thy spirit ’ expressed his whole soul. The Greek of the New Testament was always in his hand. When I parted from him for the last time, as he was bidding adieu to England, he gave me a Greek Testament (a copy I knew well), and said, ‘ This will remind you of me.’ There was not a saying, a thought, in the New Testament, he had not brooded over in loving fashion. Christ was his central sun ; not the Christ of theologians, but the Christ of the Gospels. The face, the form, the voice of the Master, all His wondrous speech, every glimpse of Him recorded in history, occupied his mind and filled his soul all his lifetime. He was ever finding some new phase of Him. The great sayings of Christ were to him breakings forth of the profoundest ideas and of the most moving sentiments and passions which can thrill the human soul. Once he said to me, ‘ I should like, when I die, that on my breast, as I lie in my coffin, a New Testament should be laid.’ ”

The Rev. J. Morlais Jones writes :—“ I had the privilege of being ordained at Narberth, and had many a talk with some of those who were young people when Caleb Morris was ordained there. One of them, John Morris, a carman, told me that he once heard him saying to himself whilst walking backwards and forwards under a hedge not far from the old chapel, ‘ God helping me, I *will* master the New Testament.’ That is just what he did, and that to a great extent was the secret of his power.”

His commonplace book confirms the above statements. It abounds with references to all kinds of books, but a prominent feature is the number of critical and exegetical studies contained in it. He has, for instance, careful notes on the "Bloody sweat," "The Sermon on the Mount," "The Daily Bread," "Paradise," "The Lord's Prayer," "The Mercy-seat," "The Logos," in which he shows his acquaintance with the best commentators and thinkers of his day. But though he pondered over the truths of the Bible, he did not confine himself to them; indeed, he seemed ever anxious to correlate them with the teachings of philosophy and science, history, and human experience.

He has been compared as a thinker with Horace Bushnell, chiefly on account of the similarity of their views on the leading doctrines of morals and religion. Others have likened him to John Foster. In the "Congregational Year Book" for 1866 it is said :—

"Mr. Morris was a man of very great intellectual power. If not a profound thinker in the degree in which John Foster was one, he was a thinker of the same order—vigorous, introspective, patient, and subtle."

Others have expressed similar views. I do not wish to dispute that there was a considerable likeness between him and those two great thinkers, but in one point at least he distinctly differed from them. Bushnell and Foster do not strike me at all as being intense; there is a kind of coldness about their thinking, it does not glow and burn; while Caleb Morris causes you to feel that he is ever near the furnace, and that his heart largely shapes his thoughts. This difference may have been due in part to their manner of working. Bushnell and Foster were writers rather than speakers. Caleb Morris, on the other hand, seldom wrote, his thoughts were ever expressed in living speech.

Dr. David Thomas has compared him with Bishop Wilberforce, and says : “ Both had intellects of remarkable subtlety, penetration, and sweep. The Bishop had, perhaps, the finer imagination, and could excel in the embellishments of rhetoric ; but the intuitions of Caleb Morris were the sharper and more vigorous.”

If I ventured to make a suggestion, I should say that Caleb Morris was still more like Samuel Taylor Coleridge in the build of his nature and the structure of his mental constitution. They had in common great sensitiveness of soul, brilliant flashes of thought, a penetrating vision into the glorious realities of the spiritual world, and a marvellous power to develop and unfold their ideas in thrilling words.

More important, perhaps, than the attempt to compare him with individual teachers is the fixing of the school of thought to which he belonged. He had great reverence for Locke, and especially for Bacon. He was a firm believer in Bacon’s inductive method of seeking after truth ; perhaps it would be more accurate to say in the combination of the inductive and deductive methods called in recent times the scientific method. His note-books bear witness to the diligence and care with which he tabulated and compared the teaching of different portions of the Bible on important themes.

In 1848 he published a little book of selections of Scriptural texts referring to the poor, without note or comment, under four headings : I. The Doctrine of Christ ; II. On the Trials of the Poor ; III. The Poor Laws of the Bible ; IV. The Poor have the Gospel Preached to Them. The introduction sets forth his views about the Bible and the best mode of studying it :—

“ The Bible is a collection of tracts, written originally in different languages, countries, and ages, by different men, who were moved by the one spirit of the *ever-living God*.

“The teachings of the Bible respecting the material and spiritual affairs of men were given in various forms, such as doctrine, law, and history, suited to the progressive conditions of the race.

“The principles embodied in these forms were designed for the permanent guidance and government of the world.

“The *inductive method* of getting at truth may be, and ought to be, more frequently and faithfully applied to the *Bible* than it hitherto has been by its professed expounders.

“The following collection of texts relating to the same subject—a state of social life—is an exemplification of *one*, at least, of the first steps in the application of that method to the Word of God.

“While this little book contains solemn lessons, in the *very words* of Scripture, respecting the mutual rights and mutual duties of classes, its principal design is to teach the *poor man* that, however hard his lot, there is *one Being* who knows his wants, feels his sorrows, and judges his cause—the *God of the Bible*.”

The stress laid on abiding principles, as distinguished from the forms in which these are embedded, is one of his constantly recurring thoughts. He dreaded, above all things, the slavery of words, and made very strong remarks concerning it. One instance must suffice. “Many professors seem to live and move and have their being in a *world of words*; the heaven of ideas has never been opened to them.” He was ever seeking after reality, and even Lessing was not more eager in the pursuit after truth. He writes: “God delights in that man who opens his eyes—the eyes of his mind, seeking truth, who stretches out his wings, panting and soaring in the pursuit of truth. God says, ‘That mind is the image of My activity. I made it so, it is inquiring after truth.’” He writes also: “Truth is God,

and God is truth. Truth is not to be had anywhere *gratis* ; it must be paid for. Buy the truth ! ”

We have unfortunately no written monument of his investigations, for he shrank from writing with a kind of horror, and it is difficult to obtain from the records of conversations, especially after the lapse of nearly fifty years, anything like a full and satisfactory example of his treatment of any great religious theme. In the course of the chapter I shall give a few suggestive extracts from the Rev. Robert Davey's notes, but before doing that, a short account of the method and contents of “The Christ of History,” by the Rev. J. Young, LL.D., will fitly introduce us to his ways of thinking. That book was first published in 1855, and the fifth edition appeared in 1869. Before its first issue Caleb Morris had been in constant intercourse with its author for ten years, and he did not leave London till 1856, the year after its publication. Dr. Young accompanied him to the station when he finally left the Metropolis, a fact which shows that their intimate friendship continued to the end ; and the Rev. Robert Davey informs me that the views expressed in “The Christ of History ” may be taken to represent Caleb Morris's matured convictions.

The Preface and Introduction are important as indicating the method and spirit of the book. It “appeals to those who are prepared to treat, with dispassionate criticism, one of the gravest subjects of human inquiry.”

The argument is cumulative, and starts, not from the formularies of dogmatic theology, logic, and metaphysics, but from the facts of Christ's history as recorded in the Gospels. There is no attempt to disparage the methods of exposition stereotyped by the custom of the ages, it is simply asserted that they have lost their freshness and are not adapted to the peculiar intellectual culture of the period.

The point of view adopted may not be the best, yet in a particular stage of mental development it may be the most effective. "It is sometimes wise to take not the very highest ground which it is possible to maintain, but the lowest; and if, on this lowest ground, we can succeed in producing an unlooked-for amount of materials, the feeling of surprise conciliates the heart, and assists instead of obstructing the mental process which issues in conviction. Perhaps the life of Jesus, apart from subtle criticism and from systematic metaphysical theology, may be found to offer original and extraordinary evidences of His Divinity—evidences which, by their number, their harmony, and their form, shall amount to positive proof of this great mystery." "A temperate and conciliatory spirit is demanded towards those to whom we present the claims of religion, and the exhibition of such a spirit cannot injure or endanger Christianity. With perfect safety we may forego, for the time, the inheritance of evidence and of argument bequeathed from the past by the researches and the erudition of enlightened men. Demanding nothing more than the simple humanity of Jesus of Nazareth, we shall venture from this platform to assert and expound His true divinity."

Another sacrifice still is made in the interest of conciliation. The writer believed in the inspiration of the Christian records, but the inspiration of the New Testament as that is popularly understood "shall not be insisted on in the present argument; and it shall suffice for us if this Book be allowed to stand only not lower than other equally ancient productions. Whatever abatement from its historical validity can be plausibly demanded on account of the remoteness of the period, the character of the age, or the position of the writers, shall be conceded. For the sake of argument, though only for this, it shall be granted that the Evangelists were not secured against mistakes, and that,

therefore, the justice of all their sentiments and the accuracy of all their details are not unquestionable."

Another sacrifice still is made. "We go farther: let all in these sacred records which belongs to the sphere of the miraculous be ascribed, for the present, to the habit of the Jewish mind, to the influence of their national history, or to the common tendency to exaggeration. We assume nothing more than this, that the Gospels, in a broad and general sense, are historical and veritable; and this, in point of fact, is virtually granted by all." This last admission is qualified by a protest against Strauss's attempt, at the beginning of his "Life of Christ," to create a prejudice, or at least a pre-judgment, against miracles, which is rightly characterised as unscientific and unphilosophical.

Whether it is wise to concede so much for the sake of argument is a very debatable question which I cannot now discuss; but let it be distinctly understood that the concessions are only made temporarily, with a view to establishing the main truths of Christianity without insisting at the start on the supernatural and the miraculous. It is a question of method, and not of truth.

The first part of the book deals with the outer conditions of the life of Christ. His lowly origin, His poverty, the lack of education and patronage are dwelt on, and it is maintained that "His entire social circumstances pronounce the impossibility, in human judgment, of His elevation to power and glory." Attention is next called to the short duration of His ministry and to His early death, resulting from the world's intolerance and His own unconquerable will. He had no opportunity for maturing anything, no time to construct and organise, "He left behind Him a few spoken truths—not a line or word written—and a certain spirit incarnated in His principles and breathed out from His life; and then He died." And the question is

asked : “ Is there an instance, not of a man acquiring fame in youth and preserving it in old age, but of a man who died in youth, gaining vast influence of a purely spiritual kind, not by force of arms, and not by secular aid in any form, but simply and only by his principles and his life ; of such a man transmitting that influence through successive generations, and after two thousand years retaining it in all its freshness, and continuing at that distance of time to establish himself and to reign almighty in the minds and hearts of myriads of human beings ? ” And the answer is : “ There is not such an example in the whole history of the world except Jesus Christ.”

After alluding to the narrowness and intolerance of the Jewish society in which He was reared, and the degradation and pollution of life in Judæa and Galilee, and especially at Nazareth, which certainly did not tend to produce such a character as Jesus, the author shows how such facts are fatal to the mythical theory : “ The outer conditions of Christ’s life were not only not in harmony with the Messianic ideas of the Jews at that time, or, indeed, at any time ; they were diametrically opposed to them. We make bold to maintain that they were the very last things which a Jew would ever have dreamed of connecting with the life of his Messiah. They are not Messianic ; the most unscrupulous ingenuity can never construe them into myths, or make them harmonise with national and traditionary fancies.”

The second part of the book deals with the work of Christ among men. His own idea of His work, of His Messiahship, is declared to be not temporal, but spiritual ; not national, but universal ; and this was completely at variance with the ideas of His age, His country, and the world. He had to begin by rebuking and seeking to reform the nation ; and, in the course of His ministry, combined in a wonderful way severity, tenderness, simplicity, and authority. Would

all this have been possible if He was no more than a young man just taken from the carpenter's workshop—uneducated, inexperienced, and friendless?

His teaching is next dealt with. It centres round the Kingdom of Heaven or the Kingdom of God. "It is the reign of God in men, when the Father shall be known, loved, and revered by His children. It is the reign of righteousness, purity, truth, love, and peace, the universal reception and dominion among men of all true, just, holy, generous and divine principles." This doctrine of a universal spiritual reign brings us into conflict with sin. The horror of sin, and the possibility of forgiveness, are clearly set forth in the Gospels. By accepting forgiveness man is re-united with God, and lives the life of trust and prayer, and receives impulses for growth in all moral and spiritual excellence. The reality and greatness of the soul, its accountability and immortality, as taught by Christ, are dealt with at length, as well as the spirituality, unity, perfection, and paternity of God. The Fatherhood of God is declared to be the moving power in the universe. It is, however, no feeble Fatherhood, as it has been set forth by some in modern times, but includes authority, rectitude, wisdom, and power, as well as love. The essence of sin is departure from the Divine Father, and the reconciliation of human souls to God is the great end of Christ's mediation, His life, and His death. "The whole ministry of Christ, and not the tragical close of it only, was a ministry of reconciliation. His life, as well as His death, was sacrificial and atoning."

The teaching of Christ is compared with the teachings of all the great religious leaders and philosophers, and declared to be incomparably above them all. How can this unique phenomenon be accounted for? It is impossible to connect the teaching of Christ with the outer conditions of His life. The facts are in direct contradiction to all other psycho-

logical experiences and to all ascertained psychological laws. Therefore "there is no choice left to us but to believe in an organic, an essential, a constitutional difference between Him and all men, in an incarnation, in this unparalleled instance of divinity in humanity."

The third part of the book deals with the spiritual individuality of Christ, and calls attention to His constant communion with God ; His unique consciousness—the absence of the sense of sin, the distinct sense of personal perfection and official authority. These could not have originated in vanity and conceit, ambition and enthusiasm ; they create an impassable distinction between Him and all men. They were not due to some temporary endowment, He did everything with perfect ease, without any sense of effort ; His extraordinary achievements were but the natural workings of His unique nature. His utter unselfishness, His perfect assurance of triumph through suffering, and His calm confidence in the presence of death—yea, the death of the Cross, mark Him out as distinct from all other men. He stands alone, and His solitariness leads inevitably to the conclusion that humanity in Him must have existed under conditions essentially distinct from those which belong to the universal humanity of the world. Incarnation, and incarnation alone, helps us to the solution of the overwhelming difficulties of the case. Incarnation has its deep mysteries, but they are mysteries that lead towards the light, while the attempt to account for the teaching, character, and influence of Jesus on the ground of His humanity alone leaves us in complete confusion and utter chaos.

This conclusion having been reached from an ample and impartial induction of facts, a flood of light is thrown over the Christian records. Miracles are no longer incredible ; they were simply becoming and natural to such a unique

person. The virgin birth is in harmony with His supernatural character ; the works of power which He wrought were but the overflowing of His wonderful personality ; and the resurrection from the dead was the crowning evidence of His Divinity.

Such an argument is a commonplace of modern apologetics ; but it was very different fifty years ago. Then stress was laid on the inspiration and infallibility of the Scriptures. Miracles and the fulfilment of prophecy were put in the forefront, while the teaching and character of Jesus were kept in the background ; and the strongest testimony to the value of the argument in "The Christ of History" lies in the fact that after fifty years of almost unparalleled changes in religious thought, it remains in substance and essence the chief argument of the modern Christian apologist.

It is possible that some will think too much space has been given to a book which is now almost forgotten ; but it seemed the fairest way of setting forth the attitude of Caleb Morris toward the great problems of modern theology. I do not think for a moment that the book fully reflects the genius of Caleb Morris, and he may not have acquiesced in all its details ; but there can be no reasonable doubt that he cordially endorsed its main arguments.

This is, perhaps, the most fitting place to introduce an incident in the relationship between Caleb Morris and the Rev. T. W. Chignell. I mentioned it in the Welsh edition, but then I had only an incomplete version of it from a Welsh source, now I am able to give it in Mr. Chignell's own words, and also by means of a letter from Caleb Morris which Mr. Chignell has kindly lent me, to deny authoritatively some of the inferences which have been drawn from it. Mr. Chignell writes : "At the end of 1854 I gave up my pulpit at Portsmouth, and ceased to be a Congregationalist. For six months I did not preach at all, and during those

months of silence I was constantly with Mr. Morris. On Easter Sunday of that year I went to spend a Sunday with him. I fancy he must have given up Fetter Lane by that time. I went early in the morning, and he said, 'Go and hear Binney, and come straight back, and after dinner we will discuss the sermon.' I was in darkest mood. I had given up belief in miracle, and despaired of ever finding again any sphere as a preacher. Binney's chapel was crowded. He was in splendid form, at the summit of his powers. He began his sermon, almost chanting the phrase three times, 'Christ is risen.' 'This,' said he, 'is re-echoed to-day all over the Christian world.' He then imagined some modern mind unable to believe in the physical fact of the Resurrection, and after a long delineation of the doubter's thoughts, he said at last, with all the satire and scorn of which he was such a master, drawing himself up to his full height and stretching out his right arm with all his might, 'Well, you may be a poet, you may be a philosopher, but a Christian you can never be!' I had immense reverence for him, and this utterance smote me with despair.

"I went away in the depths of gloom. When Mr. Morris saw me so depressed, he pitied me, and sought to comfort me, and in the course of his conversation he said, 'This saying means that you cannot be a member of my church nor of my Baptist neighbour's opposite; but a member of the Universe, with Christ for your Brother, and God for your Father, you can be.' No human voice ever comforted me more in all my life than did his when he uttered that saying to me."

With reference to the narrative, Caleb Morris had left Fetter Lane over five years before this time, and by "my church" I suppose he must have meant any Congregational church. In the Welsh volume I remarked, in connection with this incident: "It shows Caleb Morris's large-hearted-

ness. He did not wish to banish anyone from the Church of Christ on account of honest doubt ; he remembered that Thomas, one of the twelve, was once a disbeliever in the resurrection. But it would be quite unfair to infer from his behaviour towards his friend on this occasion that he laid no stress on the great fact of the resurrection. His sermons show that he considered the resurrection of Christ of supreme importance to the Christian faith ; but he was too wise and too kind to seek to thrust the truth on one who was in anxiety and mental distraction ; and he well knew that such treatment was not calculated to bring Mr. Chignell to receive the truth. He had come to see that the miracles were manifestations of the unique personality of Christ, and he felt that if a man could be kept in the companionship of Christ, his doubts would gradually disappear, and he would come to believe in the miracles which are inseparable from the great message of the Gospel, for to him the resurrection of Christ was the natural result of the divinity of his nature and the perfection of his character and work."

When I wrote the above I had not read "The Christ of History," and did not know Caleb Morris's intimate connection with the book. It was an inference from the general estimate which I had formed of his mental attitude ; but the reading of "The Christ of History" has fully confirmed the justice of my remarks, as the reader may see from the sketch given of it in the preceding pages. I am glad to find that Mr. Chignell confirms my view of the matter, for he writes in his last letter : " I know how tenderly sacred to him was the belief that the Christian was risen with Christ. I did not mean to touch this belief of his in my account of Binney's sermon, but only to show that he distinguished between the letter and the spirit of the belief. I did not mean to say that he had parted with the letter in

this instance, any more than with the spirit ; but that he did not sever himself from another whose science had caused him to deny the letter."

I fully endorse the remarks which Mr. Chignell makes in the same letter : " Caleb Morris was essentially constructive and not destructive ; an affirmer, and not a denier ; his attitude towards the religion of the Bible was one of sympathy, faith, and delight."

Some have concluded, from this and similar occurrences, that Caleb Morris was a Unitarian and even an Agnostic. The extracts from the letters and diary for the last period of his life prove clearly that he remained deeply religious to the end, and in the following letter Caleb Morris distinctly says that he was not a Unitarian. It was written on the occasion of Mr. Chignell's settlement at Exeter, and is one of the last letters that have been preserved :

"Co'dcenlas, Eglwyswrw,

"February 28th, 1862.

"To Mr. Norrington.

"DEAR SIR,—On my return home, after many weeks of absence, I find, among others, an interesting letter from you. Intending to return much sooner I left no orders to forward my letters, as my correspondence for the present is greatly narrowed. This—my long absence—must be my chief apology for my long silence. And now, my dear sir, first of all allow me to say that the affecting reference which you make to your departed brother deeply, tenderly moves me. How blessed the thought of an eternal life with Christ in God.

"Now a word—but a word at present—concerning Mr. Chignell. It is with great gratification that I offer my humble testimony to his high worth, personal and social. I have known him long and intimately, and have much loved him as a great and good man.

“ But it is right, in every way, that I should distinctly state that of Mr. Chignell’s views of Christianity, of his ‘creed,’ *at the present time*, I know nothing at all. It is clear that his ‘belief’ has considerably changed since his college days, but of the nature and extent of that change I am quite ignorant. For years we have seldom met, and when meeting we felt that our respective ‘creeds’ were things too sacred to be made mutual ‘confessions of faith.’

“ I am not myself an ‘Unitarian’ (though a freeman). Differing in my ‘articles of faith’ very widely, I presume, from those of Mr. Chignell and your Church, I cannot venture to intrude one word as to the special fitness of Mr. Chignell to be the teacher and pastor of the Unitarian Church at Exeter. That is a matter to be decided by the congregation only and alone.

“ May the wisdom that is from above guide you all !

“ It is hardly necessary to tell you, dear sir, who have yourself communed with Mr. Chignell, that he is no common man. His mind, naturally strong, active, original, is highly enriched and refined both by formal education and continued self-culture. He has a great heart. His affections are uncommonly deep, discriminating, and devoted. In spirit he is meditative, tender, reverential, worshipful, yet free, fearless, and independent. From long observation, I believe his character to be pure, lovely, and of good report.

“ Instead of these few hasty words respecting Mr. Chignell, I could with holy recollections write as many pages. But to save post I must conclude. May the spirit of truth, life, and love guide us all always.

“ Believe me, dear Sir,

“ Most truly yours,

“ CALEB MORRIS.

“ P.S.—Will you kindly favour me with a line in reply ? ”

The above letter shows us that whatever changes had come over his religious creed, he had not lost faith in the incarnation ; and with this naturally follows faith in the miracles and the resurrection. The doubts about Caleb Morris's orthodoxy, even about his religious faith, indicate how large-hearted, sympathetic men are liable to be misinterpreted. Both extremes are prone to think that they have advanced further than is really the case. Doubtless Caleb Morris was ever moving forward, and he was profoundly dissatisfied with the popular theology that prevailed during the last period of his life ; so would even the orthodox men of to-day be. But he never lost his hold of the great central truths of Christianity, though he might not express them in the stereotyped phrases of the schools.

The Rev. Robert Davey, who, like Mr. Chignell, came into close contact with him in London, writes :

"It is difficult to speak of him as a thinker merely, for he could not think without feeling, or feel without thinking. I shall, therefore, not attempt to analyse his power as a thinker. Nor is it necessary, for a thinker is best known by his thoughts. But these, again, must be considered in their relation to contemporary thought. Mr. Morris's thoughts would not be fairly estimated by comparison with those with which we are familiar to-day. But when they were uttered fifty years ago they were new, startling, and received in some quarters with suspicion. The fact is, Mr. Morris was a seer, a prophet. His mind did not work upon the common stock of thought embodied in creeds and systems of theology. He looked with his own eyes into the sources of religious truth, into the records of Christ's life, for it was there alone he could discover the mind of Christ. He once said, 'If you wish for a clear and definite knowledge of yourselves, of everything pertaining to salvation, study the mind of Christ.' 'This

wonderful Being, in perfect union with the Father, was the Instructor and Inspirer of holy men, who spoke in His name, so that the mind of Peter or of Paul was the mind of Christ. Christ was the Fountain; the Apostles and holy writers were the streams.' And again, 'When I read the Gospels, warring against the influence of habit, associations, and familiarity, I feel that I am in the presence of a Being who tells me things entirely new and original, whose ideas are boundless.' He gives as illustrations Christ's ideas of the soul of man, 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'—his proper self, the original and primitive man, the spiritual power within. Again, 'Christ, instead of representing God as Creator, Judge, Preserver, and Punisher of evil, spoke of Him as the Father.' He did not say He was like a father, but He was the real Father, Friend, and Educator of the human soul. One of his sayings was, 'We have only begun to study Christianity because we have only begun to study Christ.'

"It must be remembered that these utterances belong to a period when references to the Fatherhood of God were made timidly, lest they should conflict with the ideas of God as a sovereign on which most systems of theology had been built up. Mr. Morris exerted a great influence towards making the Fatherhood of God, as revealed by Christ, the central truth in Christian theology. According to him, the root or germ out of which historical Christianity grew, was the teaching in connection with this wonderful Personality. This living germ was planted first in Jewish, then in Hellenic, and finally in Roman soil. The difference of soil determined the character of the product, as seen in the Greek and Roman Churches. These are but the body, the soul is Christ. These were in harmony with the state of culture in bygone ages; but they are out of harmony with the twentieth century. Mr. Morris endeavoured to

bring in the Christianity that is to be by planting the germ as it exists in the teaching and wonderful Personality of the Lord Jesus Christ, that there may spring up a Christianity in harmony with the great changes which have taken place in all other branches of knowledge. Many of the best thinkers and scholars of the present day are working toward the same end, and good progress has been already made. In his theology Mr. Morris was half a century before his time, and for this reason he is entitled to the name of seer."

The following abstract of his views on the soul and on the Book of Revelation, kindly sent to me by Mr. Davey, will help to make clearer still his position as a thinker :

"THE SOUL.

"God *made* suns and stars ; but, strictly speaking, He never *made* a soul. It is 'His offspring,' a mysterious emanation from God Himself. But I have no words—and, I must confess, no wise and definite ideas—on this subject. A soul—what is Nature compared with that ! 'When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained, what is man, that Thou art mindful of him ?' In magnitude, in splendour and force of action, what is he compared with the beautiful stars and planets ? He is nothing. But in soul he is made only 'a little lower than the angels.' He is able to interpret the starry heavens, to appropriate them and convert them into temples of glory for the great God Himself. This material structure is of the earth, and will soon be sleeping in the grave. Through it I am a slave to what is evil, low, and degrading to my spiritual nature. But there is something in me which I cannot describe, which is from above, from the Creator Himself directly, and not from the creation. Blessed be God for such a constitution ! What are all things else to this ? We talk

of education, civilisation, British Constitution, organisations for good. Let that be done, provided it be done intelligently and meekly. But let us talk of our nature, of its Divine constitution—the immortal soul, which is to survive the death of all created nature.

“Don’t mistake the capacity of man for the extent to which that capacity may be developed and cultivated—man as he was made and meant to be for man as he is. I speak of man’s nature, not of his present state. We are very nearly related to God. How near to the Creator is yonder moon, that great sun, the material universe with all its beauty? There is no kinship between my soul and the things I perceive through my senses; but there is that in my nature which is closely related to God. True, He is infinite and I am finite; but He is a Spirit, and my spirit is the child of that Spirit. He is the Father of all the light, purity, and happiness that spirits can have. Thus man has his root in God, and it is no more possible to destroy the moral constitution of man than to shake the throne of God and quench His Being. We say we are an emanation from God; but, no, we never came out of God. We were not cut off from Him. We are *in* God. God is a personal Being, and man is a personal spirit, begotten by Him. But there is that in man which the Godhead Himself (reverently I say it) could not have created—a fitness for truth, for justice, for beauty, and immortality.”

“THE BOOK OF REVELATION.

“This book is to be regarded as a book of principles, not of facts; of doctrines, not events. Facts are things done. Principles are things that *are*, eternal, immutable. Principles, by their very nature, are universal and unchangeable. Events are the creatures of time and therefore transitory. There may be new facts, but no new principles; old events,

but no obsolete principles. All the facts of the world's history are only so many changes to bring out, to expound, to glorify the universal principles of truth. The history of the world is but one long, loud harmonious utterance of the spiritual providence of God.

“The key to the whole book of Revelation is in the consideration, that it is a book of Christian principles, the natural history of the principles of the Kingdom of Christ, from its commencement to its consummation—in their power, their progress, their conflicts, their triumphs and glorious intentions. To study this book as a book of facts, it would be necessary to be acquainted with history, with languages, with Oriental learning, with the literature of Judaism and paganism. Now to the mass of mankind such a book would not be a book of revelation, but of obscurity. But if we look at it as a book of principles there is no difficulty. The simplest man may become acquainted with the principles of God's government revealed in the soul, in the Bible, in the Church, in Christ. Again, the study of this book as one of facts is unsatisfactory. Of all the expositors who have endeavoured so to interpret it, hardly two have agreed. But let the book be studied as one of principles, it is then calculated to excite, to sustain and perfect the most pure and lofty devotion.”

Unfortunately we have no full consecutive statement of his views on any of the great Christian doctrines, but we can trace with fair accuracy his trend of thought. We must content ourselves with references to the doctrine of the Atonement and the doctrine of Holy Scripture. One of his notes runs: “The Atonement does not *change* the proper *nature* of God, of man, of moral obligation, of sin; but *reveals* them all in their true character. The ‘Atonement’ has two sides, *divine* and *human*. What it is *manwards* is revealed in Scripture so far as the infinite wisdom of God

deemed necessary for salvation. What the Atonement is *Godwards* is very dimly revealed to poor, blind, fallen man on the earth, that aspect of it is reserved for the revelations of the world to come." "*The blood of Christ* has two significations in the New Testament. The Jews held that the life was in the blood, hence the blood of Christ means His spiritual, divine life (John xii.). Blood also means shed, spilt blood—blood devoid of life, that is *death*; hence the blood of Christ means the death, which was the development, exposition, and highest authentication of His life. Thus the blood of Christ has two relations to us; it is the means of justification and the means of sanctification. It is at once a *public* and a *personal* atonement. It is our reconciliation with God in *law* and in *character*. By it we become *living* in our legal relations to the moral government of the universe, and *living* in our personal nature. It is an atonement *for* us, and an atonement *in* us. This is the doctrine of the New Testament. Blessed be God."

In his sermon on the Christian dying with Christ and rising with Christ, he is evidently moving towards that theory which lays stress on the organic union of Christ with the human race; but his chief concern is with the dynamic aspect of the death of Christ: its power to bring men into their true relationship with the Father of Spirits.

His views of the Bible would now be considered almost conservative, but to the great mass of the Christian people of his day they were rank heresy. Here is a note on inspiration: "Inspiration: Its *end* is not to teach anything that man might learn without it by the use of his natural powers—such as science, philosophy, literature—but to impart moral principles or truths which are supernatural, and which are essential to man's salvation. The *means*: Inspiration does not preclude the use of natural means, but guards from all errors that would defeat the *end*."

Another note runs : "All the truth of the Bible is in God, and is also in us, if we have God in us. It is God that puts truth in the Scripture and in the soul. Things are not true because they are in the Bible, but they are in the Bible because they are true."

In a sermon on the Parable of the Sower, he deals with the divinity of the seed, and asks, "What is the seed?" And he answers, "By it we mean either the sign, or the thing signified. The thing signified is the thought of God concerning us, the sign is the book in which it is recorded. This distinction is often overlooked, and people call the mere book, the ink and paper contained between two covers, the Word of God. But there is a difference between the truth in God and the record of the truth.

"(1) The truth in God is a *living* thing, the record is but a dead letter. Hence when vitality is attributed to the word, the word in God is always meant.

"(2) The word as a thought in God is *eternal*, but the word as a record is a product in time.

"(3) The word as truth in God is *absolutely divine*, but the word as a record is the *work of man*. The language and composition are human. The men were moved by the spirit of God, but their individual characteristics were only sanctified, not destroyed. Their diversities are evident in the style, diction, &c.

"(4) The word as truth in God is *indestructible*, but the record is composed of destructible material, liable to accidents, and may be burnt, but the word of God cannot be destroyed.

"This distinction is important, for it will prevent abuses of the Bible.

- “(a) It will enable us to estimate it rightly. We shall not over-value it by substituting it for God, and attributing to it a power which does not belong to it. We shall not undervalue it, for it is an utterance of God’s thoughts.
- “(b) It will teach us how to use it. The mere reading and remembering of it can do no good. The study, criticism, translation, and exposition of it are of no use unless we get at the divine thoughts contained in it.
- “(c) It will show us how to teach it. To tell people to read, and remember, and repeat it verbally without impressing upon them the necessity of searching for its spiritual meaning is injurious, for it promotes pride, superstition, irreligion.”

He was constantly emphasising the danger of resting with the mere words of the Bible. The Rev. Nun Morgan Harry’s method of using the Bible won his entire approval. Of him he writes : “God’s word was his habitual study and delight. He made it the guide of his mind and life. He was conversant with its letter, but he was also acquainted with its spirit, and had a clear perception of its living realities. He went to the Bible not *with* a creed, but *for* a creed.” On the other hand, he condemns those “expositors who are more anxious to get *in* their own thoughts, than to get *out* God’s thoughts.”

I do not for a moment suppose that Caleb Morris had solved all the difficulties connected with the inspiration of the Bible. Who has? But I believe he had reached the right point of view. He distinctly recognised the human as well as the divine element in Scripture, and thus, on the one hand, found room for reasonable criticism, and on the other

hand insisted on the worthlessness of all criticism and scholarship that do not help men to realise the divine thoughts contained in the sacred Word.

How are we to distinguish the divine from the human? I have no doubt that he would say, "You must start with the centre of revelation, Jesus Christ, and estimate all the other parts by reference to this standard." He looked upon the Old Testament as a progression towards Christ, and accepted the New Testament as the revelation of the Divine Son. But in the New Testament he made a distinction which has become very common—the distinction between the Gospels and the Epistles. He shall make it in his own words :—

"The study of the Gospels is the study of Christ, for He appears there more prominently than His biographers. This is a remarkable peculiarity. In the Gospels we have a Christ living, speaking, working, suffering, and actualising all about Him; in the Epistles we have a system of truth respecting Him. In the Gospels, facts, events, history; in the Epistles, principles, doctrines, philosophy."

Did he then insist on the infallibility of the Gospels? If we accept "The Christ of History" as representing his views, the answer must be in the negative. All that he would claim for them would be that they represented correctly the main features of the character and teaching of Christ. This is in harmony with one of his remarks on faith: "Faith in history is not the faith that saves. Faith in Christ is not faith in His history—that is *faith in His biographers*."

He evidently recognises the difference between faith in Christ and faith in the records of His earthly ministry. Is he not thus entering upon very dangerous ground, and running the risk of losing Christ altogether? He did not think so, for he was convinced that no errors in the details

of the Gospels could affect the main features of the personality and teaching of the Christ portrayed therein. He was well acquainted with the attempts to account for the Gospel narratives on mythical and legendary grounds; but considered such theories utterly incredible as far as the main contents of the Gospel records were concerned. He maintained with repeated emphasis that nothing but a real original could have enabled the Evangelists to construct their story. Any other supposition leads to impossible absurdities. He did not pay much heed to the literary problem which occupies such a large portion of the attention of modern minds, for he felt that whatever the final solution of that would be, it could not affect in any appreciable degree the reality of the person and character, the teaching and work of Jesus the Christ.

He did not confine himself to the study of the Gospels, but found evidence of the unique personality of Christ also in the history of the Church from the Pentecost down to his own day. He did not speak disparagingly of the Epistles and of the Church as do many of those who, in modern times, are constantly calling on us to go back to the Christ of the Gospels. As we have seen, he recognised the difference between these classes of writings, and expressed it admirably. He felt that the Gospels brought him into living contact with the great personality of Christ as the Epistles did not and were never intended to do, for they relate how the influence of Christ worked in the minds and hearts and lives of those who believed in Him; but he was too careful a thinker to conclude that this influence of Christ on His followers was a matter of trifling importance. It is true that men have abused the Epistles by making the doctrine and practices of the Apostolic Church the *one uniform* type of Christianity from which there can be no deviating, forgetting that in a different soil the development

might be somewhat different, as in fact we know it to have been in Grecian, Roman, and African soil ; but that early manifestation of the principles and life of Christ is of eternal significance, and is in many ways the best commentary we have on the Gospels. And we know from the sermons of Caleb Morris during the last years of his ministry that he gave much thought to the Epistles of Paul, and to the aspect of Christ which is set forth in the Epistles to the seven Churches. To him the Gospels were unspeakably precious as starting points, but his Christ did not end with the Gospels. He was the guide and ruler of His Church, the living Lord in heaven that controlled and governed the events of history, and ever worked for the realisation of the glorious purposes of Divine love. Too often the cry "Let us go back to Christ" has ended in the elimination of all that is supernatural from the Gospels : the miracles have to go, the Incarnation and Resurrection become vague symbols of spiritual processes, and, according to the latest criticism, even the teaching of Christ is reduced to a few colourless aphorisms. Caleb Morris would have no sympathy with such going back to Christ.

The modern trend of the Higher Criticism of the Gospels is pushing to a very awkward corner those who disparage the Church and the Epistles and appeal to the Gospels, for it is becoming more and more clear that the Christ of the Gospels is Christ as He appeared to the early Church ; that we have no historic Christ except the Christ reflected by primitive Christianity. What then ? It simply comes to this, that, unless the Apostolic Churches had a substantially correct view of the person and work of Christ, we have no Christ at all beyond a shadowy figure that ever changes according to the caprices and fancies of critics and commentators. The attempt to exalt the Gospels at the expense of the Epistles is suicidal.

Unless I altogether mistake Caleb Morris's position, he was guilty of no such folly, though he clearly saw the different functions of the Gospels and the Epistles. He was constantly co-ordinating the Bible, the Church, Christ, and the soul as revelations of God. And in this he showed the sanity of his judgment. He was free from the modern tendency to exalt any one of these severed from the rest into a standard. They are organically connected, and cannot be torn asunder without producing disaster. No Protestant would think of resting upon an infallible Church. Few, in comparison, now rest their faith on an infallible Bible. What have we, then, to lean on? Shall we lean on Christ? Certainly. But where do we find our Christ? What Christ have we apart from the testimony of the Bible and the Church? The easy way in which men will let go their faith in the Bible, in the Church, and in any definite teaching, and still comfort themselves with the assurance that they still have Christ, is simply astounding. I know that appeal is made to the renewed life of the regenerated soul, and I fully admit the importance of its testimony; but it is too subjective and intangible to convince the mass of mankind. And this very subjective state is dependent on some objective reality; and where do we find that but in the Bible and the Church? How long would the spiritual experience survive the destruction of the environment provided for it by revelation, and the fellowship of those who believe in that revelation? We must not separate the things which God hath joined. To quote the words of Caleb Morris, "The Bible and experience, experience and the Bible, not the Bible without experience, nor experience without the Bible. Experience illumines and confirms the Bible, and experience is established and enlightened by the Bible."

Conversion was to him very largely the influence of

truth upon the mind and heart. He says in one place, "The work of the minister is to explain truth and to reform men—to explain in order to reform"; and in another place, "The principal thoughts of revelation are inspired into the soul of every converted man." He laid the greatest stress on the necessity of having "clean and clear ideas," but he was equally emphatic in proclaiming that this inward experience was impossible without the co-operation of external forces; the soul of itself could not grow into it, and the chief force, according to his view, was the truth of God as made known in the Bible, and, above all, in the teaching, person, and work of Jesus Christ.

In order to see this truth in all its beauty and glory, he studied the Gospels incessantly, and urged others to do the same. But he did not stop there; he also traced carefully the influence of Christ on the course of human history, and, according to him, one of the great evidences of the Divinity of Christianity was the profound influence which it had exerted, and was exerting, on human progress and development. He never severed the ideal from the practical. One of his favourite sayings was, "Things spiritual become real as we act upon them," and his faith in Christianity was not based simply on the declarations of the Bible, nor even upon the Christ of the Gospels, but also upon their soul-transforming power in every land and age. A mere historic Christ who once lived in Palestine could not satisfy him—that was but the beginning of a manifestation which is ever advancing, just as "our sphere of existence is ever widening, our capacity for moral action is ever becoming stronger and stronger, and our sensitiveness to happiness is ever growing more intense."

The illustrations already given will have made it clear that the chief value of his mental activity consisted not so much in the definite conclusions to which he had come as in

his power to suggest, stimulate, and inspire, and many would join Dr. David Thomas in calling him a "mental father." Still there was no vagueness in his thinking. Though a master of generalisation, and rising naturally and majestically from the simplest incidents and events to the widest circles of abstract truth, he never lost himself in the clouds.

On what he held to be the indisputable principles of morality and religion he was firm as a rock, and it was to these that he devoted his strength. I have read scores of his outlines, and there is scarcely one of them which I should call obsolete or old-fashioned. He lived in the realms of the eternal truths which never grow old, and made it the business of his life to proclaim them to his fellow men. He dwelt not in the regions of controversy and disputation, but in the land of spiritual realities; and whatever clouds might gather around his religious path, he never lost sight of those unchangeable verities.

Since his days the theory of development and the higher criticism of the books of the Bible have produced a profound change in religious thought; but were he to return to-day he would have very little to unlearn, and not much to learn.

He was quite familiar with the idea of development, and would have no difficulty in adopting a *spiritual* doctrine of evolution; but a materialistic evolution would find in him a determined and uncompromising opponent.

He never laid stress on the mere details of Scripture: he was always insisting that the Bible was a book of principles, and one of the great charms of his preaching was that it brought forth the abiding truths which are contained in Scripture under the garb of history and incident, parable and symbol. The movement from the material to the spiritual in the Old Testament was a commonplace thought to him, and he would not be much concerned if he had to

alter some parts of his Biblical chronology; but he would be the stalwart foe of any criticism that would seek to rob the Bible of its supremacy, and would make it a mere chronicle of the hopes and fears, the surmises and conjectures of men.

And if he came he would have not a few things to teach us. He would remind us of the folly of narrowness—the narrowness of heterodoxy, as well as the narrowness of orthodoxy; and, indeed, there is much more danger of the former than of the latter in the present day. He would urge us to beware of pinning our faith to great names, whether in criticism or science, philosophy or theology. He would warn us against vagueness and shallowness of thought, the use of words and terms without definite meaning, and against the sounding of grandiloquent phrases to hide our ignorance, or cloaking over the poverty of thought with fine sentiments. He would condemn as dishonest the employment of old forms of speech, when the ideas generally associated with them had become obsolete, and he would press us above all things to be sincere and true in our thinking. He would point out the perils of paying undue attention to the literary and historical criticism of the Bible, and to the evolution of religious doctrine, lest thereby we should miss the living soul; and he would emphatically insist on the necessity of proclaiming the *supremacy* of the *spiritual* in every province of human activity, and especially in morality and religion. God is a spirit, and we draw nigh unto Him as we become spiritual. “To be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace.”

XXII.

The Preacher.

OF all the chapters in the book, this is to me the most difficult to write. Who can worthily describe anything great and glorious? No one has yet been able to pourtray perfectly the sublime and lofty in nature or in human life; and I cannot hope even to approach perfection in delineating Caleb Morris as a preacher. Yet the attempt must be made; and I console myself with the assurance that those who are the most competent to estimate the difficulty of the work will be the readiest to overlook the shortcomings in its execution.

I cannot say anything from personal experience of his preaching ability, for when I heard him, I was much too young to form any opinion of his pulpit power. I have, therefore, to depend entirely on the testimony of others, and I have used freely all the helps that are available, in order to set him before the reader as he appeared to the men who had the privilege of coming under the spell of his fascinating eloquence. The sketches of Dr. David Thomas in the "Homilist" and in "Pulpit Memorials," and of Paxton Hood in the "Preachers' Lantern," are very valuable, and this chapter is largely based on them. The writers of those

sketches had many qualifications for giving a true picture of him ; they were intimately acquainted with him, and had often heard him preach ; they were also men who took exceptional interest in preachers and preaching, and hence were peculiarly fitted to set forth his characteristics as a religious teacher and sacred orator.

All are agreed in declaring that he was an incomparable preacher. He possessed a wonderful charm, and his influence over his hearers was irresistible and indelible. His words fell on the ear like enchanting music, spiritual light flashed from his piercing eyes, and a tender, soul-subduing wave of religious power flowed from him, filling the mind and conscience, the heart and soul of the hearers with thoughts and feelings which cannot find adequate expression in words.

I asked Alderman Daniel Lewis, J.P., of Cardiff, if he remembered Caleb Morris ; and I had scarcely uttered the name ere his countenance glowed with delight, and, lifting up his hands, he related with deep feeling passages from his sermons which he had heard over forty years ago. He also told me that Edward Miall was once asked, when visiting Haverfordwest : “ Who is the greatest preacher of the day ? ” and that he answered unhesitatingly : “ Caleb Morris, Caleb Morris ! There is no other like him. I would walk a score of miles to hear him.”

“ The opinion of the Rev. Walter Scott, Principal of Airedale College, has been already quoted on page 270 ; and the testimony of Professor Burditt, of Haverfordwest Baptist College ; Dr. Reynolds, of Cheshunt College ; the Rev. Robert Davey, the Rev. T. W. Chignell, and others, will be found in Chapter XVII.

Dr. Dale refers to him in his “ Lectures on Preaching ” as “ one of the ablest and most fascinating preachers among

the English Congregationalists," and Paxton Hood mentions him in his volume on Christmas Evans as one who finely illustrates the essential attributes of the cultured Welsh preacher, "blending high reverence, the tender sensitiveness of a poetic imagination, with the instinct of philosophic inquisitiveness—even shading off into an order of scepticism—but all united to a strong and impressive eloquence."

Dr. David Thomas, of Stockwell, considered him to be the prince of preachers. He writes : "I have heard some of the greatest preachers of this century ; I have listened to Chalmers, with his rushing eloquence, like the 'voice of many waters' ; I have heard Irving, I have seen him stand in attitudes of wild majesty, with eyes of mystic fire fixed on the invisible, while from his lips there rolled in melodious tones sentences measured and solemn as the tread of an angel ; sentences with which he flung his terrible thoughts into the midst of his wondering audience ; I have heard John Harris, with his high-wrought discourses delivered in sweet cadences ; and I have heard Melville, with the voice, elocution, and bearing of a consummate orator, preaching in argumentative rhetoric under grand old gothic arches—but I have never heard one who could approach Caleb Morris in power to work upon the whole soul in the entirety of its wondrous susceptibilities and powers, and to make the Bible a real and living revelation to existing humanity." He also refers to Horace Bushnell's testimony. "He once said to me, when Caleb Morris was in the zenith of his power, that 'Fetter Lane pulpit was nearly the only one in the City that he considered up to the mark.'"

If there were any need of more testimony, we might refer to Rowland Hill's high opinion of him, who, it is said, expressed the wish that he should become his co-pastor at Surrey Chapel ; to the exalted estimate which the young

ministers who associated with him during his years of retirement formed of his preaching power; among others may be named the Rev. B. Thomas, Myfyr Emlyn; and the Rev. W. Davies, of Llandilo. The simple folk of his native parish also bear witness to his remarkable power as a preacher, not in words, for they cannot find words to express their feelings, but by the attitude of grateful astonishment which the very mention of his name calls forth, and the delightful smile which passes over their faces as they think of him. We might also fitly refer to the loving care with which many of his hearers transferred his words to their note-books, treasured them as precious pearls, and pondered over them to obtain patience and strength and inspiration for the manifold trials, temptations, and duties of life.

There is no doubt, therefore, about the place to be assigned to Caleb Morris as a preacher. He clearly belongs to the first rank, and occupies an honourable position among the foremost sacred orators.

We naturally ask how he attained to this pinnacle of fame. It seems to me that the true answer is: "By a rare combination of powers." Dr. David Thomas refers to his "power to work upon the whole soul," and that is what I feel on reading the imperfect sketches of his sermons which have been preserved. Some preachers appeal to the intellect, others to the imagination, others to the feelings, and others to the conscience. Caleb Morris appealed to them all. His most characteristic sermons touch all the elements of human nature. It is true that he was, in his later years, a preacher to the intellect and conscience rather than to the imagination and the feelings; but when at his best, he knocked at every door of our complex constitution, and his wondrous power was the cumulative effect of his rich and many-sided personality.

The physical counts for much in the making of a preacher, and in this respect Caleb Morris was highly favoured. Seldom has the world seen a more handsome and attractive bodily organism. Beauty was impressed upon every form and feature, and the whole was blended together in such symmetry and proportion as to make a perfect whole. When Myfyr Emlyn first saw him, the words of the Hebrew poet rushed into his memory : " Chief among ten thousand and altogether lovely." He was not tall, but his broad shoulders and large head gave him an imposing appearance. Dr. Thomas says of him : " His head showed plenty of room for the play of every high emotion and of every class of thought. It had ample space for the wing of the poet, and the *plumet* of the metaphysician. It was thickly covered with hair, which hung in raven curls. His eyes were full of light and melting sympathy. They were to me most remarkable—not large, but lustrous balls of diamonds—which seemed to swim in a sea of sensibility. Their glance would thrill you, not with terror, but with love. My own spirit has heaved under it in younger days, and with its memory I feel its impulse still. There was always a shade of melancholy playing upon his countenance."

I have heard repeated references to his wonderful power of expression. His countenance changed in a moment from a pathetic smile to an aspect of terrible grandeur. The rapidity of the movement of his eyes was also very remarkable. They were like lightning in their speed and penetrating brightness. His voice was deep, clear, and sweet, and had, when he was moved, a pervasive tone which stirred the soul to its very depths. It is no wonder, then, that he was called a king among men, and a prince of orators ?

I have already quoted Mr. Dyer's description of his

manner of preaching (see page 249). Here I quote from "Hanes Eglwysi Annibynol Cymru," the best description which I have seen of his pulpit manner :

"He began his sermon in a low key, but spoke distinctly and clearly, so that he could be heard by all. His voice was sad and solemn, with a peculiar plaintive intonation. He generally leaned on the pulpit, keeping his eyes fixed on his hearers ; and as surely as his eyes were upon them, he would also win the steady gaze of their expectant eyes. He held them by his penetrating glance, and while his piercing eye influenced them, their eager looks also made a strong impression upon him. He did not seek to excite his hearers by bodily gestures, but rather avoided this, as if he were afraid that such movements would withdraw their attention from the truth which he was setting before them, and cause him to lose his hold on them. He moved his right hand gently to emphasise his points, and occasionally stretched out his right arm ; that would include all his gestures during the first part of the sermon. As he got into his subject, he turned to the right and to the left, and ere long stood erect in the pulpit, with both arms extended out in the form of a semi-circle, his dark eyes flashed like lightning, his countenance shone with the glow of his spirit, and for a few seconds the words would flow with great swing and power ; but he did not let himself go, and permit the flood to rush forth ; this restraint kept him from becoming the most effective orator of his day. If he had allowed the forces pent within him to burst forth unrestrained, and at the same time kept the perfect self-control which he had over himself, he would, doubtless, have been one of the most eloquent and irresistible preachers which our nation ever produced."

On comparing this description with that of Mr. Dyer, it

is evident that it belongs to the later period of his ministry ; in the earlier period, that "irresistible rush" for which the writer craved was not infrequent.

After the above picture of him in the pulpit, it is scarcely necessary to say that he was eloquent. It will be remembered that the Rev. T. W. Chignell says that he was the most eloquent speaker he ever heard, yet Dr. David Thomas says he was not fluent. At the beginning of his sermon he often seemed hampered, and one of the constant expressions in his diary is "no freedom." This makes it evident at once that he was no glib and voluble talker, no rhetorician following elaborate rules, but a natural speaker telling the deep experiences of his own soul. His passionate speech was reasoning set on fire, and sometimes the fire would not burn. He was averse to all the studied tricks of the orator ; he did not indulge in artificial tropes and figures arranged beforehand ; his was the eloquence of thought and passion, the eloquence of truth and soul. Very rarely did he prepare his words, but he prepared carefully his thoughts and his heart, and came before men having his great soul ablaze with enthusiasm kindled by truth ; and this manifested itself in all his looks, movements, and words. When powerfully moved, his influence on the audience was marvellous ; no single comparison can set it forth ; it was like the lightning and the thunder, like the rain and the dew, like the light and the wind, "a kind of spiritual electricity," mysterious, thrilling, captivating, soul-subduing. Alderman Daniel Lewis, J.P., of Cardiff, says that once at the Tabernacle, Haverfordwest, he uttered the words "Be a man and not a thing," with such power as to be the starting point of a new life for several young men. Dr. David Thomas says of him : "After calmly following out some short line of argument—and every sermon

of his abounded with such lines—he would, with arms extended, and with looks of unutterable sensibility and significance, proclaim his conclusions in bursts of eloquence which I have never heard excelled in the grandest specimens of human oratory.”

If I had to attach descriptive epithets to his eloquence, I should be disposed to say that it was marked, above all things, by dignity and tenderness. Every movement, every tone, every gesture was dignified, and this was the natural expression of his lofty thought and elevated feeling. He was quite incapable of anything base or mean, his refinement of soul was mirrored in every phrase and attitude, “His graceful movements, combined with the grandeur of his thoughts, the rhythm of his sentences, the thrilling modulation of his musical voice, and the lofty enthusiasm that seemed to bear him away as in a chariot of fire, gave to the Fetter Lane pulpit a dignity seldom seen elsewhere.” His eloquence was also overwhelming in its tenderness. The stillness of the congregation was deep and solemn, and the intensity of the preacher’s thought and feeling often opened the fountains of tears. No one was ever farther from attempting to make a sensation; but the heart-stirring tones of his voice, the passionate earnestness of his appeals, and the mysterious influence that stood behind all, compelled the people to weep in spite of themselves.

So far we have dealt chiefly with the manner of his preaching; but however important that may be, there is something still more important, that is the matter. Some preachers depend for their popularity almost entirely upon the manner in which they deliver their message. Caleb Morris did not belong to this class, for even apart from the charm of his delivery, his sermons were truly great.

All are agreed about the freshness and fulness of his

thought. He did not repeat platitudes. He saw truth with his own eyes, and felt it with his own heart ; this gave an aspect of originality to all his utterances. He was not content to use the stereotyped phraseology of the pulpit, but searched the Bible, the teachings of science and philosophy, as well as his own heart, and then proclaimed to others the truths which he had verified in his own experience. Every man may be original in this sense, but given a nature like that of Caleb Morris, richly endowed with intellectual gifts, imaginative powers, and tender susceptibilities, a nature, moreover, under the deep and abiding influence of the religious spirit, and old truths will be clothed with the freshness of spring and the beauty of early summer.

He had great fulness as well as freshness of thought. He always gave his hearers the impression of an inexhaustible reserve of power. Very rarely did he complete his theme in one sermon. Generally the morning text also sufficed for the evening, and often it was taken up again on Monday evening. His mind was stored with vast treasures of religious truth, and out of the fulness of his heart he brought forth a wealth of thought and feeling which surprised and charmed his hearers. One evening he was preaching at Milford Haven ; he had been preaching for about an hour and was drawing to a close when a country minister came in and begged him to give them another half-hour, as he had been quite unable to come earlier. Thereupon he opened the Bible again and went on for another hour, delighting all with the abundance and brilliancy of his ideas.

This kind of preaching is not necessarily popular, it makes too much demand on the hearer to please the crowd, and even on the intelligent the effect is sometimes bewildering. There was enough in one of Caleb Morris's sermons for three

or four ordinary discourses, and towards the close of his ministry this great fulness of thought tended to distract the mind, instead of concentrating it on a few points. The popular preacher aims at setting forth one idea in all its forms and aspects, he brings all his powers and resources to the elucidation of one theme ; Caleb Morris did not belong to this order of preachers ; every truth suggested to him correlated truths, and there stood before him an endless panorama of thought. All that he did was to give the hearer glimpses of the beautiful and glorious temple of truth.

Hence his preaching was very suggestive. Dr. David Thomas, says : " In this respect, Caleb Morris had, perhaps, no equal. He broke the monotony of mind, touched the springs of intellect, and set the wheels of thought a-going. Those who formed his congregation became religious thinkers. No minister of his day made more preachers, philosophers, men of science and letters than he." Consequently, though he wrote little himself, he kindled in many the passion for writing ; and his influence on all preachers who came in contact with him was inspiring and fertilising. Myfyr Emlyn was once asked : " Did Caleb Morris help you to compose that sermon ? " " No, not directly," was the reply ; " but I do not know how much he has helped me indirectly ; for I am one of his great admirers, and his conversation overflows with suggestiveness." This quality is only too rare in pulpit orators, and when a man possessed it in such a degree as Caleb Morris, it was not surprising that thoughtful men crowded to hear him.

The freshness and fulness of thought to which allusion has been made were very evident in his treatment of the Scriptures. Many of his sermons were expository, and he brought all the results of his reading and thinking, as well as his rich spiritual experience, to the elucidation of the

Sacred Book. He sought not so much to expound the words of Scripture, as to find out the underlying truths. He looked upon the Bible as a book of principles, and its chief glory in his sight was the clear and effective way in which it sets forth the principles of God's moral government and of man's spiritual nature. He made the Bible a living book to his hearers. They saw in it a description of their own faults and failures, doubts and fears, hopes and joys, and heard the response of God to all the movements of their souls. To them the Bible at the close of a sermon was no mere external revelation, but an inward revelation in their hearts and minds. The things of religion had become glorious realities unto them, and they felt not that they had heard about the spiritual world, but that they had been in it, in the midst of its greatness, and beauty, and glory. This is the spiritual teacher's supreme gift, the power to make the Word of God a living force in the hearts of men; and few have possessed this unique power to the same degree as Caleb Morris.

But his eloquence and dignity, his freshness and fulness of thought, are not sufficient to explain his wondrous charm as a preacher. One other element can certainly be mentioned—viz., his *passion for souls*. This has been characteristic of all the greatest preachers, and Caleb Morris possessed a large share of it. We have found constant references to it in his diaries. He seemed to be ever anxious not to lose this supreme qualification of the Christian preacher. Without it a man may be an able philosopher, an eloquent speaker, a suggestive expounder, and a profound teacher, but unless to all these be added love for souls, and an intense desire to rescue them from sin and misery, and to develop them in truth, purity, and beauty, he cannot be called a great preacher.

ZEAL FOR - CONVERSION PREACHER TO SINNER NOT TEACHER OF THINKER

It was this passionate zeal for the salvation of souls which kept his preaching from being swamped by philosophy. He was by nature a keen and subtle thinker, and he had cultivated with rare assiduity his reasoning powers. This bent of his mind is seen in all his sermons, especially in the introduction, but he never allowed the contemplation and exposition of truth to draw him away from the proclamation of God's grace. He ever remembered that he was a preacher to sinners, and not a teacher of thinkers; and while he nourished the thoughtful with his rich and brilliant ideas, the illiterate also were fed by his ministry. Much has been said about the number of ministers and students, literary men and leaders of thought who went to hear him, and it is all true and important in estimating his influence; but there were also many poor people attending Fetter Lane Chapel, and they received rich blessings under his preaching. He was especially proud of a costermonger woman who sought church membership at Fetter Lane. She seemed out of place amid the thoughtful and educated congregation, and great was the surprise when she expressed a desire to join the church. Caleb Morris was delighted, and received her with great joy. It was to him a sure token that God was blessing his ministry. She could not follow the grand sweep of his thoughts, nor trace the steps of his arguments, but she felt the passion of his soul, and was helped by him towards Christ the Saviour of the world.

This feature of his preaching was one of the chief sources of his popularity. He lacked many of the marks of the popular preacher. The style of his sermons was severe and lofty, and his illustrations were few in comparison. There were not many appeals to the imagination, and anything in the form of sensationalism was carefully avoided; and yet the crowds came to hear him, yearning for his teaching,

COSTERMONGER WOMAN
NOT INTELLECT BUT PASSION

which was to them as bread of life from heaven and living waters. They felt that a man of God spoke to them, who was intensely concerned about their highest welfare ; a man who cared little or nothing for popularity and praise, but who was supremely anxious to be an instrument for doing good to the souls of men. And in this respect all may imitate him. Few possess his grasp of thought and penetration of vision ; his gifts of speech and eloquence are not granted to most preachers, but all may share his great longing for the salvation of souls.

I feel that there is another aspect of his preaching which I have not yet named—perhaps it might be called his mysticism. The spiritual world was to him a living experience ; and he seemed to dwell among its personalities and powers. God and Christ and the Holy Spirit, heaven, hell, and judgment, were not mere words or ideas to him, but solemn realities which moved and strengthened his thought and life. He seemed to see the invisible, and he was able to transfer this vision to his hearers. At times he opened heaven to them, and they gazed with rapture and awe on the wonders of the unseen world. The Rev. F. Fox Thomas wrote two years ago : “ I consider him to be one of the most magnetic preachers of this century. I have heard him preach at Fetter Lane when a mystic cloud seemed to fall on the audience, which folded us in its embrace, and bore us above the world.”

Like other preachers, he had his low moods in the pulpit. Perhaps he could not say with Thomas Binney that he was capable of preaching the poorest sermon of any minister in London, still there were occasions when he fell far below his average level. Dr. Winter Hamilton, of Leeds, once went to hear him with very high expectations, but that day he was in one of his most ineffective moods, and the Doctor

was moved to say : " Art thou become weak as we, art thou become like unto us ? " But, notwithstanding occasions like this, his usual pulpit ministrations were of a very high order, though it was only rarely that he reached the highest points of his power.

His prayers were as striking and influential as his sermons. Perhaps there is no portion of the Nonconformist service so defective as the devotional. Some of us dread the thought of leading the devotions of the people more than of addressing them on the great themes of morality and religion, and yet worship is the highest service in which man can engage, and unless we help men in this supreme duty, we fail in the most important part of our ministry. My dear mother used to say that if the prayer was good, the sermon also was sure to be good ; and I have heard my father remark again and again that he does not like preachers to preach when they pray, but that he is quite willing for them to pray when they preach. Caleb Morris was great in secret prayer, and also in family prayer, and his public prayers were models of devotion and filial trust. No one could accuse him of preaching while praying ; with reverence and deep humility he presented the prayers and petitions of the congregation before the throne of heavenly grace. We are growing wiser, and no longer look on the devotional parts of the service as mere preliminaries to the sermon, but still there is room for improvement. It is primarily a question not of liturgy or no liturgy, for a liturgy can become a mere mechanism, offensive to God and a snare to man, and apart from a liturgy our public prayers may become cold, formal, and lifeless. What we need is the devotional spirit, and this is a growth which has to be fostered by continual cultivation.

We have already made several references to Caleb Morris's

public prayers ; but the subject is so important and so closely associated with the preacher's office that we cannot refrain from making two more quotations.

The author of " Hanes Eglwysi Annibynol Cymru " says : " One who frequently heard Caleb Morris at Fetter Lane told us that he often wished, at the close of the prayer, that the service might then come to an end. The reading of the Scriptures had been so happy, and the exposition so full and the prayer so solemn and heartfelt, that he trembled lest the sermon should not be on the same high level ; but that, after listening to the sermon, he felt glad that his wish had not been granted, for the sermon was the fitting crown of the whole service."

Dr. Thomas, of Stockwell, writing on the same theme, says : " His public prayers, were natural, fresh, serious, stirring, and inspiring. I see him now, as I did some thirty-five years ago, enter his pulpit on Sabbath morning. He reads some portion of Scripture, passing expository remarks as he proceeds, remarks which seem to cleave obscuring clouds, and throw new and suggestive light on the text. Then comes the prayer, and what a prayer ! His hands are clasped, and resting on the Holy Book ; his face is upturned to heaven, changing in expression with every passing thought and feeling, and his whole attitude is fixed and motionless, as if enchained by some mystic spirit. His voice is subdued, its tones are tremulous, rising and falling with the tides of a heart heaving under the eye of God. Mingled sentiments of gratitude, reverence, adoration, entreaty, in tones and words simple, but instinct with life, fall on our spirit like an incense, fragrant with odours wafted from a higher world. You feel that there is, at any rate, one man on this earth *praying*—praying before you ; that in his person you have a true priest appearing before God on

your behalf. All your little cares and troubles are lost for a time in higher and holier thoughts. I have never heard any prayers from the pulpit approaching his. They seemed to bear the audience upward as in a noiseless chariot, and, as you ascended into the calm, bright realm of devotion, the world appeared to roll beneath you as a dissolving cloud."

We must now bid farewell to this noble servant of God, and how can we do this more suitably than in the words of his lifelong friend and disciple, Dr. David Thomas:—"Adieu, great soul! I have never seen or heard thy like. In my little world there has appeared but one Caleb Morris. Thou hast been from childhood's dawn to this hour the brightest human star in my mental hemisphere, breaking often through my clouds of ignorance and doubt and guiding me in the night hours of thought. Death has taken thee from our bodily vision, but I hold thee still in memory. In the sphere within me thou art imperishable. Thy rays, undimmed, shall beam on me, until we meet in higher worlds. Peace to that grave of thine, well chosen in old Cambria, our fatherland; and a thousand beatitudes on that great soul of thine, which chased sorrow from many an aching heart, argued scepticism from many a doubting intellect, and led many a wandering brother home to the loving Father of us all!"

Appendix.

CALEB MORRIS' SERMONS.

IT has been repeatedly said in the Biography that Caleb Morris did not write his sermons. At most, he wrote no more than bare outlines. The only sermon which he prepared for the press was written by amanuenses. Still, a few of his sermons, and a large number of outlines, have appeared in print. The sermons were probably from shorthand notes, but he refused to acknowledge their accuracy. The outlines have come from those who took notes of his sermons. A large number did this, and a fair representation of the truths which he proclaimed may be gathered from these records. But the fascination and glow have not been preserved.

Dr. David Thomas, in a footnote to the memoir in "Pulpit Memorials," said: "I intend soon publishing some thirty or forty sermons of his in an abridged form. A gentleman, now deceased, left with me some time ago fourteen volumes of his discourses in MS. This gentleman was a member of his church from the beginning to the close of his ministry, and he carefully wrote down almost every word he spoke. I have gone through the volumes, and made an abridgment of those which I considered most suggestive and characteristic."

The volume never appeared, and the Rev. Urijah Thomas informed me, when I inquired of him about two years ago, that the volumes of MS. were not to be found.

I have several outlines in my possession which have not been published. I should like to publish a volume of selections from those already published, and from the MSS. that have been lent to me; but whether the wish can be realised depends on many things. All I can do at present is to give

a list of those sermons and outlines which have been printed. I shall be glad to have any errors corrected, or omissions supplied, also to find a copy of a sermon on the "Superiority of Revealed over Natural Religion," which appeared in the "Penny Pulpit," No. 5, but which I have sought for in vain.

SERMONS.

IN "PULPIT MEMORIALS," p. 399—

"The Servant of the Age."

IN "THE PULPIT"—

"Usefulness the Aim of every Evangelical Minister." Vol. xvii., 73.

"Early Piety and Impiety." Vol. xxv., 207.

"Spiritual Diligence a Source of Happiness." Vol. xxvii., 283.

IN "THE PREACHER" (BRITISH)—

"The Reign of Righteousness." Vol. iii., 84.

"The Goodness of God producing Fear." Vol. v., 135.

IN "THE HOMILIST," THIRD SERIES—

"The Servant of the Age." Vol. vi., 241.

"Simeon." Vol. ix., 241.

OUTLINES.

"THE HOMILIST," THIRD SERIES—

"The Victory of Christ over Thought." Vol. vi., 216.

"Spiritual Diligence a Source of Happiness." Vol. vi., 344.

"The Mediatorial System." Vol. vii., 26.

"The Right Use of Property." Vol. x., 346.

"THE HOMILIST," FOURTH SERIES—

"The Power of Youthful Piety." Vol. i., 42.

"Elder Brother." Vol. i., 115.

"Religious Enquiry." Vol. i., 140.

"The Infancy of Moses." Vol. i., 304.

"THE HOMILIST," FOURTH SERIES—*Continued.*

"Heart Expansion." Vol. i., 352.

"The Letters to the Seven Churches (General)." Vol. iii., 17.

"To the Church at Ephesus." Vol. iii., 93.

"To the Church at Smyrna." Vol. iii., 154.

"To the Church at Pergamos." Vol. iii., 216.

"To the Church at Thyatira." Vol. iii., 276.

"To the Church at Sardis." Vol. iv., 21.

"To the Church at Philadelphia." Vol. iv., 86.

"THE HOMILIST," POPULAR SERIES—

"The Bearing of Christianity on the Emotions." Vol. i., 47.

"A Moral Duel." Vol. i., 48.

"The True Aristocracy." Vol. i., 51.

"Sowing and Reaping." Vol. iii., 418.

"Praise." Vol. iv., 187.

"THE HOMILIST," EDITOR'S SERIES—

"Sermons to Sunday-school Teachers." Vol. iii., 30.

"The Visions of Paul." Vol. iii., 79, 148, 215, 277, 341.

"Truths Respecting Human Nature and Christianity." Vol. iv., 24.

"The Apostolicism of the New Testament." Vol. iv., 88.

"The Peacemaker." Vol. iv., 216.

"The Purpose, Calling, and Love of God." Vol. iv., 285.

"Mutual Consultation." Vol. v., 29.

"The Eye and Hand." Vol. v., 90.

"God and the Church." Vol. v., 282.

"Practical Christianity." Vol. v., 284.

"Moral Conquest." Vol. vi., 27.

"The Plan of Providence." Vol. vi., 94.

"Christ Interceding." Vol. vi., 155.

"The Voice of God in the Vicissitudes of Humanity." Vol. vi., 353.

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+ kindly lovingly

"THE HOMILIST," EDITOR'S SERIES—*Continued.*

"Certainties and Uncertainties." Vol. vii., 165.

"Spiritual Joy." Vol. vii., 222.

"Personal Responsibility." Vol. vii., 344.

"The Mercy-Seat." Vol. viii., 30.

"Greatness." Vol. viii., 221.

"The Voice of God in the Vicissitudes of Humanity."
Vol. ix., 104.

OUTLINES IN "THE PREACHER'S LANTERN"—

"Spiritual Diligence a Source of Happiness." Vol.
i., 519.

"The Early Death of Christ." Vol. i., 523.

"Believers Dying with Christ." Vol. i., 527.

"True Prayer." Vol. ii., 56.

"God's Thoughts and Man's Thoughts." Vol. ii., 60.

"Christ and the Woman of Samaria." Vol. ii., 295.

"Living Epistles." Vol. ii., 298.

"The Blood of Christ and Conscience." Vol. ii., 300.

"God Has No Needs." Vol. ii., 369.

"Providence." Vol. ii., 620.

"Suffering the Path to Glory." Vol. iii., 47.

"The Temptation of our Lord." Vol. iii., 109, 177.

"The New Jerusalem." Vol. iii., 234.

"Soul Culture." Vol. iii., 303.

"The First Christian Society." Vol. iii., 440.

"The Law and Motive of the Christian Life." Vol.
iii., 503.

"The Christian, a Temple of God." Vol. iii., 563.

"Christ Fulfilling the Law." Vol. iii., 688.

"Self-Improvement and Social Beneficence." Vol.
iii., 694.

"Temptations." Vol. iii., 737.

VERSES ON "HOLINESS." Vol. ii., 574.

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